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December 28, 1929

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The All-America Football Team

DEC. 28, 1929

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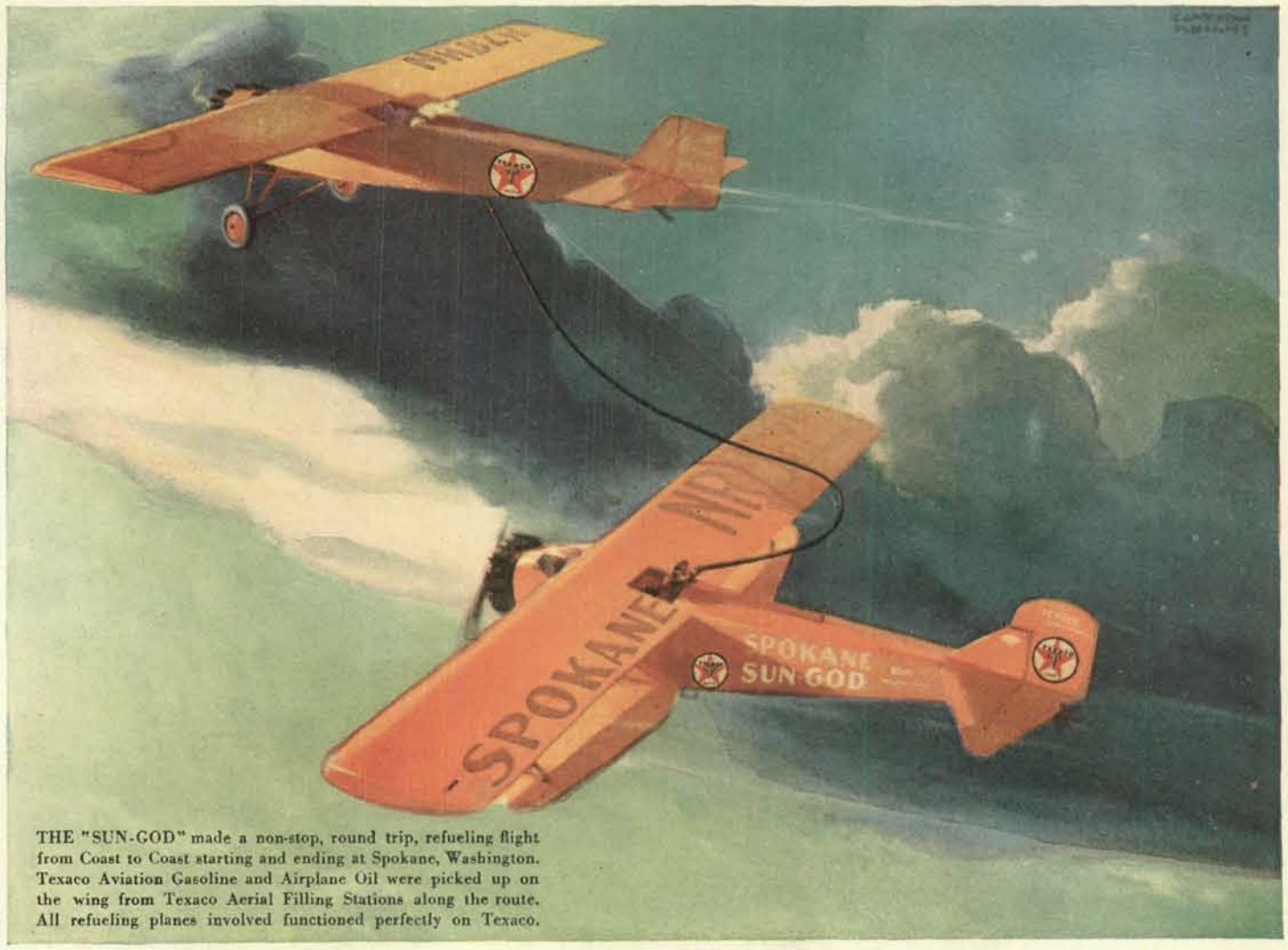

THE "SUN-GOD" made a non-stop, round trip, refueling flight from Coast to Coast starting and ending at Spokane, Washington. Texaco Aviation Gasoline and Airplane Oil were picked up on the wing from Texaco Aerial Filling Stations along the route. All refueling planes involved functioned perfectly on Texaco.

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Years ago, working hand in hand with our aerial pioneers, The Texas Company developed, even as far back as 1914, specialized Texaco Products to make travel by air safer, surer, swifter. In recognition of their superiority, Texaco Gasoline and Oil were specified for the "America," the first plane designed to fly the Atlantic.

It was Texaco Gasoline and Airplane Oil which carried the "Texaco No. 5" and the "Sun-God" on their epoch-making transcontinental flights. *And tomorrow's* giant airliners, each carrying safely hundreds of passengers, will be fueled and lubricated by Texaco. For Texaco's progress in the air since the dawn of aviation is only a hint—a promise of brilliant future achievements.

The Texaco Red Star with the Green T is a symbol of progress and quality, of specialized products designed to meet exactly the fuel and lubrication requirements of industry and transportation. There is a Texaco lubricant for every purpose.

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THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

THE TRANSATLANTIC FLYER "AMERICA." This flying boat was designed by Glenn H. Curtiss to fly the Atlantic in 1914. Wing spread 80 feet, with a lifting area of 1200 square feet.

ROOSEVELT AVIATION SCHOOL, INC., New York. Army-trained instructors, latest type equipment, daily inspection of planes — and Texaco Aviation Gasoline and Texaco Airplane Oil.

THE "TEXACO NO. 5." Capt. Hawks hurled the Lockheed Monoplane, "Texaco No. 5," *across the continent and back in* less than 37 hours flying time, breaking all previous non-stop records both ways.

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BIG AND LITTLE, RICH AND POOR, CAN PROJECT THEIR PERSONALITIES OVER THE WIDE NETWORK OF ITS WIRES

In the service of all the people

An Advertisement of the

American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Bell System is owned by 450,000 stockholders and operated by more than 400,000 workers for the service of the people of the nation.

It is a democratic instrument of a democracy. Big and little, rich and poor, can project their personalities over the wide network of its wires. For friendship or business, pleasure or profit, the telephone is indispensable to our modern civilization.

This year the Bell System is erecting new telephone buildings in more than 200 cities. It is putting in thousands of miles of cable, thousands of sections of switchboard and hundreds of thousands of new telephones. Its expenditure for plant and improvements in service in 1929 will be more than 550 millions of dollars—half again as much as it cost to build the Panama Canal.

This program is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

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Collier's

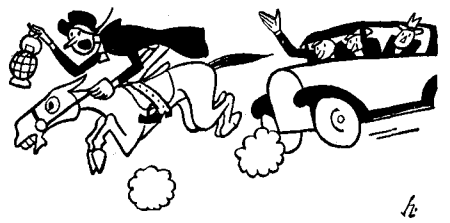
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WE WERE talking about the Great Traffic Problem with William G. Shepherd recently and he, ingenious fellow, suggested that we see whether a conscientious patriot in a motor car, progress being what it is, could beat the time Paul Revere made in his historic excursion from Boston to Lexington. So off to Boston went Patriot Shepherd, and with Traffic Commissioner William Fisher and Miller McClintock, the country's most eminent traffic engineer, he started on the ride.

Unfortunately, the newspaper reporters found out about it and preceded the car, shouting warnings to the traffic officers, much as Mr. Revere himself might have done, that the car behind them was filled with suspicious characters who would bear investigation.

But Mr. Shepherd was armed with a stop watch and took time out for delays. Otherwise he would never have beaten Mr. Revere's time, which he did very handily. Moreover, from Mr. McClintock, who has studied traffic problems here and there and solved most of them, he gathered a great deal of useful information. The fact that means most to us, browbeaten as we are, is that a little scientific attention to the nation's traffic will release most of the traffic cops for some really productive endeavor and the whistle will be once more merely a child's toy. All this is to be found in the article "This Jammed Traffic."



ROARK BRADFORD takes you once again to the plantations along the Black River in northern Louisiana just in time to witness the diverting domestic difficulties of an excellent cotton hand named Luther.

Luther was married—*was*, mind you—to Christeen. To make it worse, he had married with courthouse licenses, which, admittedly, "is got more stuff dan de commissary marryin'." Getting out of a marriage like that requires a great deal of very painful headwork, but Luther, with a little outside help, is equal to it. "Careless Love" is the title.

—

AND a story by Jerome Beatty, who uses the familiar theme of a last-minute reprieve for a condemned man, dresses it up in modern clothes and gives it a novel twist which proves again that you're never down until you're out: "The Twenty-Fourth Hour."

—

THOSE lost souls who talk, cough and rustle candy wrappings at the theater (we have none among our readers) are taken for a pretty rough ride by Dr. Alexander Woollcott, the man-about-town who stopped criticizing the drama so he could be a little bit more personal. Carry a copy of "The King Wasn't so Crazy" and read it aloud the next time you are annoyed. We guarantee results.

—

RICHARD CONNELL, John Erskine, Grantland Rice, Arthur Somers Roche, E. Phillips Oppenheim and others make it rather difficult for you to find a better way of beginning 1930 than to read this issue. And a Happy New Year to *you!*

THIS WEEK

December 28, 1929

Cover—E. M. Jackson

Page 7—Grantland Rice

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM: You'll want to know, of course.

Page 10—Sidney Waldo

TWENTY YEARS: She thought the boy was worth it.

Page 12—William Pickett Helm

"YOU GOT ANOTHER PAPA ON THE ERIE LINE": The story of a miracle.

Page 14—Lynn Montross

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS HERE: That is, except combat, elopement, hate and bloodshed.

Page 16— Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 17—George Creel

THE GREAT REBEL: Garibaldi's incredible career.

Page 19—Ruth M. Carson and Jessie Keena

A RAINBOW 'ROUND THE DISHPAN: And what causes it.

Page 20—Stephen Morehouse Avery

THE SPOTTER: Love and drama in the Customs.

Page 22—E. Phillips Oppenheim

THE LION AND THE LAMB, Part IV: An aristocrat attacks the London underworld.

Page 24—Arthur Somers Roche

THE AGE OF YOUTH, Part VII: Donna Raynor's awful predicament.

Page 26—John B. Kennedy

SECRET SERVICE: The Short Short Story.

Page 30—Frederick Skerry

IN TERMS OF BUSINESS: How not to estimate love.

Page 34—Uncle Henry

GOLD TIPS: The old gentleman has a narrow escape.

Page 46—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

HIS PARTY MANNERS: The important and surprising gentleman from Idaho.

Page 48—Word Hunt

Page 50—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 54—Editorial

Any Week

MR. H. SPRINKLE of Marshall, N. C., having read with complete accord our editorial "Let the Buyer Beware," nominates us for the United States Senate. Mr. Sprinkle could do worse. But Mr. Edmond U. Wyley of Chillicothe, Ohio, says he reads us merely for the solace derived from disliking us. He cited William G. Shepherd's "Doughboys' Dough" and assured us he has yet to get a square deal from the government, which inducted him into the army in 1918 against his will and has refused him what he considers adequate recompense.

—

AND a lady in Lynchburg thanks us for our efforts to "debunk prohibition" but would like to know whether we drink. Mrs. Lydia French Bregman of Denver declares herself "sick and tired" of reading stories about the East and South and beckons us West, bidding us "bring your typewriter and plenty of paper." And Mrs. E. L. Mossann, who lives in Chicago, wants to know whether we would pay her one hundred and fifty dollars for a piping-hot biography of a fascinating liar—the late Mr. Mossann.

—

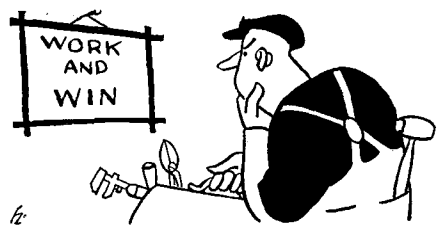
WE SHALL answer all these letters without fear or favor as soon as our secretary is able to be about her duties again. Poor girl, she had a slight breakdown and we think it was due to the wear and tear of the wild controversy we've been in with plumbers. It all started when we published that cartoon illustrating the consternation of the gentlemen at the Plumbers' Ball when they realized they had forgotten to bring their ladies. Of course not every plumber in America hurled his wrench at us—Mr. A. J. Dickerman of Middletown, N. Y., for example.

"A master plumber in St. Louis," writes he, "sent me out to repair a roof that leaked every time it rained. When I came back he asked: 'Well, did you fix all the leaks?'

"'Yessir,' I assured him. 'There will not be any more leaks there for a long time.'

"'Well, well,' he said, 'seeing that there will be no more leaks to fix, I guess I won't need you any longer. The cashier will give you your money.'"

We hope we've had the last word in this feud; but somehow we doubt it.



IN THE meantime we shall devote some thought to an idea Mr. A. D. Martin of Cleveland sends us. Upon reading "Making Money" in Collier's for November 30th, Mr. Martin, apparently an expert at detecting counterfeit bills, suggests that we apply our noses to paper money which we may at any time suspect of fraud. Honest money, writes he, has a musty odor. Spurious bills lack the official smell. Unless, of course, the counterfeit bill has been properly aged, a process involving wrapping up the false with the true until the former acquires the odor of the latter. This may, as Mr. Martin says, put counterfeiters on their guard; but we reveal the secret in the interest of such of our friends as collect paper money and wish to feel comfortable about it.

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Rip Van Winkles

REMEMBER Washington Irving's lovable, irresponsible Rip Van Winkle? How persistently he tricked himself! Time and again when temptation was too strong and nature too weak, he would lift his glass and say, "I won't count this one".

© 1929 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

THERE are many Rip Van Winkles in the world right now—some are weak in self-control; some are sadly behind the times in a matter of vital importance to them. They are the unfortunates among the million diabetics in the United States today.

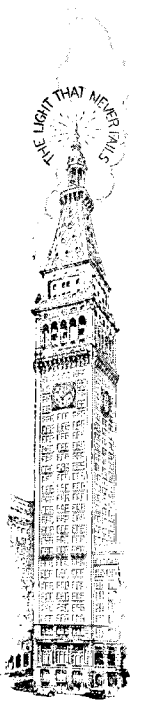
Old Rip's giant spree put him to sleep for twenty years—but "food sprees" are bringing death to present-day Rip Van Winkles because they lack self-control or lack knowledge as to what insulin can do for them.

Thanks to insulin, a diabetic is not confined nowadays to a scanty, spirit-breaking diet. He can have varied and much more appetizing food than was allowed in the old days. But even now, if he fails to find out what he should eat and drink—or if he fails to be steadfast in obeying orders — he practically commits suicide.

When diabetes attacks, it has come to stay. It rarely gives up. A diabetic has one of two choices, either to put up a cheerful, continuous fight or weakly surrender. Half-way defense spells defeat. But a courageous, unyielding fight is almost sure to win.

One great danger is that with the aid of insulin and correct diet, the diabetic feels so much better that he is lulled into a false sense of security. He takes liberties with his diet or neglects to take the insulin as directed. Then, with crushing swiftness, diabetes may claim another victim.

Thousands of diabetics are not even aware of the fact that they are in danger because they have not had a physical examination which would have revealed the presence of this old enemy of mankind and because, also, during most of its course, diabetes is painless.



Of the 20,000 deaths caused by diabetes last year in the United States, 8,000 were of the acute type ending in coma. Yet a world-famous specialist says, "Diabetic coma is always preventable and nearly always curable. . . Many of my patients have actually lived longer than would have been expected of them had they been normal, healthy people".

* * * *

The deathrate from diabetes is rising. It can be forced downward. The Metropolitan's booklet, "Diabetes," together with recently published information for physicians and their patients on prevention of diabetic coma, will be mailed free on request.

Ask for Booklet 130-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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EVEN THE FLOORS SELL Good Health in this Hospital

EVERYTHING in this spacious lounge of the Neurological Institute in New York's Medical Center is planned to invite cheerful relaxation. For the floor, John Gamble Rogers, architect, chose Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 92, cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. It's trimly tailored to every nook and cranny. Itpleasantlycushions weary feet. It's warm in winter, cool in summer. And it will keep its fine appearance for long years of wear with the minimum of maintenance.

Making folks feel better is a *business!* Perhaps nowhere else in the world is this good-health industry conducted in a more efficient, businesslike manner than at the new Medical Center in New York City. Perhaps nowhere else can a business man get such a complete and convincing story of what to do about floors.

STEP, for a moment please, into the Neurological Institute, one of the most interesting buildings in the modern Medical Center group. Take a mind's-eye picture along with you of what you *think* hospital floors are like—or the floors in your own place of business.

You'd like to see a ward first? Why, you're in one now! What have they done to make it so different, so eye-inviting? Simply made the floors part of the health-selling setting — in color, in foot-comfort, in quietness, in warmth. In all the wards—there are ten—that same distinction and character is contributed largely by Armstrong's Linoleum Floors.

Pick any private room. The floor story's the same . . . colorful, quiet, foot-easy Armstrong Floors that help sell health as they help sell products across a counter, service across a desk.

In private room or ward, foot-easy floors of restful color help cheer patients back to health. Here you see Armstrong's Jaspé No. 19. All these Armstrong Floors are inherently clean floors, too—made so by the spot-proof, stain-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing keeps this surface gleaming. Or where floors need washing, renew the surface with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

If your business needs a tonic, follow this example of the Neurological Institute. Any local linoleum, department, or furniture store merchant will gladly demonstrate how colorful floors can cure tired turnover as well as fatigued minds. Just telephone . . . right in your own place of business the latest Armstrong Floors will then be displayed in contrast with your present floors. And if you wish, our Bureau of Interior Decoration will lend a hand to complete the transformation.

For the good health of your business, please let us send you the complete story of sales-making floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. A letter to Lancaster asking for "Enduring Floors of Good Taste" brings it to you free. (Canada, 25¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 926 West End Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum FLOORS *for every room in the house*

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . PRINTED . . ARABESQ . . *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

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Collier's — The National Weekly for December 28, 1929

The All-America Football Team

By Grantland Rice

THE All-America Football Team for 1929 is the product of the most thorough and the most unbiased selection a complete nation-wide canvass could produce.

With so many outstanding stars scattered from one ocean to another it was decided to subdivide the vast area of American football into six main divisions with six well-known football writers to act as impartial referees and judges in submitting facts and opinions from every section, facts backed up by charted performances on the field, opinions from various coaches and officials who were close to the action of every important game played.

This advisory board of The All-America Team, covering the Pacific Coast, the Rocky Mountain and Missouri Valley circuits, the Southwest, the Middle West, the East and the South, turned in the most complete set of reports a football season ever produced, amazingly unprejudiced and accurate when one considers the sweep and frenzy of a football campaign.

The sectional judge in one great football area nominated only one candidate from hundreds of players. Sectional judges in two other big football territories nominated only two. Which is final proof, not only of the high standards they had set, but of their unswerving adherence to what they held to be complete justice in the face of a popular local demand for certain favorites.

In the face of all this thoroughness and fairness on the part of the Advisory Board it was then up to the writer to hold the same standard, regardless of sections and publicity, and any thought of popularity, and pick from the submitted lists the final survivors. In addition to the above methods, slow motion pictures of many leading games were used in deciding certain points, and the number of unknown facts, good and bad, that were brought to light by this method was astonishing.

Even so, how could

Willis A. Glassgow, Iowa, halfback. Ht. 5:09; wt. 175. Home: Shenandoah, Iowa

International

Allen

Left: Elmer N. Sleight, Purdue, tackle. Ht. 6:02; wt. 193. Home: Morris, Illinois

The Advisory Board

DICK HYLAND—*New York American*
H. G. SALSINGER—*Detroit News*
GEORGE W. WHITE—*Dallas News*
EDWARD COCHRANE—*Kansas City Journal-Post*
R. L. (DINK) TEMPLETON—*San Francisco Call-Bulletin*
O. B. KEELER—*Atlanta Journal*

F. G. Cooper

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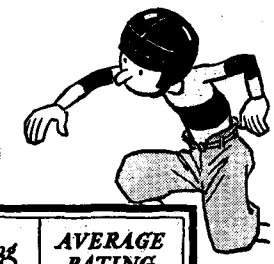

	PLAYER	Generalship	Schedule Difficulties	Ball Carrying	Passing	Blocking	Tackling	Kicking	AVERAGE RATING
Backs	Carideo (N.D.) *QB.*	95	100	85	90	90	100	90	92.9
	Glassgow (IOWA) *H.B.*		95	95	80	85	100	90	90.8
	Cagle (ARMY) *H.B.*		85	100	100	85	100	(No kicking this year)	94.0
	Welch (PURDUE) *F.B.*		80	90	90	100	100	90	91.7
	PLAYER		Schedule Difficulties	Covering Kicks	Receiving Passes	Breaking Up Passes	Blocking	Breaking Interference & Tackling	AVERAGE RATING
Ends	Donchess (PITTS.)		80	100	90	90	100	100	93.3
	Schoonover (U. OF ARK.)		75	100	100	100	90	90	92.5
	PLAYER		Schedule Difficulties	Diagnosing	Charging	Interference	Use Of Hands	Tackling	AVERAGE RATING
Linemen	Sleight (PURDUE) *T.*		80	95	100	95	100	100	95.0
	Nagurski (MINN.) *T.*		80	90	100	90	100	100	93.3
	Montgomery (PITTS.) *G.*		80	97	100	100	100	100	96.2
	Cannon (N.D.) *G.*		100	90	100	90	95	100	95.8
	B. Ticknor (HAR.) *C.*		95	100	100	Snapping 95	95	100	97.5

Collier's has made this table for your convenience from facts and opinions gathered by Mr. Rice and his Advisory Board

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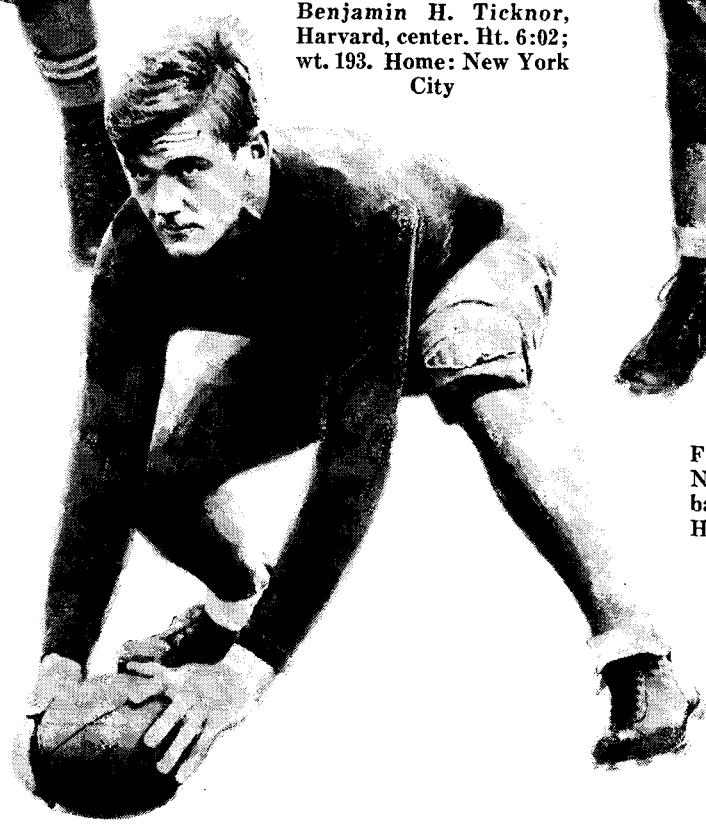
U. & U.

Christian K. Cagle, Army halfback. Ht. 5:09; wt. 167. Home: Merryville, Louisiana

P. & A.

Wear Schoonover, Arkansas, end. Ht. 6:03; wt. 190. Home: Pocahontas, Arkansas



Benjamin H. Ticknor, Harvard, center. Ht. 6:02; wt. 193. Home: New York City

Elmore

Francis F. Carideo, Notre Dame, quarterback. Ht. 5:07; wt. 172. Home: Mount Vernon, New York

U. & U.

Bronko Nagurski, Minnesota, tackle. Ht. 6:00; wt. 204. Home: International Falls, Minnesota

any final selection be made? It so happened this season that all records were broken in the way of intersectional play. It was possible, for example, to compare the stars of Notre Dame with the stars of the East, the Middle West, the South and the Far West. Harvard traveled to Michigan. The Army moved on Illinois. California came to Pennsylvania. Southern California journeyed to Chicago to tackle Notre Dame. Pittsburgh faced Nebraska. And this is only a partial list where in the final cross-checking back and forth one could make at least a far fairer estimate of comparative values than usual.

It was not an easy job because some of the smartest coaches in the game disagreed violently and completely on certain players in contests they happened to see. One would say that A, on a certain day, was a great player. Another would say that A on that day was a bum. And it was through such mazes one had to pick his way.

A year ago the Pacific Coast dominated football, with the single exception of Georgia Tech, a team that cleaned up in the South and then beat Notre Dame and California. Through this past fall the Middle West ruled the game beyond any argument. It had a decisive margin of victories over the East, the South and the Far West. Pittsburgh alone upheld Eastern prestige with a great team.

Without any question the three greatest teams in the country in 1929 were Notre Dame, Pittsburgh and Purdue. They had the forwards and the backs. They had the speed and the power. They played the most consistent football. Each of them had a great backfield. Each of them had a strong line. Above all, they clicked when they had to click. They came through—in hard, battering games.

Notre Dame played at least seven first-class opponents. Pittsburgh and Purdue played five with at least one fair contest that might be added. And it is both the quantity and the quality of the schedule that tells the story in the long run. The test comes for both team and individual in facing one battering game after another, with few resting spells in between—a test that often breaks and batters men and teams.

The Killing Grind

For example, the Georgia team that had to face Oglethorpe, Yale and North Carolina in its first three games, with few reserves, and later Florida, Tulane, N. Y. U., Alabama and Georgia Tech, never had a chance to compete on even terms with many of its more favored rivals. When Glassgow of Iowa ran he had to carry the ball against Ohio State, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Purdue and Michigan on six successive Saturdays. How can a back who played in only three fairly hard games all year be compared with him?

In taking up the discussion of All-America talent it might be interesting to note the nominations made by Collier's Advisory Board from the different sections:

R. L. (Dink) Templeton, Pacific Coast—Heinecke of Stanford, center.

George W. White, the Southwest—Schoonover, Arkansas, end.

Ed. Cochrane, Missouri Valley—no entry.

O. B. Keeler, South—Holm, Alabama, fullback, and Sington, Alabama, guard, leading entries.

H. G. Salsinger, Western Conference—Fesler, Ohio State, end; Sleight, Purdue, tackle; Glassgow, Iowa, back.

Dick Hyland and Rice, covering the East and Notre Dame—Ticknor, Harvard, center; Cannon, Notre Dame, and Montgomery, Pittsburgh, guards; Twomey, Notre Dame, tackle; Donchess, Pittsburgh, end; Carideo, Notre Dame, quarter-back; Cagle, Army, back.

Before the opinion spreads that Hyland and Rice were a trifle greedy in comparison to the others it might be remembered they had Notre Dame and Pittsburgh, two of the great teams of the game, of this year or any other year, upon their list.

Except for injuries it would have been impossible to keep Al Marsters of Dartmouth and Albie Booth of Yale from All-America selections if they had been able tc hold the same swift pace they set through October.

Marsters is one of the best backs that ever played football. He is fast, strong and a runner of rare spirit. Only Ben Ticknor prevented him from running rough-shod over Harvard, and when Ticknor began to weaken through a bad leg injury late in the game and was later taken out, Marsters ran the Harvard team ragged. It was his wild, final outbreak that figured effectively in changing the score from 7-7 to Dartmouth 34—Harvard 7. He was bottled up against Yale through the first two periods, but in the third period he opened two assaults that scored two touchdowns on seven consecutive plays, all in less than five playing minutes.

Except for injuries in his junior and his senior years the Green star would have earned his place among the best five or six backs in football history. He could have been another Grange or another Gipp. As it was, he played in but two big games last fall and therefore, under the Collier's system which gives precedence to those who play out a hard schedule, he was not picked.

The same thing is, to a large extent, true of Albie Booth, Yale's sensational sophomore. The difference is that Booth played against four of Yale's leading rivals—Brown, Army, Dartmouth and Harvard in the East, to say nothing of Maryland, good enough to get a draw with the Blue. Booth beat Brown and Army in as close to single-handed fashion as one star can put on such a show. He made every point in both games with Yale trailing when he came upon the field. He was one of the big stars of the Dartmouth game, on a par with Marsters in this test. He gave Yale her lead over Maryland, a lead which Yale lost when Booth was taken out.

Then trouble followed. A bad leg and hip injury kept him out of the Princeton game and prevented any practice for the Harvard battle. Against

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Photograms

Joseph C. Donchess, Pittsburgh, end. Ht. 6:00; wt. 173. Home: Youngstown, Ohio

Raymond Montgomery, Pittsburgh, guard. Ht. 6:01; wt. 188. Home: Wheeling, W. Va.

W. Ralph Welch, Purdue, fullback. Ht. 6:01; wt. 189. Home: Whitesboro, Texas

Allen

P. & A.

John Cannon, Notre Dame, guard. Ht. 5:11; wt. 193. Home: Columbus, Ohio

Harvard he was sent in cold with a leg that still blocked his quick starting and cut down his effectiveness, and the result was that his play fell far below its former standard. So in the two final games on Yale's schedule against traditional rivals Booth was out of the picture and, as with Marsters, would have to suffer comparison against a back who started well and finished at top speed down the stretch. It is the stretch that counts most, whatever the race.

In addition to being a human eel, one of the best and most elusive broken-field runners of any year, Booth could slip through a line on straight plays despite his 144 pounds, and there were few better kickers on any team. His first two punts against the Army carried 60 yards. Booth was one of the season's sensations and he should have a great career ahead with two more years of play.

Two of the best backs in the South, McEver of Tennessee and Banker of Tulane, were handicapped by schedule arrangements. They did not encounter the opposition that Glassgow and Cagle had to face. They were not called on to run against such fierce defensive play as such teams as Notre Dame, Illinois and Purdue. They were brilliant backs but they were not given the same chance to prove their place in a series of hard contests, week after week. It was probably largely for this reason that O. B. Keeler, the Southern member of the Board, named Holm of Alabama as the first backfield selection in the South.

These four men are mentioned to show the various qualifications demanded by Collier's selection.

The Centers

The battle at center resolved itself into a struggle between Ben Ticknor of Harvard and Walter Heinecke of Stanford. Heinecke, remembered in the East for his brilliant play against the Army a year ago, was just as effective this season in spite of the absence of Post and Robesky, the two big guards who worked with him last year. There were challenging contests offered by Siano of Fordham, another fine center, and Moynihan of Notre Dame, but Ticknor and Heinecke took the lead.

The Stanford center would have landed on top if it had not been for the amazing play of Ticknor, who had a weight advantage of twenty pounds and even more speed. This 193-pound Crimson forward was the outstanding factor in Harvard's defense. He was called upon to face six hard games in a row—Army, Dartmouth, Florida, Michigan, Holy Cross and Yale. Ticknor's defensive play against the Army was the star feature of that battle. He handled his job at center and in addition, as a roving center on defense, he was tackling Army runners all over the field.

He came into the Dartmouth game with an infected leg when no one thought he would even start. For the greater part of that game he kept Harvard in the battle with an even chance. In the Yale game he had to finish with his right arm dangling in helpless fashion at his side, but he was still a factor to the finish. Some of his finest tackling was shown against Cagle, Marsters and Booth, three of the great backs of the year. He reached the heights against Army, Dartmouth and Yale, but his play in every game was of a high order.

Ticknor had an uncanny faculty of diagnosing the point of attack and then meeting it at top speed with deadly accuracy in tackling. His weight, reach and speed were combined with a flaming spirit that never lost its fire. Except for the unusual ability of Ticknor there is no question but that Heinecke of Stanford would have reached the top goal at this position.

The Guards

The leading guard nominations from the six divisions were Montgomery of Pittsburgh, Cannon of Notre Dame, Sington of Alabama, Brown of Vanderbilt, Sanders of Southern Methodist, Anderson of Northwestern, Ferris of North Carolina, and Brumbelow of Texas Christian University. Greene of Yale was one of the outstanding guards in the East. Schwarz of California had a good year.

Sington of Alabama, a big, fast, hard-charging guard, was Keeler's leading nomination from the South. But in the final summing-up the verdict was that Montgomery of Pittsburgh and Cannon of Notre Dame had earned their places out in front.

Montgomery is one of the best guards of many years. Jock Sutherland rates him as the best guard Pittsburgh ever had. All through the season officials who worked in Pittsburgh games had no hesitation in saying that one rarely saw such a combination of quick-starting, aggressiveness, down-field speed, and general all-round ability. It was impossible to break through his position. He was one of the best interferers in the game and his work had a lot to do with the ground-gaining ability of Uansa and Parkinson.

Cannon of Notre Dame was much along the same lines. There was little to choose between these two. Both were smart, quick and hard-charging forwards with exceptional physical ability for carrying out every assignment. They were not only high-grade defensive guards, of which there were more than a few, but they were the best offensive guards of the year—and high-ranking guards upon offense are extremely scarce. They were fast enough to work with any interference even with the backfield speed that Pittsburgh and Notre Dame threw into action. Coaches of all the teams who played against them are practically unanimous in naming them as the best guards their teams met.

The Tackles

Outstanding tackles who faced the brunt of hard schedules were scarce. The leading entries as reported from various sections were Sleight of Purdue, Nagurski of Minnesota, Twomey of Notre Dame, Radick of Marquette, Westra of Iowa, Gordon of Illinois, Hammon of Southern Methodist, Ackerman of St. Mary's, Wakeman of Cornell and Vincent of Yale. There were other good tackles—Richards of Nebraska, for example; but these men head the list.

Sleight of Purdue was the most able and the most consistent performer of the year. He and Welch were big factors in Purdue's attack, outstanding factors from the start to the finish of a championship season. Nagurski was played at full-back, tackle and guard. He was Coach Spears' main hope and reliance all the year. But big Bronko was a better tackle than he was a full-back. Faster than most backs or ends, he carried his 204 pounds like a sprinter. He could run the 100 in 10 1/5. Spears rates him as the greatest tackle he has ever seen, East or West, any year.

Sleight and Nagurski stood out above all rival challengers. Nagurski, who has played tackle, guard, end and full-back, is one of the best all-round players football has yet produced. Both he and Sleight were big, smart, aggressive, hard-charging forwards, and both were big and strong.

The Ends

There were three leading ends who remained in the running to the finish. They were Donchess of Pittsburgh, Fesler of Ohio State and Schoonover of Arkansas. Muller of Stanford, Tappaan of Southern California, Tanner of Minnesota and Barres of Yale were other leading stars in the season's play.

After the first three games of the year Donchess and Fesler were in the lead. Donchess has been a fine end for three seasons. Fesler made his big forward jump last year. Fesler played brilliantly against Iowa and Michigan, especially Michigan. But when such stronger teams as Pittsburgh, Northwestern and Illinois struck Ohio State he became smothered under the avalanche. Always at his best as an offensive end, he had no chance to show his value down the stretch.

In the meanwhile, Schoonover of Arkansas began coming on like the wind. Standing 6 feet 3 inches, weighing 190 pounds, he had (*Continued on page 53*)

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Twenty Years

The story of a girl who had to choose between twenty years of prison and the loss of the man she loved

By Sidney Waldo

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

"I've come to say good-by, Dave." There was a tone of inexorable finality in her voice. He started forward to take her in his arms. But she motioned him back. He stopped, dazed

ON THE north side of the long, evenly stacked piles of cord-wood there were patches of ice and snow. The lower logs were still frozen in. But wherever the May sun lay warmly in the clearing the ground was bare. The leaves, sodden and matted after the long winter, had begun to dry and curl. From among them the green budding shoots of ferns and grasses appeared here and there.

David's coat lay beside his dinner pail on one of the cord-wood stacks. He worked in shirt-sleeves and overalls. His light hair, released from the heavy lumberman's cap which he had tossed aside, glinted in the sun. Pausing, setting down his ax with the handle resting against his knee, he slowly rolled up his sleeves. His arms were white, as he looked at them there in the sunlight, and he smiled a little at this incongruity. He glanced up at the pale blue of the sky. The winter's chill, it seemed to him, came up from the ground to about the height of his waist; the warmth of spring, descending from above, met it at that level. The fantasy pleased him.

Taking up his ax again he swung it deftly, the blows falling now above, now below the notch made by his first two strokes. The notch widened. The tall straight maple trembled, raining down on him from its slim top a little shower of red buds. The tree swayed. Then, with gathering momentum, it fell with a crash.

The sun rose higher. The cold from the frozen ground now ascended no higher than his knees. He had trimmed the maple, cut it into four-foot lengths, stacked the logs on a half-finished pile.

Two more trees had been felled and added to the pile. Several times he had resisted with difficulty the temptation to look at his watch. "Can't be more'n eleven yet," he warned himself, in an effort to curb this impatience.

His work went on. Yet frequently, now, he would pause to listen, his head a little on one side. These pauses grew longer. And suddenly his temptation mastered him. From some inner pocket he drew forth a large silver watch. It was nearly twelve.

Again he listened. This time he was rewarded. A look of radiant pleasure came into his face. His smile became tender, wholly without self-consciousness, rapt. Involuntarily he moved a step forward. But he controlled this. Swinging his ax rapidly he completed the felling of another tree.

It was across this fallen tree that he watched the girl approach. At first he could only catch a glimpse of her now and then. She came to him along the other side of the boundary wall, which here in the forest divided the two farms—her father's and his.

"I fetched you some fresh doughnuts, Dave," she said.

"They'll taste mighty good," he replied, smiling.

IT ALWAYS took them a few minutes to get at ease with each other. It was no use, he knew, until that first violent beating of his heart quieted down. That smothered feeling always began during the last steps of her advance, when the need for speech first came.

He began to move out from behind the tree. He did not go round to her side, however, but continued on in a straight line. Looking back, he said:

"I've fixed you a nice seat, Ella, on the cord-wood pile. You come over and see. It's comfortable as a chair."

She followed, maintaining the distance between them. At the log pile he waited for her.

"Come on, I'll help you up," he directed in a businesslike way, holding out his hand.

David had never touched her hand before—had never touched even her dress. And, for a moment, she hesitated. For one swift instant their eyes met. Then he was steadying her over the uneven logs. During the earlier hours of the morning he had previsioned this scene—had planned for it—just as it had come about.

"Now, you see if it ain't a comfortable seat," he urged, releasing her hand, which she withdrew quickly. "The logs come just right so it's low, and sort of tilted back, like the seat of an ottermobile." She sat down and he took his place beside her—as far from her as the length of the four-foot logs would permit. "Say," he laughed, "we might almost be riding in one—one of those long, low ones. You look around and see how it sort of trails out behind us. I guess it would kick up quite a dust—a car this size."

She laughed also and turned her head back to see. "You're just right, Dave. All it needs is some works, and we could go for a ride. And your dinner pail, there, is the tail light. I never see a car where you could open up the tail light and get your dinner out of it; did you? And you'd best get your coat, Dave. You'll be cold—after your work."

David rose, walked back across the logs, gathered up dinner pail and coat and returned. The pail he set down between them, beside her basket.

"I brought the coat to have you sit on it," he said. "I don't want no coat on, today. It's like spring outdoors, today. But you sit on the coat. This car had ought to have cushions, anyway."

She demurred. David stood up again, facing her. "Say, Ella," he insisted with feigned impatience, "I guess there's no law against a man having cushions in his own car, is there—when he takes a lady to ride? So you just get up while I fix 'em."

Again he held out his hand; and she took it. Again a swift awed look, quite at variance with their words, passed between them. Then David hastily busied himself with the coat: kneeling down, folding it, placing it carefully. She stood very close to him, watching him, balancing herself on the uneven logs. When he had taken his own place again—and she had resumed hers—they were both breathing quickly.

David reached for his dinner pail. Having opened it, all his attention appeared to be absorbed in a careful scrutiny of its familiar contents. Drawing her basket toward her, Ella occupied herself in the same way. And then, both looking up at the same instant from these serious tasks, their eyes met once more.

"I GUESS we'd better eat, hadn't we?" David said. And, now, their glances held as he spoke.

"Ella!"

At the intensity in his voice, and in his gaze, she drew back—drew back until her head was resting against the upper tier of logs. David bent toward her.

"From that day when you first come along here by accident, Ella, I guess you ain't never once been out of my mind." He had rehearsed this. "Only I didn't know how it seemed to you. I didn't

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want you should stop coming. So I never said a word—not till now." Here, all memory of his prepared speech left him. "Now, I've *got* to, I guess—now, I've *got* to tell you—or something inside of me will burst."

He took her hand, which lay palm upward beside her on the log. He was watching her face keenly; but her own expression never changed. Bending forward still more, he lifted the palm of her hand to his lips. This, also, he had planned to do. It brought his head nearer to her. Moving her free hand, she just touched his hair. That, he had not foreseen. It was a movement so swift, so delicate, that, straightening up again, he could not be sure that he had felt it.

"Ella!" His eyes were full of pleading; full of inarticulate wonder also.

Her lips moved. "Don't let's pretend I don't feel the same way, Dave. That would be a lie. I do. Only . . ."

It seemed to David that she was forcing her head back against the logs until the pressure hurt her. And this troubled him. It confused him. Mingled with the tenderness in her eyes there was a look of pain.

"Only . . . ? Only what, Ella?"

"Something you don't know."

"Something I don't know?"

HE WAS baffled. He had prepared himself for everything but this. What had been almost like a light in his face dimmed. And the girl, watching, suddenly spoke again, abruptly, fiercely:

"When you kissed my hand just now, Dave, it seemed to make it belong to you. There's you—and there's me. Nothin' else can matter—much—alongside of that. See, I give it to you again."

He seized it eagerly, kissed it eagerly. "It does belong to me, Ella. Now, it *must*—since you've give it to me of your own free will."

She nodded. "It just *is yours*, Dave."

"It proves we're the right ones, Ella," he said.

Her head was still pressed back against the logs.

"And when I kiss your lips," he said, "they will belong to me too."

A little shudder passed over her. For a long silent moment she looked at him from wide-open eyes. Then she closed them.

"They *would*, Dave. And so you'd better." She spoke quietly. "And then I guess nobody could ever stop *all* of us from belonging to each other—for always."

David had watched her go, as she had come, through the gap in the old wall. The sound of his ax rang once more in the clearing.

The chips flew. He seemed to be working in feverish haste. He was. For a fear had entered into his soul; and it was as if he sought to shake it loose from its tenacious lodgment there by this unceasing activity of his muscles.

It had come to him suddenly, unexpectedly—from nowhere—at that moment of emptiness when the sound of her footsteps had died away.

Suppose she never came back!

He saw no adequate reason for this fear. Reason, yes: but not adequate. All along, he had known of the little deception she had practiced to evade her noon dinners at home. Some day she would be found out. But it was not this. Something far greater than this would be required to keep her from him now.

It would have to be in the nature of that "*something*" which she had told him he did not know. *That* was what he feared: not so much because of her words; or even because of her tone of voice; but almost wholly because of that look of pain which he remembered in her eyes—that look of fate.

He slashed at the branches of a fallen tree with his ax. Why hadn't he asked her—why hadn't he found out—then? Now, he could only puzzle and grope and think. He made a clumsy stroke: one that glanced, narrowly missing his foot. This steadied him a little and he paused to rest.

The whole clearing was now in shadow. He looked at his watch. For a half hour more he worked on. Then, shouldering his ax, he started home.

Again the morning sun shone warmly in the clearing. From time to time David whistled as he worked. With the new day, with the time of her coming so near, his fears had gone.

"I guess it was just we belonged to each other so close that she took along part of me when she went," he told himself. "And it left me all hollow."

During the night other arguments had come to his aid. She was not married. This, he knew. No barrier such as that separated them. Both were young, both were strong, both were free. Whatever that "something" of hers might be, it *could* not be insurmountable.

One by one the trees fell. A new cord-wood stack had been begun. The last unfinished one—on which he had arranged their broad chair—he left untouched.

And then, a full hour before her usual time of coming, he heard her call to him from the wall.

"Dave!"

The tragic note in her voice made him drop his ax and hurry toward her in alarm. She stood with one shoulder and her head against the rough bark of the great chestnut tree. There was no basket in her hand. He looked at the ground. It was not there. She was making no move to cross the wall. Lifting the wire, twisting himself under it, he stood facing her.

"I've come to say good-by, Dave."

AT THIS sudden materialization of his worst fears David felt himself go "all hollow" again inside. There was a tone of inexorable finality in her voice, an utter listlessness in her attitude as she leaned against the tree. He started forward to take her in his arms. But she motioned him back. In a bewildered daze, he stopped.

"I'm bad," she said. "Bad. That's why."

"Bad, Ella?" He had no idea what she was talking about.

"I'm bad, right now," she went on. "I'm breakin' my given word—right now. I was bad, yesterday—to let you kiss me. I was bad, all the other days, when I come here. But all that ain't bad enough, Dave, to make me hold you off—hold you away from me. Not after yesterday. It's something else: something bad I did a long while back."

"Bad?" he repeated incredulously.

She nodded hopelessly.

At this, David took the few steps that separated them. And he did take her in his arms. She made no further protest, neither refusing nor returning his kiss.

"That makes me bad again," she said. The moment his arms relaxed she slipped down out of them to the gnarled roots of the tree.

David dropped down beside her. That kiss had cleared his mind a little. "It can't be bad like that, Ella," he declared, remembering his mental battle of the night. "I knew there was something; **but it** can't be bad like that."

He settled himself into a more secure position on the projecting roots. Gradually he drew her nearer until her head was against him.

For a long time they sat there, not moving, not speaking, absorbed in thought. The shadows of the branches above them passed on, leaving them in checkered sunshine.

Then, with a sigh, Ella stirred—seemed to come back to the present. "I was just trying to get all of you I could stored away," she said. "Now I've got to tell you—and then go."

David braced himself. He clung tenaciously to his fixed idea.

"Yes, you tell me, Ella. But you remember, first, there ain't one single thing in the world big enough to keep us apart."

"There *is*, Dave!"

Suddenly she had broken away from his tender hold and was facing him.

"It's terrible bad, but you've got to know. Nothin' else would ever make you let me go."

"Nothin' ever will," he declared fiercely.

She argued no more. All her love, so ineffably precious to him, all her yearning for his love, stood revealed for one brief instant in her eyes. Then she turned her head away. In a dull voice, directing her words out toward the close ranks of the young trees in front of them, she began to speak:

"We had a hired boy on the farm. I was fifteen and he was fifteen. And we got to hating each other. He was bigger than me—and stronger. But he'd never (*Continued on page 44*)

"You say you'd be willing to take twenty years' punishment in jail—just so you could marry Dave, when you come out?" She nodded

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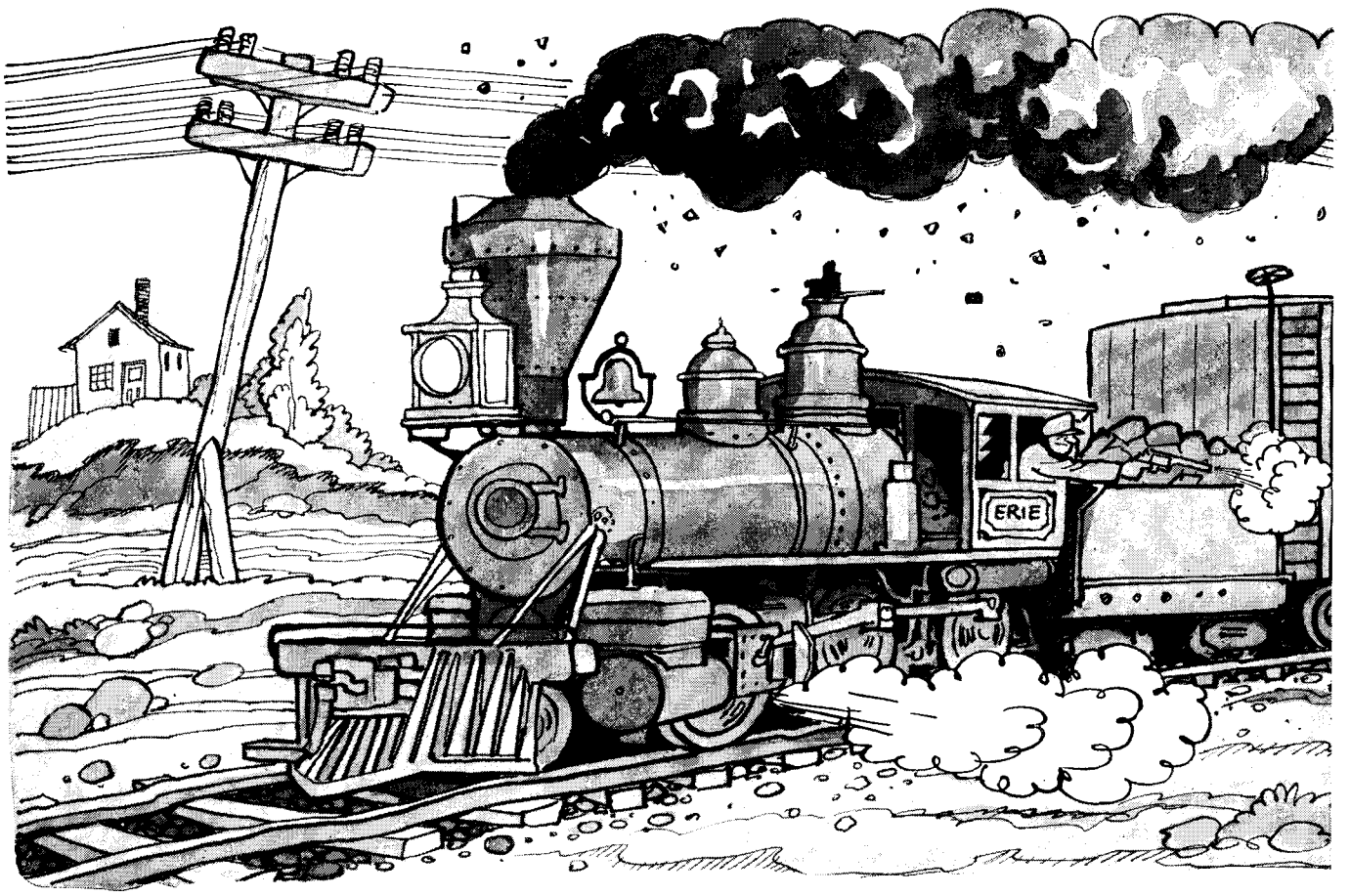


When Bernet became president of the Erie he found one locomotive that had been hauling

"You got Another Papa

By William Pickett Helm

"I want to go to Chicago the worst way." "Take the Erie." That's how the old wheeze runs. It used to be pretty funny—before the Van Sweringens sent their Miracle Man, John J. Bernet, to change all that. He changed it. In this article Mr. Helm tells how

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1927, a short, powerful man with tousled gray hair and a stub of a pencil in his hand sat down at his desk in a New York skyscraper and asked himself:

"What's the matter with the Erie?"

It wasn't a new question. People had been asking it for almost a hundred years. And there had been many answers—poor management, stockjobbing, manipulation, even corruption. But for the better part of two generations few persons had bothered about answering it seriously. The Erie Railroad was a joke, a target for wisecracks.

But to the quiet, firm-jawed man at his desk the question was serious. Moreover, it was personal. For he was the new president of the Erie Railroad. This was his first day on the job. The Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland, having in mind the welding of a great railroad consolidation between the Atlantic coast and the Middle West, had bought control of the Erie. Today they were taking over the actual management.

And they had sent him, John J. Bernet, to New York. Taken him from the Nickel Plate, which he had just finished plating with gold, and plopped him down in the president's chair.

Twin ribbons of rail that ran a ragged line over the mountains and across the cornfields between New York and Chicago. Branch lines that sprawled carelessly, like a knotted skein, over the map of the East and Middle West. Trains that sometimes didn't run on time. A dispirited but still loyal army of employees; limited credit; no dividends. That was the Erie.

A Beginning and an End

And now it was up to him, John J. Bernet, sometimes called the Van Sweringen Miracle Man, to take this run-down, joke-ridden property and whip it into the semblance of a real railroad.

Well—he looked at the Erie map. The road started some place and it went some place. That was in its favor. A big start, New York, and a big finish, Chicago. The biggest cities in America. A lot of other big cities in between.

Then, too, there was Charlie Denney—good old Denney, who would come along later from the Nickel Plate to take over the operating end of the Erie job. If any man in the United States knew railroading, Denney did. A good break that; one couldn't ask for better.

So it turned out; Denney succeeded him as president thirty months later.

Bernet's thoughts turned back to the job he was leaving. The Nickel Plate hadn't been any holiday bargain, either. It had been a pretty tough nut to crack. The stock was selling much below par when he took over the presidency in 1916. And as for dividends—Ha! Ha!

And now—let's see. Nickel Plate was selling at $265. It was paying dividends: eleven dollars a share. Eleven years' hard work had done that. Those same eleven years that had won him that occasional nickname, the Miracle Man.

But this Erie job was different. It would be a harder nut to crack than the Nickel Plate. The Erie had only one real operating asset, a good roadbed. It needed everything else.

Bernet jotted down on a pad some of the things it needed. Cars, locomotives, credit, morale, business. He scribbled a few crazy didos around the edge of the paper, tore it off, crumpled it up in his hand and threw it on the floor. Then he summarized it all in a single terse sentence:

"More income, less outgo."

That was what the Erie needed. He peeled off his coat and delved into the details of the outgo, the thousand and one things the Erie was spending money for. He kept at it for days. Maybe they'd been wasting a lot of money; maybe not; anyhow he'd check up.

With a born railroader's instinct, he turned first to his motive power and rolling stock. Years before he had learned that a railroad had only one excuse for existence—to haul freight and passengers. Cars and locomotives, they made a railroad's heart. A sorry heart meant a dog's life.

So he put his head down on the old Erie and listened to its heartbeats. While he was listening the traffic men came in. They are the road's gladhanders and salesmen, the men who go after the freight for the road to haul, the go-getters.

There were quite a lot of them coming into his office, wanting to shake hands with the new boss, to give him pretty verbal bouquets, to size him up. They did the thing right; brought along a master of ceremonies. There were congratulations, felicitations, smiles, good fellowship, a few brief talks. Presently:

"Speech, Mr. Bernet! Speech! Speech!"

The call came from all over the room. Bernet stood up and held out his hand. He would make 'em a speech.

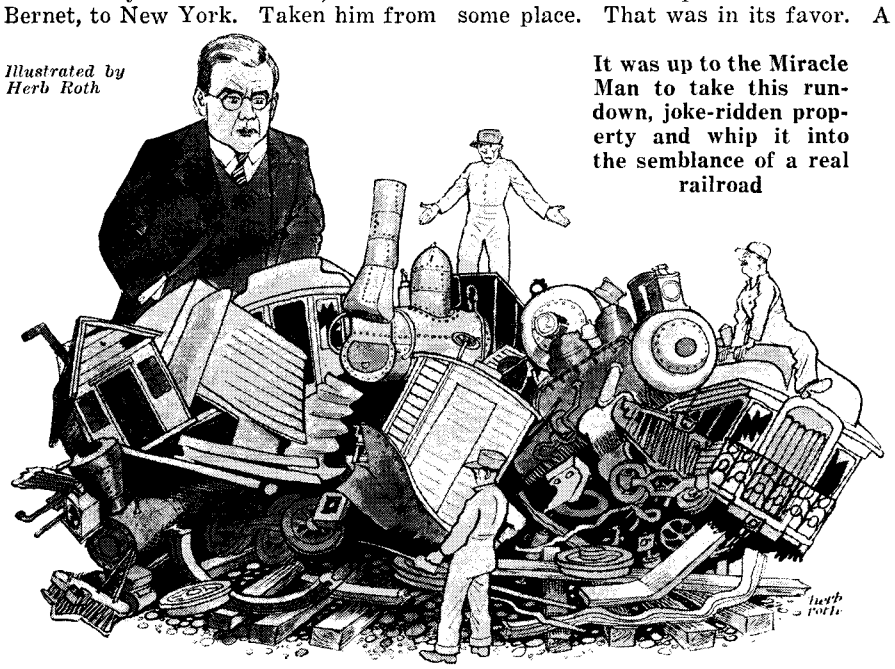
"I expect you men to bring in ten million dollars more business this year," he said. "And no alibis."

Museum Pieces

That was all. He sat down. The gathering trickled out through the door and Bernet went back to his engines and cars. Thirteen hundred locomotives—fair enough. What kind of locomotives? he asked. They scurried around and brought him a list. It showed eighty-three different types. Some well-managed roads get along with about thirty.

How old were these locomotives? Not young, Mr. Bernet. Not even middle-aged. But they hauled the freight; they had been hauling it a long time. One of those locomotives had been hauling freight for forty-eight years and was still doing its bit out on a branch line. Hundreds had been in service more than twenty years. All told, those locomo-

Illustrated by Herb Roth



It was up to the Miracle Man to take this run-down, joke-ridden property and whip it into the semblance of a real railroad

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freight for forty-eight years and was still doing its bit

on the Erie Line"

Wide World

John J. Bernet overhauled the Erie

tives were traveling 36,000,000 miles a year. And for every mile they traveled they cost the Erie thirty-six cents. Bernet smiled grimly; twenty-five cents was a fair figure.

The stubby pencil in Bernet's hand got busy again. The Erie was paying eleven cents a mile more than the fair price; paying it on one hundred thousand miles a day. Eleven thousand dollars a day—that's what it was costing, over and above what it ought to cost, to run those broken-down locomotives.

Four million dollars a year wasted there. How much coal did those old-timers burn? he wanted to know.

They looked it up; as much as twenty-four tons a day apiece.

How many cars could they pull?

They looked that up, too; about sixty to a train.

Bernet made out a list of the oldest old-timers, those beyond economical repair. There were 427 locomotives in the lot.

"Junk 'em!" he ordered. And they junked them.

Then he had another list made. On it went the old-timers that could be modernized with stokers, feed water heaters, water cones, mechanical lubricators and other money-saving gadgets.

"Modernize 'em!" he ordered. And they modernized them.

It wasn't all done in a day, of course, nor yet in a year. But most of the big order was carried out during the first year of his presidency.

He bought new engines, and when this job was done, the Erie was sitting pretty, with powerful, modern locomotives that could haul anything any other road in the world could haul, and a lot of things a good many others couldn't. The new engines, for instance, pulled 125-car trains where the old ones hauled sixty cars. That meant fewer train crews and less money for wages. And the coal consumption dropped in many cases from twenty-four tons per engine to twelve. That cut fuel costs in half for each engine, less than half for each ton of freight.

Moreover the new engines made better speed. Bernet ran his trains through three divisions instead of stopping them as formerly, to change engines on each division. And he took care of them. The old practice had been to keep an engine running till it had to be retired for repairs. The Bernet way was to keep it in such good order that it seldom needed repairs.

Right there the Erie started in to lower its operating costs and to raise its standard of service. Bernet hadn't been on the job a year before the service was equal to that of any crack road in America. The freight service, that is; the Erie was built for hauling freight, rather than passengers. But the passenger service, too, was being improved.

"Speed 'Em Up!"

Another big thing Bernet took into the reckoning was the amount of money tied up in goods on the rails. He figured it all out. Two billion dollars' worth of goods is tied up in transit every day on American railroads. The money spent for those goods is drawing interest—ten million dollars a month.

The Erie had its share of that merchandise. Bernet figured he could save the shippers money by reducing the time spent in hauling their goods. The interest charges alone on, say, one hundred million dollars' worth of merchandise in transit ran to more than fifteen thousand dollars a day.

"Speed 'em up!" came the order from the president's office. And out on the line they hit the ball. Freight cars that averaged twenty-eight miles a day in 1918 were clicking over thirty-seven miles of rail a day in 1928. Fast freights came into the schedule, whisking perishables and other freight along on passenger-train time. Milk, for instance, began pouring into New Jersey from Wisconsin. Fresh and sweet, at that.

That was Bernet's idea of hitting the ball. Did the shippers care for that sort of thing? Their answer roared in on a rising tide of freight, the like of whose volume the Erie of other days had never seen.

Bernet was prying, all the time, into the facts and figures concerning the rolling stock. He put on his old hat and took an assistant over to the Jersey City yards on one occasion and began a trip on foot through the yards.

Bernet got an eyeful there. The more he walked the more he saw, and the more he saw the faster he talked. Just when he was going fastest a robust, stern-faced son of Erin slid around a box car and scowled down on him.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed the big fellow. "Now what do you think about that? Hey! You can't go prowling around this yard. You got no business here! Who are you and what d'ye want?"

Bernet kept on talking without missing a word.

"Who the divil are you?"

"Oh, it's all right," replied Bernet with a careless wave of his hand. "As soon as I finish talking to this gentleman, I'll fix you up."

"Ye will not!" roared the Irishman. "Ye'll be after explainin' right now."

Bernet halted his conversation.

"Is that so?" he asked. "Well, you're making all the fuss; who are you?"

The big fellow threw back his coat and patted a badge pinned to his vest.

"It's an Erie Railroad detective I am, me foine fellow," he said. "And there's me credentials. Where's yours?"

Bernet took out his wallet and showed his pass.. "'Tis the prisident!" gasped the dumfounded detective. He gulped, reddened, took off his hat, bowed and mumbled.

"It's all right, old boy," Bernet laughed. "And you needn't take off your hat. We're both working for the same people. You're on your job; I'm on mine. You're a good detective."

The Man Who Resigned

Within a few days the word of this trivial incident had gone over the system and tickled the Erie's overalls gang as nothing else had done in years. The new president talked a language they understood. He was a regular guy. More power to him!—the feeling welled up from the heart of every man with pick and shovel on the far-flung gleaming rails.

Many times thereafter Bernet fired their imagination again and strengthened his hold on their affections. A car painter, sauntering one day to the pay car, remarked audibly that he guessed he'd go over and draw his salary. Bernet flashed beside him.

"Salary?" he asked, grinning. "Salary, hell! You're not drawing salary, man; you're drawing wages."

Once in a busy yard a stranger sought entrance to Bernet's private car. A former yardmaster, they told Bernet, who'd gone out on strike with the shopmen in 1921.

"Let him in," directed Bernet. Then, as the man stood, hat in hand, before him: "Well, what can I do for you?"

"I used to work for the Erie," he replied, "and I'd like to be reinstated."

"How long ago?" Bernet asked.

"Until 1921."

"How did you leave?"

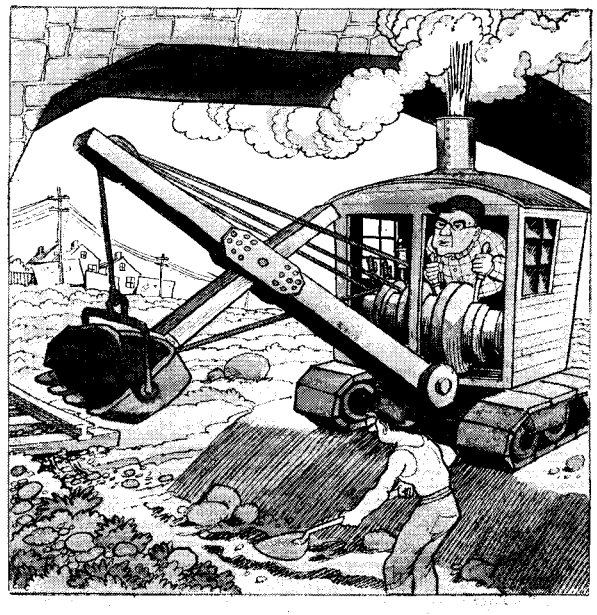
"I resigned."

Bernet's fingers drummed on the desk. "So you left in 1921," he repeated. "Resigned, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You didn't resign!" Bernet shot back like a flash. "You went out on strike. I don't hold that against you. But what do you want to tell me you resigned for? Didn't have the nerve to tell the truth, eh? No; not a chance of reinstatement. We don't want you."

That, too, (*Continued on page 36*)



They had to lower the Erie tracks twenty inches

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Nothing Ever Happens Here

By Lynn Montross

Considering all the circumstances, what a mercy that Thelma and her boy friends didn't live in a live town

Illustrated by Loren Stout

MORGAN READE sat at a desk in his study. His face, the face which on the screen had caused millions of women in all parts of the world to skip a fluttering heartbeat, was screwed into an expression of painful resignation. He puffed his pipe and called in a growl of wounded martyrdom:

"All right, Tommy. Bring 'em on!"

He spoke like a Christian awaiting the impact of the onrushing lions; and Tommy Elkins, his secretary, grinned appreciatively as he entered from the adjoining office. He had been with Reade during their vaudeville days long ago, and he answered more as a friend than an employee of the great. "Not so bad today, Morgan. A mere three bushels of 'em and I only had to save out one for you to read. But it's a long one and the craziest you ever saw."

Reade groaned. These fan letters at the close of a busy day were always an ordeal. In the beginning of his career, when he was only a minor player, he had been flattered by them; he had made it a secret practice to read every one—even to answer some. But now there were hundreds a day, each seeming to have been written by the same adolescent girl. . . .

Tonight his plump, blond, jolly wife had only to glance with amusement at the letter in his hand to send him into a gruff complaint:

"ABOUT time I had a vacation, I should say. Same old routine every day—work, work, work!—and nothing to break the monotony. Look at today for example: one scene shot this morning and location tonight, and during all the love flashes Vernon moaning about the part she has and me too tired to change clothes on the lot. . . . I tell you, Mae, I need a change."

"Of course you do, honeykins," said Mae soothingly.

She put down a ham-and-egg sandwich and stood beside his desk with her jeweled hands on her soft hips. They had started together as vaudeville hoofers, and in spite of the houseful of servants Mae still made his midnight sandwich with her own hands just as in the old days on the circuit. A million flappers from Maine to Oregon would have been hurt and indignant at her familiarity with the Great Thrill himself—honeykins, indeed!—but none of the million knew one half as much about men and life as Mae.

"It's a bore, I know," she sympathized. "Just as soon as you finish this picture we'll go away somewhere with the kiddies for a while. It's got on your nerves, seeing the same faces every day at the lot and doing the same things." She put her head on one side, looking much like an amiable robin, and listened to sounds from the direction of the nursery. "I must run in again! Gwynn seems a little croupy tonight and I never have trusted his last nurse." She was gone, leaving behind her an aura of pleasant, capable domesticity. Reade lit his pipe again and picked up the letter. The perfumed mauve sheets of paper crackled loudly as he began to read the round, schoolgirlish script:

PERRY JUNCTION, VT.
Sunday, May 25

DEAR MR. READE: It will probably seem very strange to you and excite your curiosity to receive this letter from me, who am a total stranger to you, etc. But I am a constant admirer of your wonderful pictures, especially the wonderful love scenes, and the duels are wonderful, too, so I am taking the liberty of writing you.

I am sixteen years old, brunette, a high-school girl in the sophomore class, blue eyes, svelte, and am considered by all my friends to be attractive, and have often been told that I closely resemble Sally Vernon, only she is not as beautiful as she used to be. In fact, many of my boy friends often call me "Blue Eyes" in a joking way but I always retort to them, "O you keep still!" because I do not believe that a girl should accept too many attentions from gentlemen or allow them to kiss her good night on the front porch, except that flowers and candy are all right as attentions.

THUS you can see, Mr. Reade, why I consider myself almost acquainted with you, even though we are still strangers, and why I am asking you to help me solve the problems which are really driving me crazy, and maybe you can get me a position in the pictures, too, if that would not be too much trouble.

In the first place let me tear asunder the veil which I have hitherto drawn over my past, and I will lay my heart bare before you just as if we were not strangers, etc. O, Mr. Reade, I cannot stand it here any longer, there is nothing ever happens here in Perry Junction, Vt., and if I do not depart while I am still young my life will be just ashes.

My folks are mean to me, too. They have even inflicted physical punishment on me as if I were a mere child. They blame everything on me because Charles ran away and because Harold got wounded in Ward's pasture and because I tried to elope. I will tell you a secret, Mr. Reade: I am going to leave it all.

As I unfold these revelations you can see that it is impossible for me to remain in this provincial village where nothing ever happens and where life is so dull that a sensitive, refined person simply cannot endure it.

Even as I write this missive my

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mother is downstairs thinking that I am studying my geometry, the latter being very distasteful to me, and this will give you an idea of what I have to put up with.

Now, Mr. Reade, I wish to state very plainly that it was not my fault Charles ran away. I could not help it if both he and Harold were in love with me, could I? O love is a thing which can sometimes blight as well as bloom, Mr. Reade, and when I think of that awful wound in Harold's shoulder it often seems to me that I have ruined every life whom I have come in contact with. Just think, my folks won't even let me go out any more except Sat. nights sometimes and even then I hardly get time to go to the movies.

AS I sit here musing, looking back into the past, I recall that it was on a Sat. night I first knew of the love that Charles and Harold bore me. Little did I realize then how fateful it would prove to be. It all started when I was walking down Front Street at dusk because my mother had sent me for a package of soap flakes to wash out my yellow georgette party dress. Just behind me was Harold Lenz. Do not ask me how I knew, Mr. Reade, because a woman's heart is always aware of things which are about to affect her destiny. Well, it happened that I accidentally dropped my handkerchief and of course Harold picked it up, just as any gentleman would.

"O hello, Harold," I said, not having been conscious of his presence until that moment and being surprised at the encounter.

"Hello, Thelma," he said, being also surprised and looking somewhat nervous. "Where are you going?" he inquired.

"O nowhere," I said laughingly.

And I could not avoid it, could I, if he fell in step with me?

For two whole blocks he did not speak and so I had a good opportunity to observe things which I had never before noted in the classroom, how nice his hair waved in front, and that his eyes were brown and very romantic looking, and that he would be terribly handsome if it were not for freckles around his nose. Also he is quite tall for his age, sixteen, and plays forward on the high school basket-ball team.

When we reached the corner drug store he said very simply, "Thelma?"

"Yes?" I said.

He sort of gulped and interrogated, "Would you like to have a sundae with me?" And of course I said yes, I would love to. What else could a girl say and not be rude?

So we sat down together in the last booth. I recall as vividly as if it were yesterday instead of three weeks ago that Harold took a Deauville Flip while I had a Lover's Delight. We had no more than begun to enjoy these refreshments when in walked Charles Nichols.

"O hello, Charles," I said, and he said hello, too. And it was another great surprise to me that he walked over in a bold and determined manner and sat down at our table. It really seemed like a shame, that I should have two boy friends who were already beginning to glare at each other on account of jealousy, while so many girls do not have a single admirer. But then I could not very well say, "You cannot sit at our table," and so I just smiled first at one and then at the other so as to make both at ease. Instead of that, they just went on getting more and more mad.

While Charles was ordering a Banana Split I noticed as if for the first time what wonderful gray eyes he had and how his dark, romantic hair was parted in the middle and slicked back. He appeared more than his sixteen summers and is really one of the best of the football team.

Harold looked haughtily at Charles once or twice and then he said, "It would seem like Thelma and I could be alone without interference."

"Yes," said Charles, "and I was just thinking the same about you."

"O you were, were you?"

"Yes, I was. How do you like that?"

YOU can imagine, Mr. Reade, how perfectly frightful I felt, that two such nice boys should be disputing about me. But before I could utter a single word, Charles said: "Excuse me, Thelma, I was just going to the movies to see the new Morgan Reade picture and I wonder if you would like to accompany me?"

"I beg your pardon," said Harold, very dignified acting, "I was about to ask Thelma myself, and if it were not for people always crashing the gate in this disgusting fashion—"

"I know somebody," Charles said, "who's going to get a good punch in the nose if—"

"All right!" exclaimed Harold. "Any old time you want to try it—"

It was really a terrible scene, Mr. Reade, and reminded me of many of your episodes in the pictures except that it was not nearly so refined. O what a plaything of men's fancy is a woman's heart, and I actually felt *awful* about this situation, so I said in an impartial manner: "I cannot choose between you. It would not be fair. But can't we all go together and enjoy ourselves?"

"H'm," they both said, looking savagely at each other, and did not appear to be very enthusiastic.

But I think that a girl must be very careful about her charms and just because she is cursed with the fatal kiss of beauty she must not wreck men's lives. Not that I consider myself pretty, although all my friends tell me that I am very attractive even if I do not believe it myself.

Unfortunately we were late going into the Gem Theater and it made me feel badly to walk down the aisle with two of the most popular boys in Perry Junction when there were so many girls there who did not have a single admirer.

The picture was Hearts at Sea, which I have always considered one of your best, Mr. Reade, although I do not think Sally Vernon beautiful enough as your leading lady. You remember the part of the picture where you run away from your cruel father and go on the ship, well right at that place I turned to Charles and whispered:

"That is the only kind of a man I could love, somebody who is daring and *adventurous* and does dramatic things."

It seemed only a brief moment until the picture had progressed to the fourth reel, the part where you return home after sinking the enemy ship single-handed and elope one dark night with the judge's daughter. O that was thrilling! I just *wiggled*, I was so excited, and then Harold nudged my elbow with his elbow and said to me:

"Huh, that isn't so much!"

"You just try it yourself once," I said, "and you'd see how much it was. It is easy, Harold," I said, "to demean the exploits of others until you have tried them yourself," I said. "Here in this provincial village we do not realize what adventurous and dramatic things are happening in the world. I, myself, could never love a man unless he is dar-

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ing and adventurous and does dramatic things."

During the fifth reel I could not help crying when your bride was kidnaped away from you, Mr. Reade, and, oh, how thrilling it was when you caught up with the villain and fought the duel. I can still see how your face looked in the moonlight and for a while I was so afraid you were going to lose and be killed, and then just at the last minute by a superhuman effort you wounded him to the death and the girl fell into your arms.

"After all," Charles said on the way home, "it's only just a movie—things don't really happen that way."

"O *don't* they!" I said in a sarcastic voice. "Of course," I said, "there are people who never dare things. Especially in this provincial village where everything is dull and nothing ever happens. But I would not care for a man, not even you or Harold, who was cowardly and afraid."

Just at that moment we reached the door of my house and very solemnly and abruptly both of them said good night to me and strode away in opposite directions without a word to each other.

CAME the dawn. I mean, not *really* the dawn because it was about nine o'clock the next Monday morning and I had to go to school. The first recitation period was French and I was sitting just across from Harold. To my great surprise a tightly folded note dropped in my lap and while I do not approve of notes during school hours I thought to myself that as long as it was here I would read it. The note said:

DEAR THELMA: During the movie on Saturday night you said that nobody dared things the way they used to. Well, that's where you got another guess coming. Maybe with somebody like Charles, he would be afraid to, but it is different with me. And if you don't believe it, please meet me on Wed. evening because I am sick of everything here in this dull town just as you are, and let us elope together as shown in the movies and make our own way in the world. Will you do it? R. S. V. P.

Yours very sincerely,
HAROLD.

You may picture, Mr. Reade, all the sensations in my breast when I had finished reading this missive. In fact, I was so overcome that I made a very poor recitation in French and only received a "C."

On the way out of the classroom I was trying to collect myself when who should I meet but Charles. His face was stony and aloof but as I went past the door he, too, thrust a note in my hands. There was nothing to do only to accept it, and afterward I thought it wouldn't do any harm to see what it said. And this was it:

DEAR THELMA: So you think that I am afraid, do you? Well, all I ask is that you see me on Wed. night and either elope with me or else the next time you hear about me I will be far, far away on the sea. Let these sissies like Harold stay here in Perry Junction if they want to, but not me, I am not the same kind. Hoping to have a reply from you, I am very affectionately yours,
CHARLES NICHOLS.

Was ever a woman in a more terrible predicament?

Believe me, Mr. Reade, I thought and thought and the only thing I could see to do was to answer both of them in order not to hurt their feelings. So in a very impartial way I wrote each a note and told them if possible I would see them on Wed. evening as they asked.

The fluttering state of my emotions on Monday and Tuesday can never be described. Nobody will ever know what a woman goes through at a time like that, with two boys ready to almost give up their lives on account of her. O there were countless moments when I wished I had been born very plain, so I would not have such problems as this one.

Harold or Charles? Charles or Harold? Like a great refrain the question tore my heart asunder. *Which? Oh which?* You can see how awful it was for me, Mr. Reade, because an eternity of time had passed before I decided late Wednesday afternoon that it must be Harold. His hair waved so cute in front and although I thought a great deal of Charles and could be a sister to him, etc., I knew that only Harold could make me happy.

WASN'T it lucky, my folks had planned a week before to drive to the movies in Barre that night, as Harold and Charles both knew, and so the minute the car was gone I began to pack my suitcase. Words cannot describe how I felt as I folded up each filmy garment, my new rain-boots, my yellow georgette, and everything. Then I looked for a last time at the old, time-worn surroundings which had been so dear to me and thought maybe I would never see them again. I was shaken like a frail reed by the tumult within my breast and at that moment there was a tap on the window pane.

"Sh-h-h!" said a mysterious voice, which in a moment proved to be Harold mounted on my father's ladder.

"Harold," I said firmly, "you ought to have waited, because it is hardly dark yet."

"I know it," he said, "but we got to hurry before your folks get home and anyhow mine won't let me stay up later than ten-thirty."

IN a second I had left my old life behind me and was descending the ladder, leaning upon Harold's shoulder. Through the gloaming we crept stealthily around the side of the house, first making sure that the Greens next door weren't watching, because Mrs. Green is an awful old gossip. We had just reached the haven of the sidewalk in front when what should appear from behind the lilac bush but a shadowy, strange figure. I stifled a scream and my heart beat violently but in a moment I saw that it was but Charles.

He, too, was carrying a suitcase. Striding up to us he said to Harold, "Say, what are you doing here?"

"That's what I'd like to know about you!" Harold said.

And both of them dropped their suitcases in a very menacing manner.

"O please, please!" I implored. "Only let me explain."

And I told them that our lives had come to the turning of the ways and although it nearly killed me I would have to make a choice between them. "And, Charles," I said, "please do not feel that because I have cast my lot with Harold that I do not care for you." I said, "I want you always to feel that I am a comrade to you. I will always be thinking of you," I said, "no matter how far apart we are."

And Charles said all right, he would be thinking of me, too, and that he could lose like a gentleman no matter how much it hurt him.

"Only time can heal those scars, Charles," I said, "and we really ought to be hurrying because my folks will be getting home soon."

"I've got to be going in a minute," said Charles, and he put his arm around me but I would not let him kiss me because in the first place it would not be fair to him and in the second place I do not believe in letting boys kiss you unless you are really engaged.

"Good-by, Charles," I whispered softly.

"Good-by, Thelma."

And after one mean look at Harold he slipped silently away into the darkness and the unknown, turning the corner by Greens. Harold and I walked away in the other direction.

After two or three blocks I said to Harold, "Where are we going?"

His voice almost made me jump, it was so different. "I don't exactly know," he said. "I've been trying to think what would be best to do—"

We stopped. After standing there for what seemed to be ages I began to cry, I was so scared all of a sudden.

"Don't cry!" Harold said. "We'll go back if you want to."

"Let's hurry," I said, "before my folks get home. Then maybe some other time—"

"Sure," he said, sounding more cheerful. "Some other time. Anyhow, I had just been thinking that I had forgotten all about a license and I don't know just where we'd go after we had one. Probably we aren't old enough, too."

"You should have considered those things, Harold," I said.

And he rejoined, "Yes, I know I ought to of, but I was so excited about everything and—well, you know how it is."

"I forgive you," I said.

We wondered if we had time to get a sundae before saying good night but decided we did not, and it was with relief that I reached our front porch and found nobody home yet. After saying a hurried good night to Harold I slipped upstairs and you may believe me, Mr. Reade, that my suitcase was soon unpacked and I was studying geometry when my folks returned.

TWO days later I went to school and Imogene Simpson was there and she said to me, "Did you hear the news?"

"What news?" I inquired.

"Would you believe it, Charles Nichols ran away last night and his folks are telegraphing the police to look for him, and they say that somebody saw him getting on the night train. Isn't it terrible?"

I tried to reply calmly but it was a cruel shock to me because I could not imagine that Charles had *really* gone away. At least not *very* far.

But it was not five minutes before I realized that, after all, I had made a terrible mistake in not following the dictates of my heart. Here I had almost eloped with Harold and it was Charles who was my choice from the first moment. Imagine Harold getting scared and not even knowing *how* to elope, and at that very minute Charles speeding out into the future!

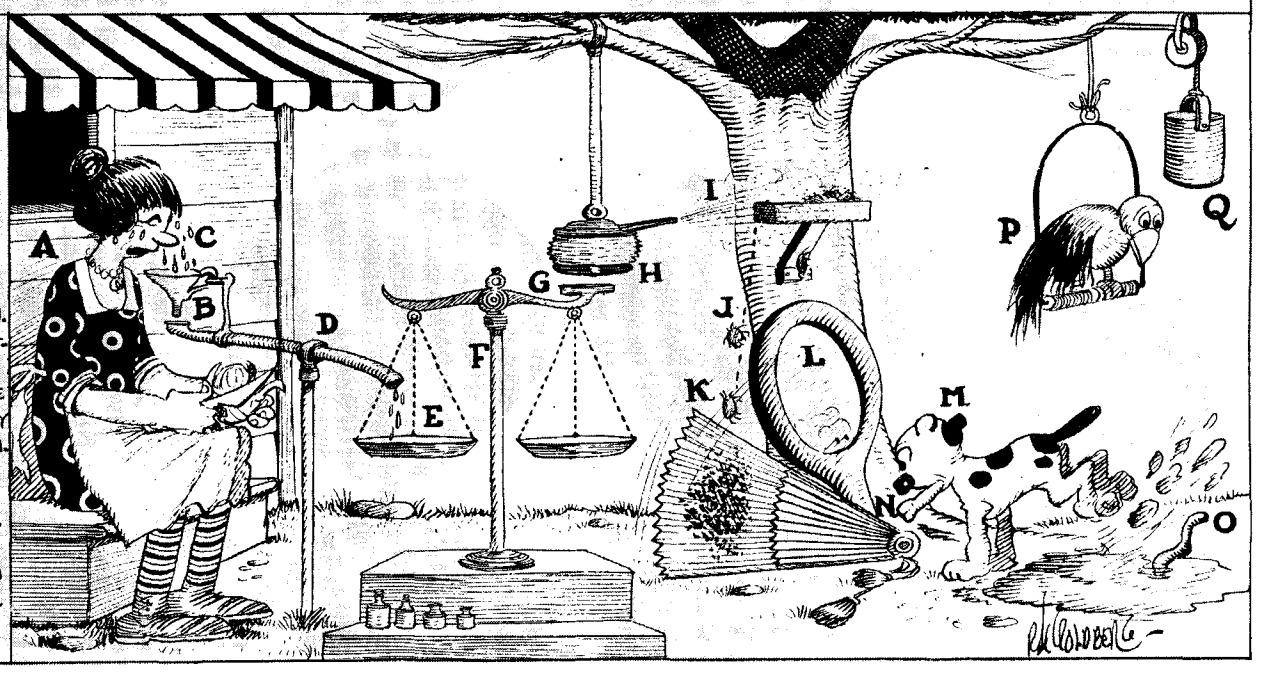
The hours (*Continued on page 41*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

A BARBER PUTS A SCALDING TOWEL ON PROFESSOR BUTTS'S FACE AND WHILE HE IS SCREAMING WITH PAIN HE THINKS UP AN INVENTION FOR DIGGING UP BAIT FOR FISHING. THE MAID (A) PEELS AN ONION AND CRIES INTO FUNNEL (B). TEARS (C) RUN THROUGH PIPE (D) AND DRIP INTO PAN (E) OF JEWELER'S SCALE (F), CAUSING END OF BAR (G) TO PRESS AGAINST SMALL BELLOWS (H), WHICH BLOWS INSECT POWDER (I) ON SHELF AND KNOCKS OFF ROACHES (J). ROACHES FALL ON EDGE OF ANTIQUE FAN (K), CAUSING IT TO CLOSE AND EXPOSE SURFACE OF MIRROR (L). SELFISH PALOOKA HOUND (M) SEES HIS REFLECTION IN MIRROR AND, THINKING IT IS ANOTHER DOG, HASTENS TO BURY BONE (N). AS HE DIGS, HE UNCOVERS WORM (O) WHICH IS SEEN IMMEDIATELY BY EARLY BIRD (P) WHO DIVES FOR IT OFF PERCH. WEIGHT (Q) DROPS ON HEAD OF BIRD AND KNOCKS HIM COLD JUST AS HE PULLS WORM FAR ENOUGH OUT OF GROUND FOR FISHERMAN TO GRAB IT EASILY.

WHEN THE EARLY BIRD WAKES UP YOU CAN LET HIM EAT THE ONION JUST SO HE WILL NOT BE GETTING TOO RAW A DEAL.



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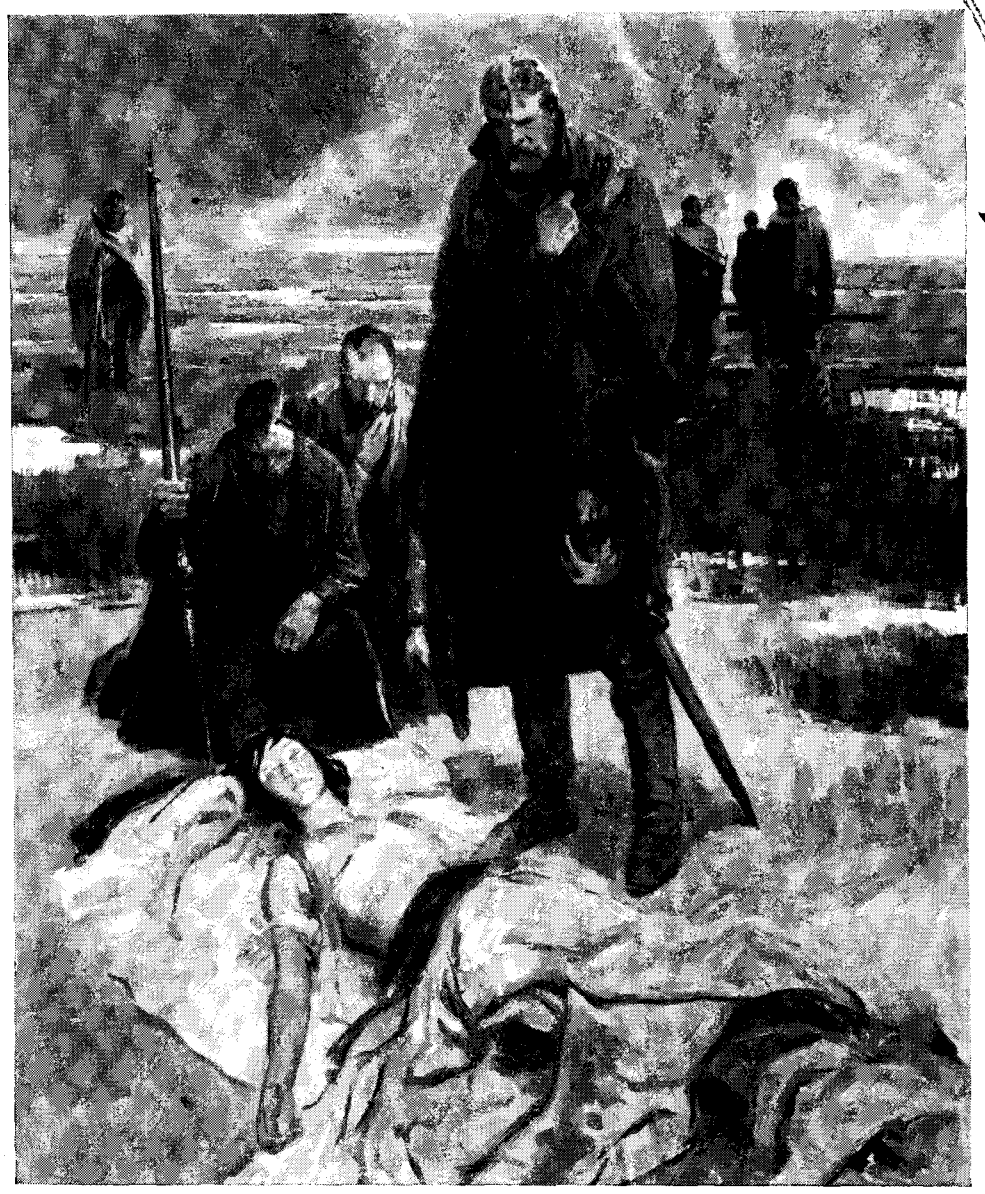
When that spent spirit slipped through his clutching fingers the weeping patriots claimed to have heard the break of his heart



Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

The Great Rebel

If he hadn't succeeded, they would have called him another fanatic—and quickly forgotten him. But he made reality of a dream he had dreamed for twenty-six years. Freedom was his fetish: the oppressed were his friends. He led them to independence in South America and, when the time came, he returned to Italy, defied his would-be executioners and, with a thousand heroes at his back, united his country. A Great Rebel. A Great Lover. Garibaldi

By George Creel

SUNRISE saw Giuseppe Garibaldi and his legionaries quit their sinking ship for a fight with the storm-lashed breakers. Many drowned, but the indomitable young leader rallied the exhausted survivors and by night was master of Laguna and an enemy fleet.

Once more the sailor trod a deck; victory had been snatched from disaster, and the adoration of a people was loud in his ears, but none of it had the power to ease the ache of his heart.

For three years the Italian rebel—an exile with a price on his head—had led the Brazilian provincials in revolt against their oppressors, suffering wounds, starvation and even the horrors of the torture chamber. Far from the land of his birth, fighting under a banner not his own, he had seen well-beloved friends fall one by one, and a great loneliness possessed him.

Idly sweeping the cliffs with a telescope—brooding, unhappy—suddenly a girl's face leaped into view, brought so close by the glass that he thrilled to the nearness of her slim, dark beauty. One moment he stood transfixed, and the next found him rowing ashore, gripped by a glad certainty.

Swiftly he climbed the rocky path and went from house to house until he had found her. The hands that he held out were masterful yet pleading, and the great voice was no more than an exhalation of his soul as he said, "Thou shouldst be mine."

Eighteen years old was Anita Riberas, the blood of the Spanish conquistadores in her veins, but the daughter of the New World in her dreams and shining faith. Undoubtedly she knew him at once as El Italiano, her country's champion, and yet her decision had its courage. Long and deep she looked into Garibaldi's eyes, blue and clear as mountain lakes, and then gave him her heart as simply as he had offered his own. What did it matter that she was betrothed to another? The two were met by appointment of Heaven.

That night they were gone, sailing the moon path, their honeymoon a new campaign. Side by side the lovers rode to the capture of towns or stood shoulder to shoulder when decks ran wet with blood. Anita bore her first babe in the jungle, where they hid from savage pursuit, and often Garibaldi carried the infant in a handkerchief slung from his neck. Once the girl-mother fell into the hands of the enemy, but, escaping at the risk of her life, rode sixty miles of trackless forest to lift her anguished mate from his despair.

Fighting for an Ideal

Three years of fighting with the Brazilian rebels, brightened only by the wonder of their love; then four even more terrible years in the service of Uruguay, stemming the invasion of Rosas.

What wonder that the whole world hailed and loved the golden-haired soldier of liberty! Defeated at sea by overwhelming odds, he burned his ships; on land he formed the Italian Legion, first checking the Argentinian rush and then winning the bloody battles of Cerro and Sant' Antonio that assured the independence of Uruguay.

The grateful Uruguayans offered everything, but in this same year, 1848, glad news came from the motherland. Lombardy and Venetia were in revolt against the hated rule of Austria, and the gallant Piedmontese marched to aid their brothers. Rejecting riches and preferment, Garibaldi gathered his red-shirted legionaries and sailed joyously to strike a blow for the free and united Italy of his dream.

Alas for high hopes! Austria crushed the rebellion with brutal thoroughness, and Garibaldi was left to stand alone. But not for long! From Savoy to Sicily raced the word that the hero of heroes had returned after fourteen years of exile, and as he went from town to town—so appealing in his strength and beauty, the slim, glowing Anita ever at his side—the people cried their love and threw off ancient fears. Bologna opened her gates, the ardent youth formed Garibaldi's Legion, and the Holy City, rising in revolt, declared the Roman Republic.

France, Austria, Spain and Naples rushed to the rescue at once, each eager to have the honor of restoring his possessions to the Pope, and Napoleon III won the shameful race.

The army that he sent against Rome numbered 12,000, but while the French only had an Oudinot, Italy now possessed a Garibaldi. Here was no cautious general, keeping well behind the front lines, but a leader that *led*, fair hair and white poncho streaming in the fury of his charge. His few thousands were untrained men and boys for the most part, but into each he poured the wine of his own wild courage, and after a day of bloody battle the French confessed defeat and begged a truce.

Unresting, Garibaldi marched swiftly to the Alban Hills and crushed King Ferdinand and a Neapolitan army, and then gathered his staggering legion for a campaign against the Austrians in the north. This was the moment that France selected for the resumption of hostilities. The armistice had been but a trick to gain time for reënforcements, nor was this the end of the treachery. After stating that he would not attack until June 4th, Oudinot crept forward before dawn on June 3d, and seized the Villa Pamfili and the Villa Corsini, positions just outside the western gate, standing on high ground that dominated the Janiculum wall.

It was the "key to Rome," and Gari-

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Picking a hazardous way between Austrian camps, they dragged their bleeding feet over mountains and stony plains

baldi hastily collected the legion for a desperate attempt at recapture. From 3,000 to 6,000, scattered over the city, against 20,000! Nor was this all. An open, shell-swept space had to be crossed; the one entrance to the villa grounds was through a narrow gate, and beyond it stretched a steep ascent, straight up into the muzzles of the French guns on the summit.

From dark to dark, Garibaldi led his men along this way of death, actually gaining the Corsini time and again, only to be hurled back by fresh waves of French from the Pamfili. A thousand perished—nobles, shopkeepers, artists, humble peasants—but not until nightfall did the stumbling, sobbing survivors give up the struggle.

Insurmountable Odds

There was madness in it—an insanity of heroism—nor was the defense that followed any less incredible in its superhuman valor. The French force increased to 30,000, yet for eighteen days the Garibaldini held the Janiculum and when it was carried, by mass assault, fell back to the old Austrian wall, where for nine days more they stood at bay. An incessant artillery fire beat upon them day and night, and at the last they fought from behind crumbled heaps of stone, but still Garibaldi's sword met every charge, and still Anita cradled the dying in her compassionate arms.

At midnight on June 30th Oudinot delivered an attack in force, crying "No quarter," yet sunrise saw the Roman flag still flying. There was even spirit for a counter-attack—Garibaldi leading a ghastly, indomitable handful against the swarming French—but by noon the assembly saw it as the end, and agreed to Oudinot's entry on July 3d.

Surrender, however, was not in Giuseppe Garibaldi's heart or thought. On the night of July 2d, bleeding from his wounds, eyes sunken but undaunted, he faced a silent throng in the Piazza of St. Peter's, and made this announcement: "I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war with the invader come with me. I offer no pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; only hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death."

Turning, he rode out of the Lateran gate with Anita at his side, and 4,000 men and boys followed after. Sunrise found them in the Sabine Hills, and there, where Horace loved to dream, the leader pondered his desperate situation. From Rome the French would soon pour in hot pursuit; to the south were 12,000 Neapolitans, King Ferdinand having regained his courage; still nearer at hand were 6,000 Spaniards; while to the north was the Tuscan army and some 15,000 Austrians.

It was for the northern march that Garibaldi decided, for in Venice lion-hearted Daniele Manin held out against the Austrian. All through the warm, fragrant day he rested his men in the lovely groves and gardens of Tivoli, and not until sunset did he begin the retreat that is without parallel in the whole history of warfare.

Straight south he started, as if to Naples, and when darkness fell turned in his tracks and followed a mule path that climbed the steep slopes of Mount Gennaro.

He reached Terni only to find the French and Spaniards again hot on his trail, but fresh feints confused the pursuit, and night marches over unused mountain roads soon left it behind. Across the Tiber and high into the Apennines toiled the hunted patriots, unresting, thirst-tormented; on into the fair Tuscan plain, where bleeding feet had a chance to heal; through an Austrian army at hostile Arezzo; over Scopettone Pass, and down the mountain side into the valley of the upper Tiber.

At Citerna, a hilltop town, Garibaldi calmly watched the Austrians swarm, nor moved until night came on. Leaving his camp fires burning to deceive one division, he thrust fiercely at another, and then plunged into the mountain fastnesses, leading his wretched, staggering band over the bleak Trabarian Pass. Twice again he eluded the Austrians by sudden attacks, cunning twists and night marches—crawling along cliffs, stumbling down bowlder-strewn gorges—each new day seeing scores fall from exhaustion, to be slaughtered by their merciless pursuers.

From the heights of Monte Carpegna, Garibaldi saw the shining Adriatic stretched before him, but Austrian armies filled the valley, and no longer were there hidden tracks for him to take. One way only lay open now, and with proud head bowed he sought sanctuary in the little republic of San Marino, last of the free cities of medieval Italy.

Out of the 4,000 that had started scarce 1,500 followed him through the gates, and these he released from service, begging the government of San Marino to arrange fair terms for their surrender. For himself, he would go on. Clearly, although humbly, Garibaldi saw that he had come to embody the whole of Italy's passionate aspiration, and to quit the fight, that life might be saved, was no other than base betrayal.

A Dash to the Sea

Anita, heavy with child, and racked by fever, refused to be left behind, for separation, to that loyal, loving heart, was worse than death. Two hundred legionaries, managing to learn their leader's purpose, also followed him as he slipped away on his dash to the sea.

Picking a hazardous way between two Austrian camps, the fugitives followed rocky river beds, crawled along the edge of terrifying gorges, and dragged their bleeding feet over mountain ridge and stony plain. It was night again when they tottered into Cesanatico, a little fishing village, but at sight of his beloved sea Garibaldi seemed to gain new strength. Almost single-handed he captured an enemy detachment, seized thirteen small native boats, and set sail for Venice.

Hope returned as they skimmed the sparkling waves, but an Austrian squadron lay in wait at the mouth of the Po, and only three of the boats escaped to reach the sandy shore near Comacchio. From the foremost leaped Garibaldi, carrying Anita in his arms, and straightway he commanded his comrades to seek the safety of the hills. Left alone with his dear burden, he wrapped her in his mighty arms, and stood at bay.

Even as the Austrian boats drew near, a quick-witted Comacchio patriot dashed out of the sand dunes and pointed a way to a hiding place in the marshes. What need to follow the hunted couple through all the nightmare of their twists and turns and tragic disappointments! Held close to her lover's breast, Anita grew weaker and weaker, now babbling of happier times, now clinging fiercely as she felt death's separating hand.

Little of her beauty could have remained after those years of storm, but to Garibaldi she was as he had first seen her on the cliffs of Laguna. With all his strength he fought to keep her precious life, and when at last, on a black night, the spent spirit slipped through his clutching fingers, the weeping patriots who stood near claimed to have heard the break of his heart.

Left to himself, Garibaldi would have followed his Anita into the grave, but Italy refused to have it so. From village to village they carried him, hiding by day, walking or riding by night; straight through a pursuit that sought his life, peasants risking their lives and scorning huge rewards out of the love they bore him. Over the Apennines, down into Tuscany and on to where the marshes of the Maremma touched the sea, and at sunrise on September 3d he boarded a boat that waited in a lonely haven, hiding his eyes that he might not see the shores of Italy recede.

A Mad Undertaking

Well might Garibaldi have thought his life ended in defeat and futility, for during his five years of exile Italy lay crushed and hopeless. Austria held Lombardy and Venetia in iron grip: Austrian princes ruled the duchies of Parma, Modena and Tuscany; vicious King Ferdinand oppressed Naples and the two Sicilies, and Pio Nono held sway over Rome, Umbria, Romagna and the Marches—truly a tragedy of dismemberment.

Even when Garibaldi slipped back from his seafaring in 1854, and bought the little island of Caprera for an eyrie, his eager eyes saw no sign of the spirit that had declared and defended the Roman Republic, yet his sublime faith defied despair.

Not until 1859, however, when Piedmont and France joined strength to war on Austria, was his lonely vigil rewarded. Once again the Great Rebel knew the joy of night marches and sudden assaults as he whipped the White Coats out of Lombardy, and his heart flamed with the old hope as he watched developments on the plains below. The victories of Magenta and Solferino broke Austria's stranglehold on Italy: Tuscany deposed weak Leopold, and Parma, Modena and Romagna established independent governments.

Italian unity seemed a certainty when for a second time French treachery intervened. As a result of Louis Napoleon's shameful desertion, Austria retained Venetia, and while Piedmont managed to annex Tuscany and Emilia, Victor Emmanuel and Cavour were compelled to give France both Nice and Savoy as the price of her support.

Garibaldi, for once, knew a rage that swept away all reason. He had not liked the leadership of Victor Emmanuel, for the united Italy that he dreamed of was to be a republic, not a monarchy.

And now the scheming rascals had traded away his own beloved Nice, together with Savoy! Refusing to see the bitter necessity that compelled the young king and his great prime minister, the Great Rebel resolved to rally his legionaries and resist the cession.

It was not only the fate of Giuseppe Garibaldi that hung in the balance, but the fate of Italy as well, for his mad undertaking could have had no other end than the ruin of all. Again, as on the beach at Comacchio, destiny interposed. At the very moment when he was preparing to resist the transfer of Nice word came that Sicily was in revolt. Long before Garibaldi had given the Sicilians his word of honor that he would lead them when they rose, and this pledge saved him and Italy.

Plans for the expedition could not be kept a secret, and straightway Victor Emmanuel and Cavour were faced by fresh perplexities. Any appearance of approving Garibaldi's campaign meant war with Naples, the Papal States, Austria and (*Continued on page 43*)

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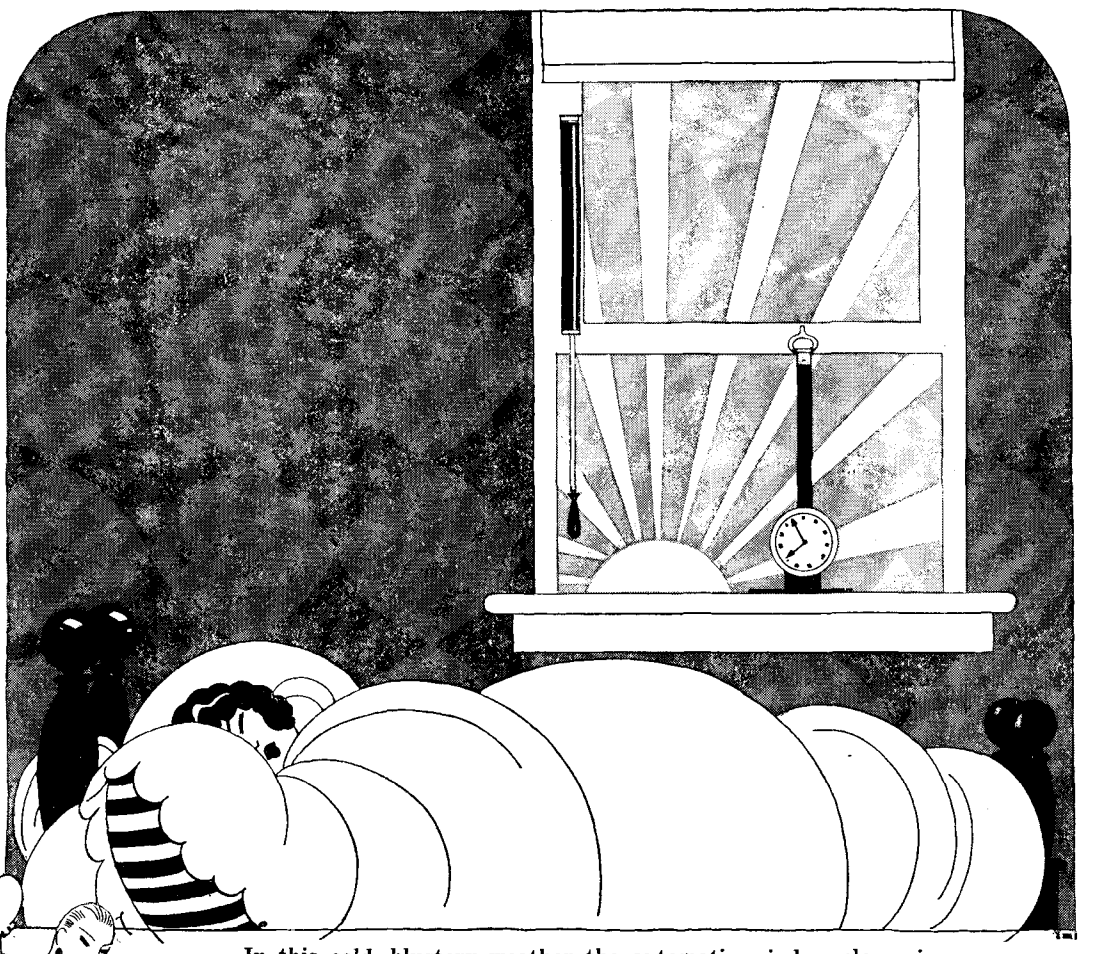
A Rainbow 'round the Dishpan

By Ruth M. Carson *and* Jessie Keena

If you're sunk in a sea of domestic drudgery it will be a relief to know that science is speeding to your rescue with these clever wife-savers

Illustrated by Loren Stout

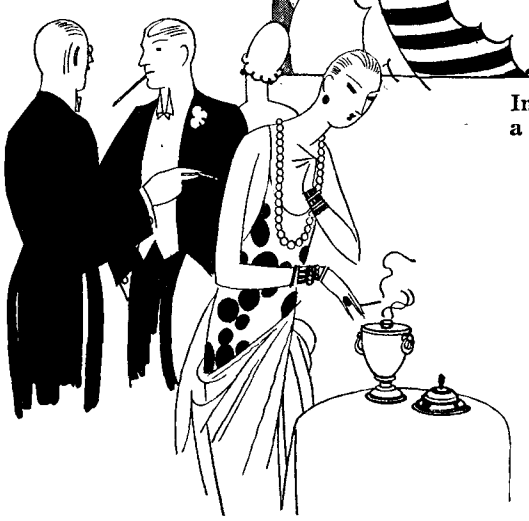


In this cold, blustery weather the automatic window closer is a help. A pusher at the side eases the window down noiselessly

ARE you an ultra-modern, living serenely in your oil-heated house where an electric refrigerator operates noiselessly, where cranking the ice-cream freezer by hand is a thing of the past, and cleaning is done to the purring of a vacuum cleaner? Do you run around in a latest-model roadster and perhaps go in for flying in a serious way? In short, are you the last thing in modernism, according to your own way of thinking? Then here are some bits of news from the inventors' front to prick your bubble of complacency, for we wouldn't be a bit surprised if you are appallingly primitive when it comes to little things; but the little things do count, they say.

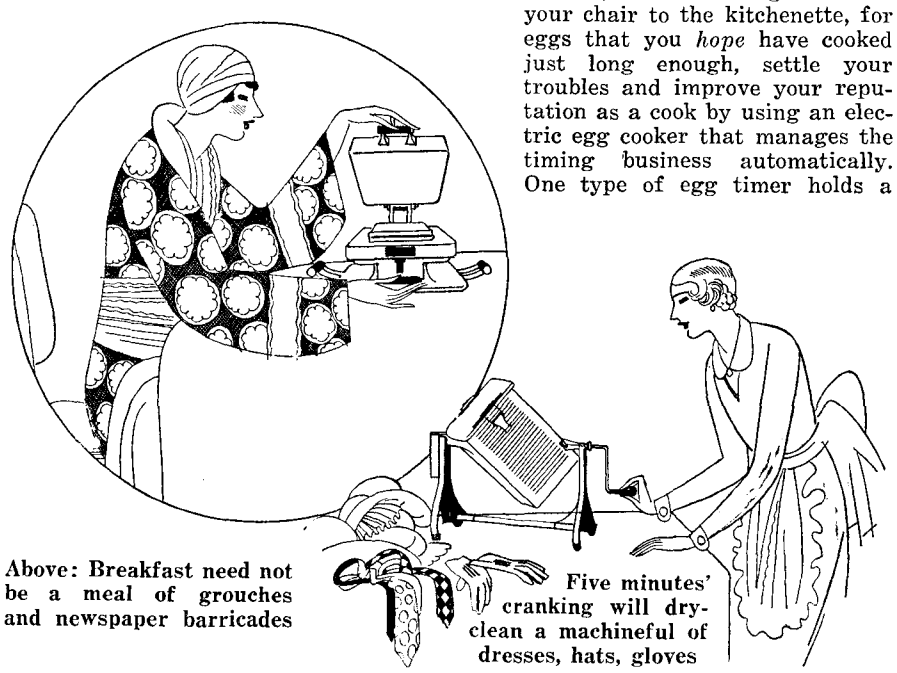
This cold, blustery weather you probably begin each day with an angry surge toward the alarm clock and a quick dash over the cold floor to shut the windows. If so you're not up-to-date, or you would know about the little device that shuts your window for you. It's really an alarm clock for the window, fastened on the sill. A strip of metal, attached at one end to the sash, is rolled miraculously into the clock when the set time arrives. The window is pulled shut and a pusher at the side eases it quietly down. When your faithful alarm goes off you find yourself in a room where cold breezes no longer blow.

After that, breakfast need not be a meal of grouches and newspaper barricades, especially with all the electrical things you can play with at the breakfast table. Of course you know about percolators and toasters, but have you seen the combination that takes up less room and toasts bread on both sides at once? The toasting part is about two inches high. The bread is placed in a little drawer which fits snugly between double heating coils. Then the toaster itself serves as a hot plate for the percolator placed on top.



There's no longer any excuse for smoky rooms. Just keep a little smoke-eater

If you're tired of running to the kitchen, or even turning around in your chair to the kitchenette, for eggs that you *hope* have cooked just long enough, settle your troubles and improve your reputation as a cook by using an electric egg cooker that manages the timing business automatically. One type of egg timer holds a single egg. To operate it, you put in about two teaspoonfuls of water, place the egg in the specially constructed holder and cover the whole with an ordinary tumbler. Your egg is therefore steamed instead of boiled, and cooking experts are always telling us that eggs *should* be steamed, because buttons are made from boiled eggs (N. B., Mr. Ripley!). These individual timers, by the way, can only be used with alternating current. Other egg timers may be had that hold from four to six eggs, and come with their own tops.



Above: Breakfast need not be a meal of grouches and newspaper barricades

Five minutes' cranking will dry-clean a machineful of dresses, hats, gloves

If you have the sandwich habit so badly that you want them even at breakfast time, there is a sandwich toaster that opens wide enough for a three-decker; and with the toaster they'll send you suggestions for sandwiches fit for Epicurus himself.

Don't be alarmed, with all this array before you. There's a four-outlet disk that you can set on your table and neatly plug in all your equipment so that there'll be only one wire straggling off to a base plug. And you can carry out your color scheme even to the disk, because they come in black, gray, green, red, brown and blue. For the fourth hole you might try a bacon grill, which manages the grease and of course prevents sputtering and curling because the top section presses down on the bacon. It's just as good for ham, and other meats for other meals.

While we are on the subject of breakfasts, you may be glad to know that bed-tray designers have kept busy and can now offer you added reasons for having breakfast in bed. They've made a tray that has a wicker basket the length of each end to form the legs and gives you room for all the doodaddles you want to play and work with in bed. Other trays have folding legs, and one has a top that rears up at your behest and forms a book-rest.

Unless you are Brillat-Savarin himself, the thankless task of seeing to three meals a day gets pretty boring, but if you're a wise housekeeper you will have a kitchen full of countless gadgets to save time all around.

A pea and bean sheller, for instance. This is a small piece of apparatus that looks rather like a knife sharpener, but don't be deceived. Screw it on to the edge of the table and nonchalantly turn a crank with one hand as you feed it peas with the other. It sends the shells off in one direction and the peas in the opposite, into receptacles we hope you've put in place first.

Is there anything worse than fussing with string beans, and finally getting them to the table tasting like hemp and looking worse? Well, no more of that if you have a razor device over which the pods are drawn, cutting away every possible string. Then feed them into another contrivance which slices the beans into slim shoestrings, or into one that cuts them into squares. In ten minutes the beans are merrily boiling and you're thanking heaven for a mechanical age. In the same class you will find tomato slicers, grapefruit corers, etc., ad infinitum.

Trouble? We're Not Having Any

Another inexpensive and heart-warming addition to the kitchen is a set of nickel-plated tongs in assorted sizes for seizing hot potatoes, corn, bacon, chops and roasts.

Also something which isn't so new, but an absolute necessity after you've used it once, is a collapsible wire ball known as a salad washer. Put anything in it such as fruit, lettuce or tender vegetables and let water run over them. They'll come out beautifully clean and in the same shape they went in.

The butter-mold makers have come forth with a whole new array of designs. A few you may choose from are hens, cows, flowers, thistles, hearts, spades, clubs and diamonds. To suit your every mood, you understand.

A rolling pin in which some ingenious woodworker carved patterns also pleases us. Before cutting your cookie dough, roll this pin across it and there you have a separate picture for each cookie. Children adore (*Continued on page 46*)

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The Spotter

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

In which a very clever crook plays a very clever game—and a clever detective plays one also

THE French Line's veteran eight-day cabin steamer, Comte de Grasse, leaned her starboard shoulder against the towering, rain-spattered night and drove with sturdy habit toward a black west. The long stretch of the wet deck, splotched here and there with the dull yellow light from an open port, was empty save for one solitary figure. He was moderately tall and probably thin, because a felt hat pulled low over his eyes and a raglan topcoat, hanging loosely, concealed even the outlines of his body, and by his restless moving to and from the rail and his impatient, nervous glances at the doors, one might judge that he was young.

Presently the doors opened and a burst of light flooded his sensitive, eagerly expectant face, which became almost immediately dark and scowling. He nodded reluctantly.

The big man in the doorway, clumsy in a too-small dinner jacket, an unlighted cigar in his teeth, lingered for a breath of cool air. "Pretty damp night for a promenade, Prentiss. You'll join us for liqueurs after a while, I hope."

PRENTISS remained watching the door for ten minutes after Mr. Broadhead's departure before its dark square lighted again, framing in actuality the picture which had been in his mind. The wind rushed at the filmy chiffon of her dress, at the inadequate evening wrap streaming from her throat, at her dark, free hair dividing above her white forehead. She was blown into an unconscious pose, a long, slender, round statuette.

Then she came flying. Somehow he had one arm out of that loose topcoat and with a sweep it enveloped them both. His muttered scolding about pneumonia, and her soft gay laughter, abruptly broken into and stifled by his impatience, animated the darkness.

They moved from the doorway along the rail and presently halted, like one form, wrapped in his coat, their faces half visible in the pale glow from a porthole and a dark luster in their eyes. "The mist is sparkling in your hair, Judith," he said. "It's dangerous—but beautiful."

She laughed again. "Don't worry. The happy never get sick."

His arm tightened about her. "How can you be so happy, so sure, after only four days? Ship love at that. How do you know that I'm not an adventurer, a ne'er-do-well, perhaps a crook? Young men without large means wandering indefinitely about Europe need explanation, Judith. You don't even ask."

"I love you, Gerald," she said, "I've met lots of men I admired and respected. Only one I love—like this, anyway. Besides, everything you say applies to me, too. What do you know about me?"

"What you are is all about you, like an aura," he said. "Men are different."

A shadow crossed her face. "I'm worried about something tonight, Gerald. Do you know anything about this business of getting through the Customs?" The A-deck porthole behind them fell closed and snatched the light from their faces.

MR. BROADHEAD meanwhile sought the congenial atmosphere of the smoking-room. He would find somebody there to talk to perhaps; for Mr. Broadhead liked to talk and "be himself." In four shipboard days a small group had gathered about him in quick, amused intimacy, referring to one another by ironic or descriptive names.

Just now, however, none of them was present at the green-covered table in the corner of the smoking-room which was their rendezvous for after-dinner cordials. Mr. Broadhead's heavy red face drooped and his pale, slightly popped eyes dimmed with disappointment as he sat down alone. Almost at once the waiter placed a yellow Chartreuse before him. "Monsieur's friends are late."

Mr. Broadhead smiled and tasted the liqueur. "Thank you, André. Yes, but they'll be along." One observed, as he sat there staring into the tiny golden pool in his glass, a certain shrewdness which had not been at first apparent and the sudden alertness which gleamed in his pale eyes.

Perhaps, protruding as they did, they were like spider's eyes, and their owner could see almost behind him where at a small table two men and a woman leaned towards one another in low-voiced confidence. Many watching that table directly would not have seen that momentary glint as one of the men returned his hand into his pocket. But Mr. Broadhead saw it. He could almost have told you the carat weight of the diamonds in the piece.

"The name is Parker, monsieur," said André. "Cabin three-seventeen." People were such simple fools.

Shortly, another man joined Mr. Broadhead, a tall, lank, and evidently ill man, whose black hair was strikingly shot with white and whose brow was unnaturally smooth. His name was Paine. "Where's our little party, Broadhead? Ah? Well, here comes the Sphinx, anyway." They called Mrs. Thorndike Perkins that because she gabbled. They called Mr. Paine "Shell Shock."

THE others were a plump little widow named Holton, brown-headed and innocent of the world but tagged nevertheless as "the Adventuress," and Judith's aunt, Mrs. Elliott, a lady of many ailments of which obesity was the most obvious. "Has anybody seen Judith? Well, I just know she's fallen overboard. I just knew she would. It's the one worry she had spared me so far this trip."

Paine reassured her. "I wouldn't be alarmed, Mrs. Elliott. Your Judith is doubtless in good hands, or arms, on deck." His voice faded into inaudible mumbling.

And so all of them were friends,

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Mr. Broadhead arose. He was almost overcome with emotion. "You are all very kind," he said. "I don't often fail my friends"

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

friends who six days ago had never seen one another, or thought they hadn't. Gerald Prentiss thought he hadn't too, but he was to suffer, when he should join the group in the smoking-room, that discomfort which results from trying to drag from memory something which it won't quite release.

Locked by insignificance deep in his memory was an episode in Paris. He had stopped at a jeweler's on the Rue de la Paix to look at a gold wrist watch, although he'd had no desire for a gold wrist watch whatever. In fact, his eyes had been scarcely aware of the gold wrist watch. His ears, however, were aware of every sound in that small gleaming room. His ears became aware of the big, the undeniably fat lady's voice. "Yes, I like the oval shape all right, and the solid background too. The four big stones are baguette diamonds? Oh, but a hundred and forty thousand francs! That's six thousand dollars. And the duty is eighty per cent—"

The salesman's soft accented English: "Ah, yes, madame, the duty is—unfortunate. Sometimes we think it perhaps unjust. Many of our clients just pay cash."

The fat lady's breathing was audible. "Oh, I've heard all about that. And then you send in a report to the American Customs—"

"Madame!—but madame must realize how foolish a French jeweler would be to make it—may I say awkward?—for our American friends to buy. Madame pays cash. Madame's name may be Smith, or anything, for all we know. Madame is no doubt a woman of the world."

GERALD stood behind madame, who was a woman of the world, when she inquired at the mail desk of the Bankers Trust Company in the Place Vendôme.

"Anything for me, Miss Richemond? I'm expecting cables. One from my doctor. I have no faith in these foreign doctors."

The girl in charge glanced in her files and shook her head. "Nothing, Mrs. Elliott, I'm afraid. That's Mrs. Mary B. Elliott, isn't it?"

Gerald Prentiss, seated at one of the writing desks, wrote a name, a date, a one-line remark in a small black book, and then Mary B. Elliott sank into that pit of memory from which one night on a ship he would try to recover her.

The smoking-room, when Gerald and Judith came into its thick warmth that night, seemed empty of its customary cheer. Gerald smiled somewhat grimly and Judith, at his elbow, said: "What is it? Are we running into a storm or something?"

"The danger is not so romantic," he told her. "Ships are often like this just after the Customs declaration blanks have been distributed. Nearly everybody here is going to run in something or other."

She answered him vaguely. "Really? Isn't it dangerous? Oh, come on, there's Auntie and your chance to meet her. She's really all right, Gerald—even if I *have* had to rub her back every night for months."

BUT the strained atmosphere at the famous corner table was too evident to permit introductions, or even greetings. No one spoke. Even the Sphinx, although flushed with the effort of silence, could only glare. "Don't open your mouths, children," she burst out finally, with an indignant glance at Mr. Broadhead. "Anything you say will be used against you."

Judith's aunt sat there, tight-lipped. Her breathing was an effort, a characteristic of her excitement which started the painful process of trying to remember, in Gerald Prentiss' mind.

"Tell them," demanded Mrs. Thorndike Perkins with a gesture at Mr. Broadhead, and then immediately rushed on to tell them herself: "Do you know that every little confidence we have exchanged among friends, as we thought, every little bargain we mentioned picking up, has probably been reported by radio to the United States Customs? Do you know that the stewards and maids and waiters on this boat, not to mention many of the passengers, are nothing but sneaking spies, people who go about betraying confidence and listening at keyholes? So Mr. Broadhead informs us. I don't think we should have been told."

"They were all being so charmingly frank about what they intended to smuggle," said Mr. Broadhead, "that I thought somebody ought to give them a friendly warning."

The Sphinx was not to be pacified. "But you even said that one of us right here at this table was a spy—"

"Oh, no, not quite that," he put in quickly. "I said this ship, all ships, and all the beaten paths of Europe were the hunting ground not only for legitimate government agents but also for the less legitimate, if not despicable, spies and informers who give the bulk of Customs tips for the sake of the standard reward of twenty-five per cent of the fines, duties and proceeds of confiscated goods. They live on it. Imagine a bait like that, thousands on a single tip perhaps. These vultures, men and women—they are called 'spotters' generally—appear in any rôle which will beguile confidence and they encourage their victims to smuggle—"

"But you said—"

Little Mrs. Holton's interruption brought Mr. Broadhead back to the point: "Yes, I said that very probably someone in our small group, those of us right here, is a spotter."

"Well, I assure you all," said Mrs. Holton, "that I for one wouldn't stoop to such a thing if I were starving."

"I should hope not," exploded the Sphinx, almost as if she suspected. "I should hope not, Mrs. Holton—after worming that out of me about my Valenciennes lace nightgowns."

Mrs. Elliott's lips relaxed. "I don't believe in smuggling myself," she said. "If people will do it, let them worry. I have enough trouble with my lumbago."

Gerald Prentiss remembered something about somebody who had no confidence in these foreign doctors. He noticed from the corner of his eye that Judith was (*Continued on page 47*)

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The Lion and the Lamb

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

The Story Thus Far:

RETURNING from Australia to London, David Newberry finds himself penniless, and his father, Lord Newberry, refuses to help him. To save himself from starvation, he joins a band of criminals, taking an oath never to betray his associates to the police.

David and two others—Reuben Grossett and Cannon Ball Lem—go after the "Virgin's Tear," a valuable diamond belonging to Lady Frankley. In the act of stealing the jewel they are surprised. Reuben and Lem, locking a door to insure their escape, leave David to be captured.

On his release from prison David finds himself Lord Newberry, due to his father's death. He has but one ambition: to avenge his injury. He will not break his oath, but will battle the criminals—alone!

He goes to the gang's headquarters: a filthy room in The Lion and the Lamb, a disreputable public house; boldly confronts the gang's powerful leader, Tottie Green, and makes a declaration of war.

Shortly thereafter, David is attacked in his bedroom at the Milan Court Hotel by several members of the gang. He is given one minute to live—unless he reveals the hiding place of the "Virgin's Tear." All he remembers of the jewel before the police beat him into unconsciousness is holding it in his hand and gazing in surprise at a lovely girl who had somehow slipped into the room. Nevertheless, his life is spared. Then David starts his campaign. He needs a small "army"—jiujitsu experts, not gunmen. Going to a popular gymnasium, he offers the proprietor, one Abbs, £5,000 for the establishment: Abbs accepts.

Very soon an attempt is made to set fire to the gymnasium. Police capture all of the attackers but one, whom David conceals.

IV

IT WAS at least a quarter of an hour before the man who had been dragged into the gymnasium opened his eyes. He looked about him vaguely. Then he saw David coming towards him, and disagreeable memories began to assert themselves.

"Where am I?" he gasped.

"You are at the present moment," David confided, "in one of the dressing-rooms of the gymnasium you tried to set fire to."

The captured man staggered to his feet, but collapsed into a chair.

"Just my luck to be pinched," he groaned. "What happened to the others?"

"As a matter of fact, Ebben," David said, "you're rather in luck. The others are at the police station by this time. Up to the present you are free."

The young man blinked suspiciously.

"What are you getting at?" he growled.

"I'm telling you the truth," was the cool reply. "I saved you from arrest for a reason of my own. I shall very likely hand you over to the police presently. That depends."

"You're not kidding?"

"I am not kidding. Before we called the police in I had you dragged in here out of the way. You can earn your freedom if you want to, or you can go and join your pals, and take a five years' stretch with them."

The young man's teeth chattered.

"What is it you want me to do, guv'nor?" he asked.

David turned on an extra electric light.

"Do you recognize me, Ebben?" he asked.

The man stared for a moment. Then an exclamation broke from his lips.

"Crickey, it's Dave!"

"Yes, that's right," David assented, "and you're Dick Ebben. I know a bit about you, Ebben—a little that you know about, and a little that you don't know about. I know something that Tottie Green doesn't know, or you'd have had yours a year ago."

The young man began to shake silently. He was very nearly in a paroxysm of fear.

David rose to his feet, unlocked a cupboard, and produced a bottle of brandy. He poured some into a glass.

"Drink this," he enjoined shortly, "and try to listen to me."

The young man clutched at the glass. He drank the contents feverishly in long, appreciative gulps.

"God, that's the stuff!" he muttered, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Get on with it, Dave. I can talk to you now."

"To begin with, then, don't call me Dave," the other ordered. "Our brief association ended twelve months ago."

"I beg your pardon," the young man squirmed. "I don't know what's happened, but I see you're quite the toff now."

"Miss Sophy!" Dowson exclaimed. "I beg your pardon, my lord—I can't imagine how the young lady got here"

"Whatever I am makes no difference to you," David said. "Get this into your head: I know you squealed about the Frankley burglary. I know that I have only to tell Tottie Green just what I do know about you, Dick Ebben, and you'd be a great deal safer in prison for five years."

The young man's fingers and the muscles of his face were twitching.

"So 'elp me, Gawd—"

"Chuck it!" David interrupted. "I know all I want to know about you, Dick Ebben. I can make use of you. I can save you a knife in your ribs, or five years in prison. Are you ready to listen?"

The young man groveled.

"Dave—Mr. David," he began, "if you keep your mouth shut, there isn't anything I wouldn't do on God's earth. Now, listen—"

"No, listen to me instead," David insisted. "I'll keep you out of this arson case if I can. But you've got to pay."

"What is it you want?" the man gasped.

"You've squealed before for trifles," David continued, "because you're a squealer by nature. Now you're going to squeal for something worth while, but you're going to do it for me."

"FOR you?" Ebben faltered. "Where do you come in with this?"

"I'm out with the gang," David explained. "I'm up against them, Ebben. I'm going to see they get what they deserve. They sold me at Frankley, and they think they can get away with it. They can't. Know what this place is?"

"Some sort of a gymnasium, ain't it?"

"You're not so far from the mark. You might call it a fighting academy, and be done with it. Do you know why you were on an expedition here tonight to burn it down?"

"So 'elp me, Gawd, I don't know!" the young man insisted vehemently. "It was just orders—orders."

He wiped the sweat from his forehead with his coat sleeve. He was alert enough now, recovered with the help of the brandy.

"Listen to me, Da—I beg your pardon, guv'nor," he begged—"the whole show gets me scared blue sometimes. That old man in the chair, the way he looks at me—it's as though he knew. It gives me the shivers! He don't tell me nothing now. Just hands me orders. Gun and knife, fire balls and petrol, same as we burnt down Reinberg's place in Cannon Street with. Two years ago, the old man would have told me all about it—never opened his mouth this time. They got me scared."

David nodded thoughtfully.

"I expect you're right, Ebben," he agreed. "There's something about that old man, Tottie Green, that isn't exactly human—sees into the souls of men, reads the thoughts at the backs of their heads. A nasty business that, you know. Well, you take my advice, Ebben. You're going to get a thousand pounds from me before many weeks are past. The day you touch, you board one of those Glasgow steamers for Montreal."

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The young man moistened his lips.

"Gawd, I'm for it," he muttered.

David strolled to the door of the dressing-room, and beckoned to Sammy West, who was repairing a boxing glove.

"This is my partner," he said. "Ebben, this is what you have to do. I want to know the nights the Lambs come out. I want to know how many of them are coming, and where they're going. I know your position, you see. You're still Reuben's secretary. You are the man who copies out the directions, and hands them out. Very well. What about their next big show?"

Ebben crept a little nearer, though the room was large and empty.

"A thousand quid," he muttered.

"That's the precise sum," David assented. "That's the blood money, Ebben."

"It's a bargain," the young man agreed hoarsely. "I'll risk it. I don't care. There's a big show coming on, but mind you, guv'nor," he added, "I'll have my thousand quid when I've told you, but unless you bring in the police they'll make dirt of you. There ain't no amateurs in this world can stand up to a knife-and-gun Lamb."

"That's our lookout," David declared. "Sam, give him a shakedown here for the night, and lend him some clothes in the morning to get away with. You can make up your own story to Tottie Green as to how you escaped, but mind you, Ebben, if you try to double-cross us, you can crawl underneath one of those tombstones outside as soon as you like. You'll be for it, my lad, and don't you forget it."

The young man shivered.

"I'm for that thousand quid, and Montreal," he moaned, with almost pathetic vehemence.

GLENDOWER, who hated the woman, nevertheless made a point of crossing the crowded drawing-room of a mutual acquaintance, and accosting Agatha Kendrig. He was warmly enough received, but he cut short her gush of cordiality.

"What about David, Lady Agatha?" he asked her.

She raised her eyebrows—a favorite gesture of hers. She was inclined to be dark and she had black eyebrows, of which she was very proud. She led the Marquis toward a neighboring divan.

"Really, Lord Glendower," she began impressively, "I can't tell you how much I have been upset by this terrible calamity which has fallen upon our family. Can you imagine anything more appalling?"

"Well, I think I could, with an effort," was the curt reply. "Anyhow I should be glad to have your point of view. Rather fond of David myself, you know, in the old days, and—you won't mind—truth's the best policy—I thought he was damned badly treated."

"We probably none of us," Lady Agatha declared with dignity, "know the whole history. His father may seem to have been stern, but I believe—I do believe," she added, looking earnestly up into her companion's face—"that there were many happenings of which we never heard. David's record, as you know, has been shameful, and this last episode, of course, heartbreaking. Fancy the head of the family—the titular head of the family—in prison!"

Glendower moved a little uneasily in his place.

"Well, that's over and finished with, you know," he reminded her. "The question is, what about David now! Seems to me he wants a leg-up. What are you people doing about it?"

"What can we do?" Lady Agatha demanded appealingly. "He has had the grace not to go straight down and live at Newberry, but do you know, I wrote to his lawyers, and I wrote to him, offering to occupy it for a year or so, for the family's sake. I had no reply from David, and only a very official letter from Mr. Atkinson to say that Lord Newberry had no intention of 'letting'—'letting,' mind you—'the house at present.'"

"Why should he?" Glendower inquired. "He's plenty of money. Lots of men don't like letting their houses. What are you complaining about?"

"But don't you know what David has done?" she went on pathetically.

"No, I should like to know," Glendower replied. "I can't hear anything definite about him at all."

"He has taken over that little house in John Street that Father bought for Harold and Clarence, and shut himself up in it—absolutely shut himself up. Would you believe this now? It took me a long time to make up my mind to do it, but I did. I went to call. I took Matthew with me. And what do you think happened?"

"No idea," the Marquis murmured, with a faint anticipatory smile at the corners of his lips.

"Dowson opened the door to us—Dowson, who has been in the family for thirty years, mind you. I told him that I had come to see Lord Newberry, and what do you suppose his reply was?"

The Marquis remained blandly interrogative.

Glendower cut short her gush of cordiality. "What about David, Lady Agatha?" he asked her

"'Lord Newberry,' he announced, standing with the door knob still in his hand, 'is not receiving visitors at present.'"

"That's like the lad," the Marquis chuckled.

"But I, his sister," she protested, "and Matthew, his brother-in-law! Very distinguished man, Matthew—Privy Councillor and Member of Parliament—so much his elder too. I had hard work to get Matthew to accompany me. Don't you think that David should have appreciated the immense benefit that would come to him from the recognition of such an influential man?"

"Ah, well, yes. I'm sure I don't know," Glendower answered doubtfully.

Lady Agatha continued to vent her annoyance.

"And I, his sister," she went on, "left on the doorstep, if you please, with Dowson, our old servant, refusing to let me into the house, and a couple of footmen behind—such men you never saw—looking like prize-fighters, and yet wearing our liveries—and I wasn't allowed to go in! David was 'not receiving at present'! And you can sit there and ask me what we're doing about David after that!"

"WELL, of course I didn't know," Glendower confessed, "but I do say that we ought all to have every consideration for him. You may be ready enough to receive him now, but the whole lot of you treated him like dirt when he was down and out. He's bound to resent it a little. He'll come round, I daresay."

"But, Lord Glendower," she remonstrated, "think! David has just come out of prison, where he has been serving a disgraceful sentence for burglary and assault, and here I take Matthew to hold out the olive branch, and that is the message—'Lord Newberry'—my brother, mind you—'is not receiving at present'!"

"Dowson didn't give you any hint as to how he was passing the time, I suppose?" Glendower asked thoughtfully. "I've heard one or two rather queer rumors. Nothing detrimental, but a little disturbing."

"Dowson gave me no idea about anything," Lady Agatha confided. "What sort of things are they saying about David?"

"Oh, nothing that would interest you particularly," was the vague reply. "Funny business altogether. I don't mind telling you that I've tried to get in touch with him myself. I've rung at the front doorbell, and got my marching orders. What's he afraid of, I wonder? The place looked like a small fortress—a dozen men at work setting burglary alarms—and you're right about those footmen—bruisers every one of them, I should think."

Lady Agatha sighed deeply.

"Oh, I do hope," she exclaimed, "that David isn't going to do anything more that is likely to disgrace the family."

"I shouldn't worry," the Marquis reassured her. "David's got his head screwed on all right, but I fancy he has a bee in his bonnet just now about something or other. Better let him go his own way, and hope for the best."

"But, my dear, my dear Lord Glendower," Lady Agatha protested, "think! David is now the head of our family. He occupies a position which reflects upon all of us. How can we sit quietly, and wait until the morning papers spring some amazing piece of sensationalism upon us? What can David be doing? Is he still burgling houses, stealing diamonds? Is he fighting policemen? We must see him. He must be made to understand how terrible all this publicity is for us."

The Marquis dangled his eyeglass by its cord.

"WELL, you see him, my dear lady," he advised. "You're his sister. With perseverance you may get in. I can't."

"You can't help us?"

"How the mischief can I? He's your brother. If you can get hold of him, he may tell you what he's up to. I'm jolly sure he doesn't mean to tell me."

"There have been several paragraphs in the paper already," she lamented.

"I'm not at all surprised. I think he'll be the talk of London before he's finished. Anyway, (*Continued on page 50*)

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The Age of Youth

By Arthur Somers Roche

Granby was either unconscious now, or close to it. He made no response to Donna's murmurs of horror as she bathed his face

The Story Thus Far:

DESPERATE because of her failure to make a decent living on the New York stage, Donna Raynor writes to Randolph Granby, a wealthy bachelor, whom she has never met. She explains her predicament, and ends her letter thus: "I could get a rich husband if I had a proper setting. It would cost a thousand a month and I'd need two years. Will you give it to me?"

Granby agrees to give her the money.

Donna opens her campaign by subleasing the apartment of Libby Prentiss, a wealthy society girl, who is leaving for Europe. Hardly is Donna settled, when adventure claims her. A handsome young man, decidedly the worse for drink, pushes past Jennie, the maid, calling loudly for Libby Prentiss. Donna orders him to leave. Then—"Believe I'll marry you," says the young visitor. "How would you like to be Mrs. Frank Gardner?" And Frank Gardner is the most sought-after bachelor in America!

Finally Donna succeeds in making Gardner leave. Next morning he sends orchids.

Donna arranges to take singing lessons from Mme. Galere, the list of whose pupils includes most of the Junior League. In a few weeks she is in the midst of the social swim. Granby and Gardner are both attentive. Sue Philemon is her friend. She has a devoted admirer in Don Blaisdell. Mrs. Fred Fairleigh has accepted her socially. Had she ever been silly enough to doubt that she would succeed?

Then the bubble bursts. At Madame Galere's one morning she picks up the paper; in the gossip column there is an unmistakable reference to her—with the insinuation that she is beyond the pale.

Donna confides her troubles to Madame Galere, who, however, cannot do much to help her. Sue Philemon remains loyal and Mrs. Fairleigh extends an invitation to dinner. Granby is her escort. Afterward Donna and Granby go to the Embassy to dance. As they approach the floor, Gardner appears. He has been drinking. "Why, it's old Ran Granby," he exclaims loudly, "Ran Granby and the li'l girl."

VII

THE orchestra had chosen the moment of their arising to cease playing. Two things Donna had often noticed. One was that no matter how loudly people have been talking during the music they automatically are silent for a fraction of a moment following the cessation of the orchestra's blare. The other was that if anyone happened to break this unconscious habit of silence, the speech he uttered was invariably embarrassing. It might not be axiomatic, this rule, but it was rarely honored in the breach.

How many times had she heard girls scream giggling protest from another room just as the piano in the living-room became silent? How many times, in darkened movie theaters, had she heard the unmistakable sounds of kisses as the organ ceased its bray?

Now it seemed that Gardner's voice was a roar. The drunken leer upon his face seemed a sneer of deadly malice. He was a tall youth, but not so tall as he now toweringly seemed. She felt within her a fury of which she had not known herself capable. She knew, self-revelatorily, that she could have killed him in this moment. Also, she knew—and later would take pride in the knowledge—that no one, observing her and hearing Frank Gardner's words, would know that she beheld her house of cards tumbling about her.

She believed that, while she might be white of face, she presented the appearance of one who, hearing the incredible, does not believe that she has heard aright. And this is exactly the effect her marble pallor, her slightly parted lips, and her incredulous eyes did create.

Granby's arm had been about her as the music stopped. It remained about her for a moment. His eyes, on a level with hers, had lost that expression of triumphant ownership which the companionship of a pretty girl brought to them. Their blue was not vacuous now. Icy sparks showed where ordinarily was soft self-satisfaction. She had been surprised, dancing with him at Mrs. Fairleigh's, to realize that his arm was steely-strong; now it gripped her so it hurt. She suddenly comprehended that here was a defender who could give a good account of himself even with a man a dozen years his junior.

And for a brief moment she thought that Granby would give that account here and now. There were, she recognized, only two things Granby could do: He could endeavor to knock Gardner down, or he could ignore the younger man's drunken insult. There were men, of course, who could find it possible to enter into wordy argument at such a time as this, but she prayed her God that she would never be in the company of such a one.

SHE was not in that company now. The tightly compressed lips of her companion were sufficient proof that wordy retort to Gardner was not in his mind. But exactly which of the two possible courses he would have taken she was never to know, for two things happened simultaneously:

The orchestra burst into sound, exactly as though someone were making conversation to cover an embarrassing moment and its consequent pause. And a headwaiter appeared from nowhere. At the music dancers began to move. A couple unintentionally jostled Gardner. And the headwaiter took the young man by the arm. He did so in a paternal fashion that was not deceiving to whoever felt that grip.

As dancers intervened between Gardner and the couple whom he had so grossly assailed Donna saw the youth yield to a whispered word. He began shambling away from the tables. Then, as Granby guided her away, she lost sight of the young man.

She danced, as always, well, but mechanically. The hazel eyes into which Granby looked were wide and dark, almost gray. The lissome body which he clasped was not rigid as might be expected of muscles held strainingly, and she followed without faltering.

Granby, looking at her, felt surging admiration. This was a great person, this girl whom he had taken from poverty and financed. Only by the darkening of her eyes could it be told that she had just passed through emotion, was in its grip still.

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"You brave—brave—" he whispered.

She felt a score of eyes upon her. Every whispered word that the dancers exchanged was comment, she was sure, upon herself, upon Granby, upon Gardner, upon the scene that had just occurred. She saw heads together at the tables; she could feel, although she could not hear, the buzz of gossip that spread about the room. Gardner could hardly have chosen a more unfortunate place—for Donna—in which to make his assault.

Here were people, many of whom she knew, more of whom she wanted to know. Here were people who represented the citadel which she was assailing, whose outer bulwarks she had already stormed. These were the people in whose minds no suspicion of her must ever arise.

This morning's printed innuendo—tonight's direct accusation—how many of them would consider that Gardner was a filthy cad? How many, rather, would prefer to believe that Gardner spoke the truth, and because of his truth forgive his own contemptibleness?

"Brave? What should I do? Weep?" she asked.

Hardly a soul who saw her but assumed that she was responding to some light jest. They *knew*—those who were aware of Gardner's charge—that she *couldn't* be light-hearted, but her manner was almost convincing.

"Any other girl would," he said.

"Perhaps I'm harder than other girls," she said.

His arm tightened, ever so slightly, about her.

"YOU'RE not," he said, "not hard a bit. You—you're just—wonderful."

Incoherence became Granby. He led a careful life, a life in which he preferred saying the right thing to doing it, seeming the right thing to being it. And one who is careful does not often become incoherent. But now he was not careful.

He felt—more credit to him—a responsibility for what had just happened. He said as much to Donna.

"That's too ridiculous," she said. "How can you blame yourself? If you had sought me out, forced money upon me—my dear man, I sought *you* out; I begged—"

"It wasn't begging," he interjected.

"It would seem that to an unprejudiced judge," she dryly stated. "Just the same, it's sweet of you—"

"The filthy little beast," said Granby.

"He isn't little," smiled Donna.

"Little of soul," said Granby. She was surprised that he could frame so simple a phrase. "God, he ought to be barred from decent society, and if he isn't . . ."

"I'm more likely to be barred," said Donna.

"I'll see everyone," began Granby.

She cut him short:

"That's exactly what you mustn't do. Don't you see? A man can't possibly defend a woman. From physical violence, yes; but from slander—never. Chivalry went out years and years ago. Not a pure spirit but a guilty conscience now impels men to the defense of a girl."

HE MADE no response until they had completed a circle of the floor. Then he spoke:

"But, my child, don't you see? A lot of people heard him. It's the sort of thing that can't be ignored."

"It's the sort of thing that must be ignored," she told him. "Do you know how many people will know of—of what he said, by tomorrow morning? Hundreds." She answered her own question. Suddenly he was conscious of the specks in her eyes, saw that they were merriest hazel again. "Do you know, you'll have to be seen with me a great deal now?"

"I should think," he gasped, "that that would be—quite the wrong thing."

"The only possible thing," she insisted. "If you and I seem to be frightened at a drunken man's word—"

"You know," he interrupted, "there's nothing in the world I'd rather do than—than go everywhere with you."

"It's at least gallant of you to say so," she smiled.

"Gallant? Why, Donna, rather than let a whisper be breathed . . ."

"So he made the lady honest by marrying her, eh?"

"You *are* honest, and couldn't be made so by me," he protested.

"Still, that's the conventional viewpoint when a girl is—kept," she said.

"But—but you aren't—that," he objected.

"Why not? Your money is keeping me in my apartment, keeping me in clothing, in food. . . ."

"It was a gift from me, for which I exacted no return," he reminded her.

"And because I gave no return, I'm better than those girls who do make return?"

"I won't let you talk this way about yourself," he said.

"You can't help me thinking this way," she said.

"But I can ask you not to."

THE music ceased and they made their way to their table. As they sat down a woman approached. Donna knew her slightly as a Mrs. Blaine Curlew. Women like Mrs. Curlew, fat, unattractive, tiresome, with no possible charm, filled the society pages, filled the rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers. Women like Mrs. Curlew had made Donna feel that what they had achieved she could also achieve. Yet now, as she saw the smile of greeting on the fat, unprepossessing countenance, she realized that there were other reasons, perhaps, than wealth why some of the people whom she had envied occupied the positions which they did.

For Mrs. Curlew had overheard Frank Gardner. Unless she were totally deaf, she couldn't have failed to do so, and Donna had no reason to think the woman deaf. Yet she was approaching their table now. She had stopped. She was speaking:

"Miss Raynor, isn't it? I'm quite sure we've met. Hello, Ran. You two can't be permitted to sit by yourselves this way. I'm bored. I'm with a dull crowd. I insist that you join my table. Besides, several people want to meet Miss Raynor, and won't believe my boast that I know her. You'll come?"

Under his breath Ran Granby blessed the visitor. He looked imploringly at Donna.

"Why, we'd love to," said Donna.

UNTIL she died, or Mrs. Curlew died, Donna would feel the obligation imposed on her by the other woman's kindly act. She had said, a moment ago, that chivalry had gone out years ago, that men could no longer defend women from aspersion. But if chivalry had vanished from the male heart, it was tonight present in the feminine heart of Mrs. Curlew.

For the fat old dowager was telling everyone present in the night club that she thought Frank Gardner was an unspeakable cad, and that she didn't believe a word of his accusation against Donna. Not by words was she rallying to Donna's defense, but by deeds.

And if the cordiality her guests showed the new arrivals was slightly overdone, Donna set it down not to unwillingness to receive her, but to the natural wish on their part to make her feel that they hadn't noticed anything.

She danced once with Bob Curlew, once again with Granby, and twice with other men at the table. Then, as the party broke up, Mrs. Curlew asked Donna to lunch with her at Pierre's on the morrow.

In an anteroom outside the older woman spoke to Granby:

"I've paid a debt, Ran, that I thought could never be settled."

He stared uncomprehendingly at her.

"Your mother was nice to me, years ago, Ran," she said. "When people snubbed me, said I was a climber, your dear mother—well, she made it easy."

"You're a darling thing," said Granby, "and for two cents I'd kiss you."

"For less than that I'd let you," smiled Mrs. (*Continued on page 38*)

This was no boxing match. She had witnessed affrays of that sort. But this was the sort of thing which one thought of as occurring to a class of humans one could never encounter

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Harry Beckhoff

If, he thought, she smacks my face, she's old-fashioned and impossible. It's worth trying. She didn't smack his face

Secret Service

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John B. Kennedy

THEY rode side by side in a stream-line gondola. The gondolier pierced with a painted pole waters gay in the reflection of amber and opal lanterns. He sang; but not for long. He was either too good a singer or too bad a gondolier. On a top note he raised his chest for exhalation. The pole slid and the boat rocked into a level green bank bearing a sign: "No landing here!"

But the young man garbed as a Pierrot decided to land.

"I'm inclined to believe," he whispered as he gave the girl costumed as Columbine a helping hand, "that our gondolier is a singing waiter who's just a bit too tight."

She laughed. The clumsy gondolier was left to pick up passengers among other guests scattered about the pseudo-Venetian expanse of Palm Beach's biggest fancy dress al fresco of the season, and they walked on soft grass through darkness around the brooding wing of a huge mansion. Voices and music blended murmurously in the background where boats glided and poles dipped and lanterns sprinkled dancing light over vaguely rampant color. Unprepared, the young man dressed as Pierrot and the girl as Columbine found themselves thrust into sudden glare as they turned a corner of the house. They were upon an overflow party, all happily articulate with wine.

REVELROUS shouts invited them to join the group, shouts punctuated by exploding corks. The girl tugged at her companion's sleeve.

"Don't!" she begged. "Let's go along there."

She nodded towards a parterre glowing faintly with striped anemones and iris. Ironic laughter pelted them as they slipped from the glare into this retreat shielded by lacy dwarf willows. But they were free.

"I'm so glad we got away," said the girl as they stole through a scented garden.

"Bartlett's parties are always too lively," said the young man in Pierrot's costume. His chin, the girl thought, seemed aristocratically firm above the ruffled collar—and through his domino-mask she had liked an alert gleam in his eyes whenever light flecked them.

Yet while she had prompted this romantic withdrawal from revelry, constraint marked her. She wouldn't even take off her mask. He was puzzled. With semi-nude bathing and untoward incidents likely to occur at any moment she had steered him from the liveliest spot in the orgy—the Bartletts' own private circle to which they had been raucously welcomed—and now that they were alone she seemed more curled into her shell than before.

"You're a paradox here," he said, in a tone of cool challenge. "Why, you won't even smoke."

He lit a cigarette with a masterly gesture men can assume when it means nothing. Then he removed his mask and was revealed as a pleasant-enough looking young man—even under a pom-ponned dunce hat.

"I suppose the trouble with us both is that we're far too sober to enjoy ourselves," he added.

"That isn't the trouble," the girl said, gravely.

"What is? Here's the time, the place, and the girl—and we are both sitting like two Rotarians awaiting the next speaker."

"With all their rowdiness," said the girl, "the Bartletts are a nice couple."

"What has that got to do with this situation?" he asked. A swirl of triumphant jazz reached them dimly.

"They're too rich—that's their trouble," said the girl. "It's all this wildness in life that breaks up homes like theirs. They seem only to meet each other as man and wife over cocktail glasses in the hands of their friends. It's cruel to see them drifting into divorce."

"How do you know that?" he asked, sharply.

"Oh," she cried, petulantly. "This sort of wildness always ends in divorce—or worse. Married couples can't turn their homes into night clubs and keep them decent."

"SINCE you feel strongly on the point," he mocked, "let's go back and lecture our host and hostess."

Her mouth, faintly lip-sticked, tightened with annoyance. She made no reply. She sat beside him in silence until he tossed away his cigarette and after a preliminary laugh circled her waist with his arm, drew her towards him and kissed her.

If, he thought, she smacks my face, she's old-fashioned and impossible. It's worth trying.

She didn't smack his face. She did push him gently away. Then she deftly removed her mask and he gazed into intelligent prettiness that held a pallor of more than intelligence—a shade of suffering.

"I'm showing my face because I like yours," she said.

"You're a queer kid," was his tribute.

"I suppose I am," she confessed. "I wish you'd take me home. I have no right to be here."

"Don't tell me you're a gate crasher!"

"Worse than that."

"What—what—a pickpocket or kleptomaniac?"

"No—a spy, a paid spy."

He stared idly at the fountain before them. For the first time he heard its thin tinkle on the black iron bowl.

"I shouldn't have come here," the girl went on. Her companion hesitated about stopping her—for selfish reasons. With what embarrassing confidence would she burden him? Her pale, pretty face, her steady voice magnetized him.

"I don't know the Bartletts very well," she said. "Just well enough to be invited here, because they once knew my parents. I have none now. I'm alone and helpless enough to be a paid spy. You've been very decent to me this evening. So nice that I can't let you think I'm an impostor."

"You're not queer," he corrected his previous estimate. "You're honest."

"Perhaps. I know I'm ashamed. Coming here under false colors. It revolts me. But a girl has to make a living."

"Of course," he said, casually. He was thinking.

"I'm a detective," the girl continued. "Somebody who must have known my circumstances approached me and asked me if I wanted easy, highly paid work at Palm Beach. Of course, I did, and said so. How else could I get here for the season? When I did get here I discovered the work was highly paid, and easy—and dirty. You're the first man I've met at one of these parties who hasn't treated me as if I'm a drinking cocotte or a customer's girl. That's why I'm telling you plainly just why I'm here. I was assigned to watch Mr. Bartlett by Mrs. Bartlett's lawyer—to get something on him. That's the blunt truth. Now that you know, will you take me home or send me home?"

THE young man in Pierrot's costume was silent for a few minutes. Then his arm sought the girl's waist. She didn't push him away.

"Curious," he said, "that Mrs. Bartlett's lawyer should have assigned you to watch Ed. Ed's lawyer hired me to watch Mrs. Bartlett. Let's thank the Bartletts for a pleasant evening and go home."

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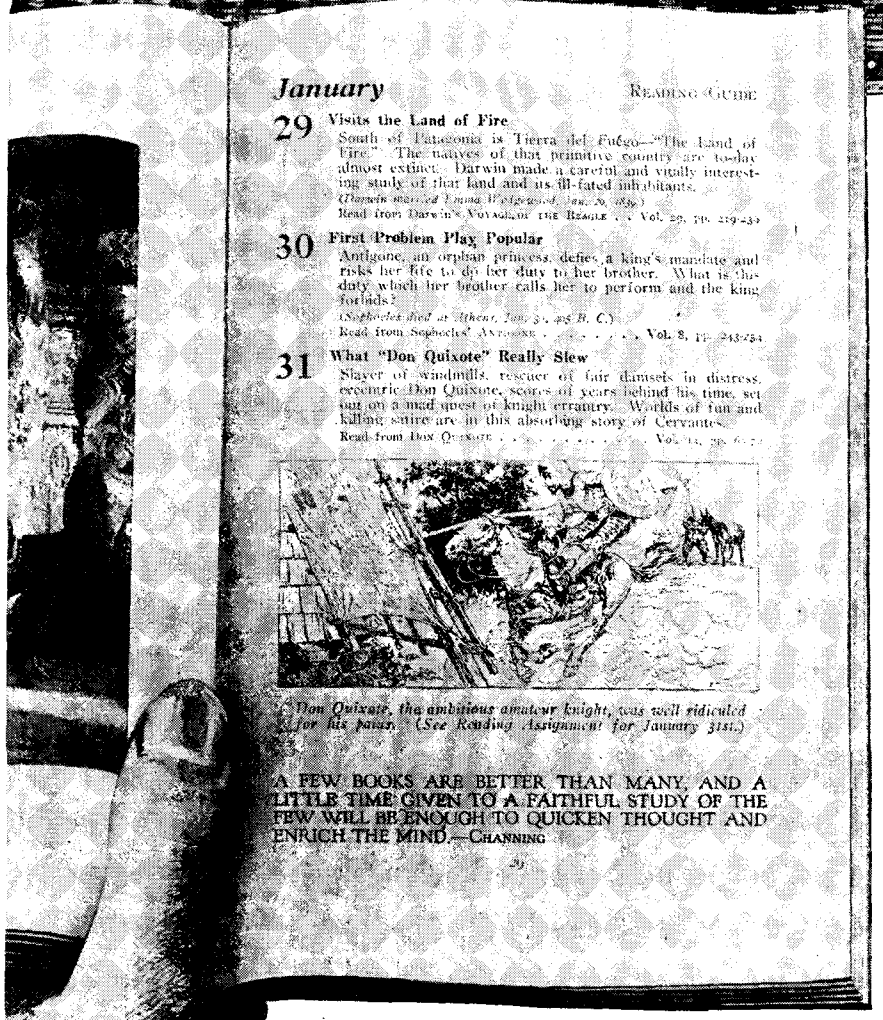
January
READING GUIDE
29 Visits the Land of Fire
South of Patagonia is Tierra del Fuego—"The Land of Fire." The natives of that primitive country are to-day almost extinct. Darwin made a careful and vitally interesting study of that land and its ill-fated inhabitants.
Read from Darwin's VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE . . . Vol. 29, pp. 219-239
30 First Problem Play Popular
Antigone, an orphan princess, defies a king's mandate and risks her life to do her duty to her brother. What is this duty which her brother calls her to perform and the king forbids?
Read from Sophocles' ANTIGONE . . . . . Vol. 8, pp. 243-254
31 What "Don Quixote" Really Slew
Slayer of windmills, rescuer of fair damsels in distress, eccentric Don Quixote, scores of years behind his time, set out on a mad quest of knight errantry. Worlds of fun and killing satire are in this absorbing story of Cervantes.
Read from DON QUIXOTE . . . . . Vol. 15, pp. 6-72
"Don Quixote, the ambitious amateur knight, was well ridiculed for his pains." (See Reading Assignment for January 31st.)
A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—CHANNING
29

(*A Glimpse of the Daily Reading Guide*)

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"Oh, I'm nicely, thank you," she piped pleasantly. "No time to be anything else"

mean that where somebody gains somebody else loses. I guess I'm thin-skinned."

"Well," Molly declared, "everybody stands the same chance. That's business. Do, or be done."

"That's it," he agreed. "But, by not attempting to do, I'm not done, you see. Still," he added, "if it became necessary to earn a living, I could do it easily enough."

Molly laughed derisively. She threw back her bobbed head and called the ceiling to witness this ludicrous joke. "You d earn a fine living for yourself!" she mocked. "Still," as she observed him critically, "you'd make a thrilling chauffeur." But her mirth mastered her again. "You'd have to show me, Walter."

"And if I did?" he asked seriously.

Before the eager earnestness of his gaze her laughter died. "Well," she hesitated, finding herself in a trap of her own contriving, "you can't tell what may happen."

"Is it a bet, Molly?" he coaxed. "If I prove to you that I could earn a living, will you drop all this nonsense and marry me? You know that if your father lived we'd probably have married long ago. It's only your stubborn pride that stops you. What do you say? If I don't prove it to you, I'll leave Brookford for good and never bother you again."

THE swift look of alarm in her eyes was not lost upon him, and he pushed his advantage.

"This is all nonsense, dear, this business of yours," he went on, flinging out a disparaging hand. "There's more to the antique game than a few old bedroom chairs and mid-Victorian knick-knacks. It requires years of study and experience, and you're not old enough to have had either. Besides, you couldn't afford a stock of good antiques; it would take a fortune.

"You can't depend on these bus tourists; they want only post cards—if they have time for anything but dinner at the Relay House. As for the townspeople, they wouldn't come near you if you weren't Molly Darling. You know I'm right, dear."

Molly's averted gaze roved over the confirming evidence which cluttered her desk, but her lips were stiff with stubbornness. She wanted to rush into Walter's arms and security. But pride still gripped her. He was so maddeningly sure of himself.

"Well," he persisted, "is it a bet?"

"It's a sure thing," she corrected. "You'll lose."

He rose quickly and reached for her, but, with a twist of her lithe body, she eluded him.

"You haven't won yet," she protested from a safe distance.

Savary's interest suddenly shifted as his eyes searched the shop. "What's become of the ship's desk?" he wondered. "Don't tell me that somebody bought it!"

"I sent it back," she confessed reluctantly. Savary grinned. "Oh," she amended quickly, "not on your say-so. A man named Leadbetter came in here—he's a dealer, I think, and he's been nosing around town for a week—and he told me that it wasn't more than a few months old, a fake."

Walter's outflung hands said as plainly as words, "What did I tell you!"

Both turned as the shop door opened. An old woman, thin to fragility, edged in and, closing the door softly behind her, stood darting bright birdlike glances about. Spying Molly and Savary, she nodded jerkily to them in turn. From her jet-trimmed bonnet to the bottom of her voluminous dress of rusty black she was more antique than most of Molly's stock.

"HOW do you do, Miss Adams!" smiled Savary, as the little woman sidled past him.

"Oh, I'm nicely, thank you," she piped pleasantly. "No time to be anything else."

Wondering, he watched as the attenuated figure, feet invisible beneath a trailing skirt, seemed to glide to the back of the shop. She must be near ninety. Deborah Adams had been an old woman as far back as Savary could remember.

His own affairs, however, the sudden encouragement he felt in his cherished prospect, drove the fragile Miss Adams from his mind. He perceived the crisis which Molly's foolish venture had reached. From the first he had opposed it, advised against it; but, with the Darling obstinacy, the perverse willfulness which had stripped her father of all but debts, she had gone her own way. Most of the little that was left from the sale of the old Darling homestead, after paying her father's debts, Molly had put into this tiny house and its collection of junk before Savary had been convinced of her determination.

Her swiftness and independence had disconcerted him. For long it had been half understood between them that one day they would marry—certainly Walter expected it, looked forward joyfully to it. But while Molly's father lived and still preserved the appearance of ample means she had procrastinated; after his death, unexpectedly finding herself without a competence, her pride reared a wall between her need and the open haven of Walter Savary's wealth.

MOLLY'S voice, a little insistent, came to him from the corner: "No, I'm sorry, Miss Adams, but I can't take them. There's no demand for that sort of thing. In fact, I still have that old jewelry I bought from you. I can't invest in any more things just now."

There came an indistinct murmur from Miss Adams.

Savary, looking casually in that direction, saw the old woman take two small objects from Molly's hand and slowly wind paper about them.

"Well," said Miss Adams slowly, as she turned to leave, "I'm sorry, too. That man—that Mr. Leadbeater, or whatever his name is—said he might buy them. But seems as though I ought to sell them to somebody I know, rather than to a stranger."

As Miss Adams approached, her small wrinkle-netted face pinched with disappointment, Savary stopped her. Molly watched curiously from her corner.

"I couldn't help hearing," Savary apologized. "May I see? I sometimes pick up odd things."

The old face brightened as Miss Adams fished in an ancient reticule and drew forth a small parcel.

Savary unwrapped it and found two oval miniatures in narrow beaded frames of metal. Taking them to a window, he inspected them keenly. One portrait was that of a young woman, hair piled high, ringlets fringing her brow, a ruffle edging her low-cut bodice; a pretty dark-eyed girl. The other was of a young man the stiff formality of whose snowy stock and high-rolled coat collar was counterbalanced by his humorous eye (*Continued on page 40*)

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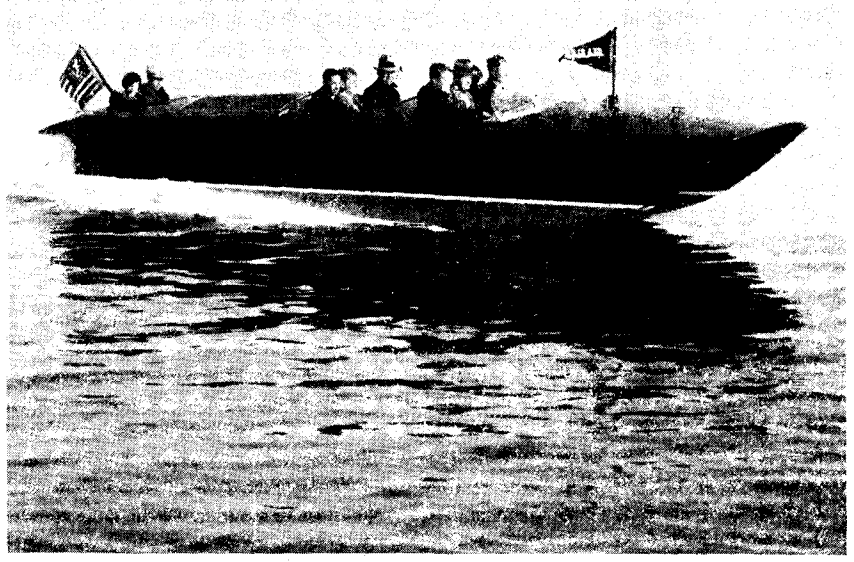
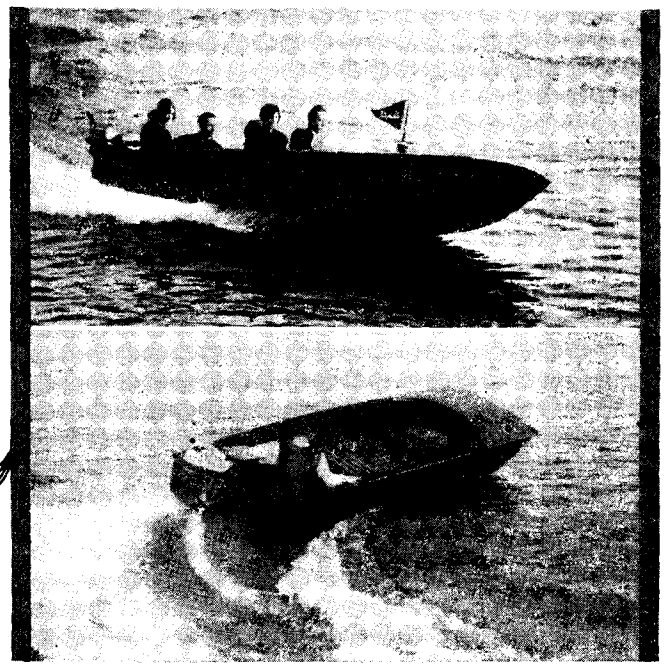
LUXURY OR NECESSITY





SOME people regard the Sea Sled as a luxury. Others, including different governments scattered over the globe, a few rather important naval and airport bases, consider Sea Sleds necessities.

It's the one boat in the world appropriate for rough water occasions and solid comfort occasions and sporting occasions in the life of the man who has his.

It is an obvious necessity in the life of the man who must be on the water whether the weather is fair or foul.

Take a good look at a Sea Sled the first chance you get. Take a look at the men who will have new Sea Sleds next season.

The viewpoint of the sportsman is made clear in the following letter received a few weeks ago:

Masons Island Company
Mystic, Connecticut

The Sea Sled Corporation
West Mystic, Connecticut — October 31st, 1929

Gentlemen:

We have just finished our boating season. You will recall that when we first approached you we had a problem of finding an outboard boat which could not only serve as a racing class boat but could be used by all the members of the club and still be suited to the waters of Fishers Island Sound. After some deliberation the club decided on Sea Sleds. We now have twelve (12).

This outboard class kept up the interest of the younger members of the club as well as furnished the other folks a good boat to run around in or fish from. This general interest kept the motors running a lot and hence they were invariably in good running order.

It will interest you to know that several light racing shells were also owned by club members. In the free-for-all one of the Model 13 Sea Sleds won first honors on the point system.

We anticipate even more interest in this class next year.

Very truly yours,
G. S. ALLYN
Chairman of the Regatta Committee
Masons Island Yacht Club (1929)

All of which means that if you want a fast marine runabout which will do the work of a first class car, you can't go wrong on a Sea Sled.

Dealers are now authorized to arrange convenient terms. This sometimes means that you can secure the Sea Sled you ought to have instead of feeling forced into a compromise on account of something which has nothing to do with the value of a Sea Sled.

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Gold Tips

"Nowadays economy is all the rage. The Book of the Month is a bank book and not even Oppenheim or Roche has the power to excite like four per cent interest carefully compounded"

Uncle Henry

The attics of America are full of carefully hidden gold bricks

"I JES' heard about a stock that's goin' up forty points by spring," whispered Mr. Stubbs. "It's—"

"Careful, 'Lonzo," cautioned Uncle Henry as he sprang up and closed the door. "This is a law-abidin' community, except when it comes to prohibition, but you sign your death warrant if people get on to the fact that you're handin' out stock tips. Only yesterday mornin' a frenzied mob came close to lynchin' a leadin' Main Street merchant jes' because somebody heard him tellin' his stenographer that he wanted a little more margin.

"The whole nation's mighty jumpy as a result of the Big Smash. Our neighborhood butcher now calls his place a Meat Emporium, convinced that Market is not a safe word to leave on view. No longer do you hear protests against Spain's national amusement—in fact, the more bulls they kill, the better people like it. All cities have been compelled to close their zoölogical gardens, for nobody's nervous system is in any shape to stand the sight of a bear.

"Great figures have been cast down with every circumstance of obloquy. The elevator boy who used to carry W. C. Durant, learnin' all about his stock operations in the process, is now hidin' in the Everglades, only the tip of his nose exposed. The man who knew a man who knew a man who knew Jesse Livermore's barber managed to throw off the hounds by takin' to water, an' was last seen off Cape Hatteras, swimmin' strongly for the Venezuelan shore.

"Everywhere vast changes may be seen. A few months ago, when the Great American Joy Ride was in full swing, anything approachin' frugality involved moral turpitude. Wife-beatin' an' murder were all right if practiced in moderation, but woe to the depraved wretches who went in for any form of thrift. If a man wanted to work the ruin of an enemy, all he had to do was to start the sinister whisper, 'He's a savin's bank boob,' an' society shrank back as from a leper.

"Nowadays, however, economy is all the rage. Great delegations from every state make the pilgrimage to Mr. Coolidge's home for a look at the first dollar he ever earned. Thrift schools have sprung up all over the land, an' men an' women fight to sit at the feet of masters like Ford an' Rockefeller, chantin' sound maxims such as 'A penny saved is a dollar earned,' studyin' diagrams showin' the best way to budget a nickel or else learnin' the proper method for placin' fishhooks in the pocket.

Our New Cathedrals

"Savin's banks, instead of bein' derided an' despised, now possess an almost religious appeal. Sight-seein' busses travel from one to the other, an' it's a common sight to see huge crowds walkin' through the vaults, jes' as though they were cathedrals, runnin' their hands reverently over the woodwork, an' pointin' out the beauty of the steel doors an' the time locks.

"Publishers are havin' a hard time of it, for now the Book of the Month is a bank book an' not even Oppenheim or Roche has the power to excite like four per cent interest carefully compounded. The theater is also hard hit, an' it looks as if the drama was doomed to extinction unless Woolworth an' Kresge decide to take it over. As for pictures, people's eyes are still weak from tryin' to see what became of their paper profits.

"Of course, it's quite a comedown not to have your shoes shined by a millionaire operator, or to be shaved by a Wolf of Wall Street, but at least shavin' an' shinin' are now carried on with some degree of interest an' continuity.

"No question, though, that it was fine while it lasted. Nothin' needed to make millions but a pencil an' piece of paper. Nobody stoppin' for laundries, but jes' puttin' on a new suit of silk underwear right over the old one; day laborers insistin' on electric elevators for all trenches over ten feet; an' even the humblest able to order five shad roes jes' to make sure of gettin' one perfect egg.

"What more natural than that bitterness should be general? About the only happy people in the country, as a matter of fact, are the Democrats. Havin' nothin' to begin with, they lost nothin', an' for once, 'Lonzo, *nobody can blame 'em*. As a consequence, they're comin' out of concealment in every state, bold as brass, an' unless stern measures are soon taken I wouldn't be at all surprised if they were to put up another candidate in 1932.

"A lot of people are tryin' to slip the black spot to President Hoover. Well, when anybody sounded a note of caution, if you'll remember, Herb was always ready with a long statement showin' that America's huckleberry consumption had increased twenty-five per cent, that the pickle mines of Pennsylvania were doublin' their output, that the holes in doughnuts were smaller than at any time in fifty years, all goin' to prove that the basic industries were in splendid condition.

"But what's the use of lyin' to ourselves, 'Lonzo? It's the people of the United States who are to blame an' nobody else. Easy Money has always been our dream, an' we go on the theory that *E Pluribus Unum* really means 'Somethin' out of Nothin'.' Hard work has never excited our passion, economy lacks even the slightest trace of It, an' short cuts to wealth have ever been our favorite thoroughfares.

"If the attics of America were searched carefully, you'd find enough gold bricks to pave the Lincoln Highway from coast to coast. Most people who wear these horn-rimmed glasses got their astigmatism from tryin' to see which shell the little pea was under.

"What makes the Wall Street game worse than any other form of gamblin' is that people kid themselves that it *isn't* gamblin'. Men who shudder at thought of a horse race think nothin' of buyin' stocks on margin, yet horse races are really a lot more sane. For one thing, you *see* the horse. But who ever sees Caterpillar Fuzz Preferred or Kraut Juice Incorporated?

"An' what's still more in favor of a bet on a horse race is that you don't have to worry about the attitude of the Federal Reserve Board, the London discount rate, German reparations, what Senator Borah's goin' to do, whether the Cutten group is buyin' or sellin', brokers' loans, bear pools, call money, the rainfall in Argentina, or figure the caramel output for 1952 as based upon the cup cake consumption for 1876.

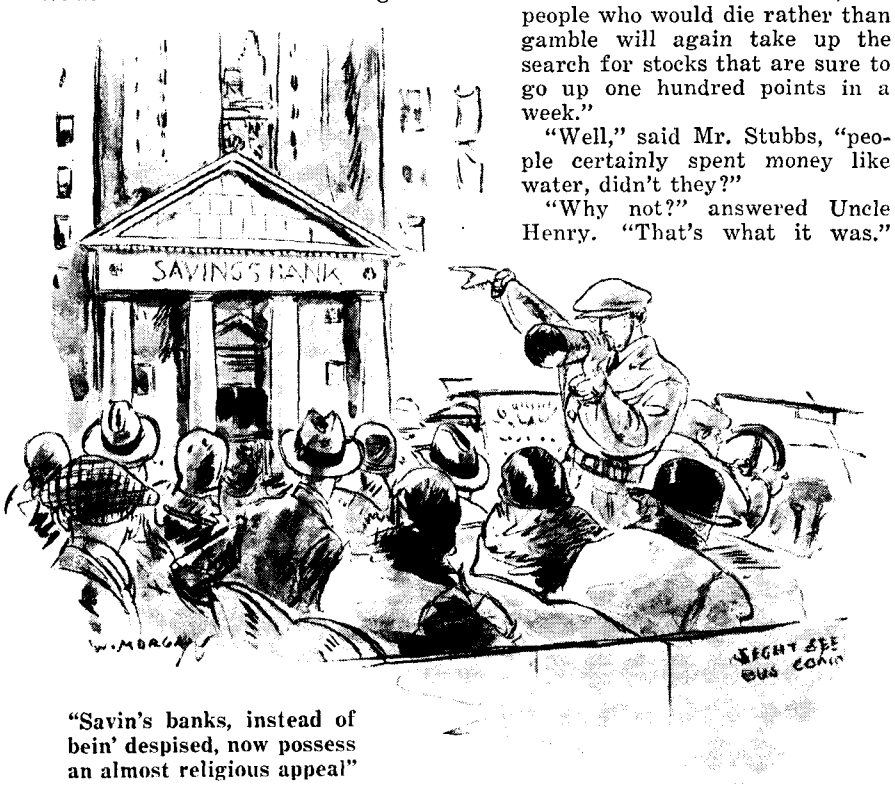
We Die but We Never Learn

"An' what if your horse doesn't even finish, so that the worried owner has to take a lantern when dark comes on, an' go out in search of the missin' steed? At least you know you've only lost what you've bet. The bookmaker doesn't call you up at regular intervals throughout the day, callin' for more money to protect the account, finally sellin' you out after you've begged, borrowed an' stolen, blandly explainin' that these technical readjustments were to be expected.

"Maybe it will be a lesson to us, 'Lonzo, but I doubt it. Like the Bourbons, we die but we never learn. After a little, when the wound has ceased to bleed, Mr. Durant's elevator boy will return from the Everglades, an' the man who knew a man who knew a man who knew Jesse Livermore's barber will come back from South America, an' people who would die rather than gamble will again take up the search for stocks that are sure to go up one hundred points in a week."

"Well," said Mr. Stubbs, "people certainly spent money like water, didn't they?"

"Why not?" answered Uncle Henry. "That's what it was."



"Savin's banks, instead of bein' despised, now possess an almost religious appeal"

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311,240 NEW READERS
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Collier's for Action!

now more than 2,100,000 *paid circulation*

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"You got Another Papa on the Erie Line"

Continued from page 13

made a hit up and down the line, for the rank and file figured Bernet was fair. Fair to the man who tried to misrepresent himself and fair to the loyal man who had held down the job since the strike.

In that atmosphere of growing goodwill Bernet checked over his run-down rolling stock. He found hundreds—yes, thousands—of crippled old cars so long in service that they were hopeless for meeting modern requirements.

"Junk 'em!" came the order again. And they were junked. For the scrapped cars and engines the junkman paid the Erie about two million dollars: less than one fifth of their marked-down value on the company's ledgers.

That money meant something, but not much, for new equipment. New equipment, Bernet saw, was the Erie's direct need. He sat down and scribbled on a pad, planning ways to get it. Long before, the Erie's credit had been shot as full of holes as a sieve. His worn-down lead pencil traced two words: "Cash" and "Credit." They represented the Erie's need. He looked at the pad for a time, thinking. Then his pencil rippled again over the smooth paper and another word appeared beneath the two he had written:

The Erie Shifts to High

"Character." That's what the Erie had now. Three C's—Cash, Credit and Character, the first two representing the Erie's need, the last representing the thing he, Bernet, and the Van Sweringens, had lately brought the Erie. With the last, he figured, he could get the other two. So the Erie went down to that same Wall Street that had been holding its nose through two generations whenever Erie was mentioned. Bernet's reputation and the reputation of the Van Sweringens behind him made it easy for the Erie to borrow fifty million dollars.

As the saying goes, he took the fifty million dollars and spent it. Later on he was to spend thirty-five million more in much the same way. But out of that first fifty million he made two investments:

First, he paid off a $33,000,000 debt to the government, bearing high interest, that had hung over from the days of Federal loans.

Second, he spent part of the remaining $17,000,000 for the road's requirements and salted the rest away in the till.

Immediately, a third thing happened: The Erie's credit snapped back, straight and taut as the string of a bow. And a fourth thing: Up and down the right of way, over the far-flung rails, a stirring, growing thrill swept into the hearts of the great army of Erie employees that for two generations had been ashamed of their jobs.

There was a happy grin on Erie faces from New York to Chicago. Gad! How they held their heads up now! Did they have morale? Pep? They'd tell the world they were burning up with nothing else but! The news traveled far out beyond the glistening rails. The Miracle Man was on the job. Under the eyes of all the world, a miracle had come to pass. The Erie wasn't asking for credit! It was paying cash—discounting its bills.

Only the year before it had paid out more than $600,000 in interest alone on overdue accounts and temporary debts.

They came swirling down from their perches, the steel men, the coal men, the supply men, the equipment men, like pigeons hungry for grain. The cold aloofness of bygone years gave way to an eager scramble for Erie trade.

Please, my dear Mr. Bernet, wouldn't you be needing rails for your fine Erie railroad? Step right in, Mr. Bernet, and the mill's yours. The price? Tut, tut; to a favored customer like you, Mr. Bernet—

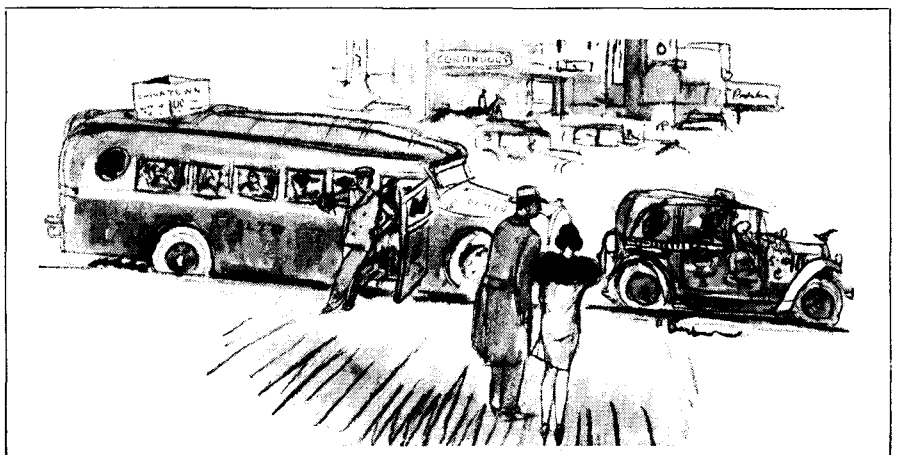
For years and years the Erie had bought rails only on the understanding that it would be allowed to pay for them the year after delivery. Few mills wanted its business and the prices it paid were the highest.

Now, in a twinkling, that had all changed. Prices crumpled. In the simple item of coal, the Erie saved an estimated million dollars a year. And Erie stock was climbing.

But Bernet still had work ahead. The job wasn't finished—not yet. The real work had yet to be completed. One of the big things ahead was to get more business.

So the Erie went out for more business. Speeding up shipments brought customers and other policies brought customers, but those old Erie jokes—some of them still stuck. Those jokes about wanting to go to Chicago the worst way—take the Erie—and so on. They didn't bring customers.

That joke stuff made no hit with Bernet. Strangely, some of those preceding him on the Erie thought it was pretty good. They had combed the country for the old wheezes, and put them together in a book. "What Others Say About Us" was its title. It had been published and distributed with Erie money.



"Well, which shall we take, the large car, or the small car?"

Killing a Tradition

Sort of sour, it seemed to Bernet; something to be killed off. To get trade it was essential to court shippers, and nothing is so fatal to courtship as ridicule. Bernet began to talk to shippers. He selected the leading trade paper in the railroad field and published a full-page advertisement every week and told shippers what the new Erie was doing.

Lively copy it was, full of the urge to make shippers hungry for that sort of service. Once in a while it was tied up with some of the old wheezes, killing them off and telling a new story of service and economy. It worked. More business rolled in.

From a motor-car assembly plant, for instance, tucked away in competitive territory. Under the old system, the plant had millions of dollars' worth of parts on inventory all the time.

"Give us your business," said Bernet, "and you won't have to keep any stock on hand at all." They took him at his word and gave the idea a whirl. What happened? Every night when that assembly plant disgorges its workers, there isn't anything left to assemble. Every morning when the gates open, a full day's work lies before them, brought in by Bernet's road.

A manufacturer of heavy machinery turned out some mammoth equipment which had to be shipped hundreds of miles. Too heavy, said one of the roads. Too bulky, said another. Too tall, said a third.

"Let us have it," the Erie bid. "We'll haul it."

They had to lower the Erie tracks twenty inches at one spot to get the stuff under a bridge. They did it, and delivered the goods in jazz time.

With new business rolling in, Bernet kept on trying to cut expenses. One of the first things he and his operating head, Charles E. Denney, looked into was the Erie's contract system. It seemed as if the railroad had let out a contract for everything except its thinking.

There were, to begin, contracts for keeping the roadbed in condition. Private contractors hired and fired the section men, bought the supplies and materials, and, supposedly, kept the road in tiptop shape.

One of Bernet's first acts was to cancel those contracts. The Erie does its own work now. Other contracts covered repairs to cars and locomotives. They, too, were canceled. Still others covered the lighterage of freight in New York harbor. The average cost to the Erie for doing that work was seventy cents a ton. Bernet ended the arrangement and the Erie is doing the work itself now for about fifty cents a ton.

Then, too, there was a surprising number of little leaks. He plugged hundreds of them. Under that sort of management the Erie began to make money. In 1928, for instance, its net income was ten million dollars as compared with about three and a half million in 1927. It will be considerably more than ten millions, according to all indications, in 1929.

When Bernet became president, the Erie hadn't paid a dividend on its preferred stock for nearly twenty years. In two and one-half years it paid four per cent. Bernet had just stepped to the presidency of another road when Denney, his successor, announced it. Bernet's two and one-half years with the Erie resulted in an appreciation of about seventy-five million dollars in its stock alone.

And now Bernet has moved on. Denney heads the Erie and the Van Sweringens have put Bernet into the presidency of the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Pere Marquette and the Hocking Valley, where he won't have to sweat so hard to make the roads pay. They are already paying, in fact; paying big dividends. Apparently, the Van Sweringens are grooming him for the presidency of their trunk-line consolidation when and if it is approved by the government. And if it weren't for a chance remark Bernet let fall in Cleveland back in 1916, he and the Van Sweringens probably would never have got together in the first place.

Commodore of the Mosquito Fleet

Bernet was vice president of the New York Central then. He was standing on the platform of the Cleveland depot, waiting for a train.

"Why do you want to take that train, Mr. Bernet?" asked the station master. "President Smith will be along presently in his private car."

Bernet decided to wait. President Smith—Alfred H. Smith of the New York Central—arrived in due time and Bernet boarded his car. As their train pulled out of the station, a shabby-looking passenger train pulled out on the adjoining track and ran alongside. It was a Nickel Plate accommodation.

"Well," laughed Smith, "there goes the mosquito fleet."

Bernet spoke up. "You needn't poke fun at the Nickel Plate," he protested. "With the right president it would make money—give you a run for your white alley."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Smith. "And I suppose you'd like to be president of the Nickel Plate!"

"I wouldn't mind," Bernet replied. "It could be made to pay."

Soon thereafter Bernet received a letter from Smith directing him to call on O. P. Van Sweringen at Cleveland. Bernet had never met Van Sweringen, but followed orders, thinking that it perhaps meant new business for the Central.

"Mr. Bernet," said the elder Van Sweringen, "my brother and I have just bought the Nickel Plate. Mr. Smith, of the New York Central, agreed to recommend a man to run it. He has recommended you. How do you feel about it?"

But long before that, Bernet was a miracle man. In seven years, from 1905 to 1912, he rose with the New York Central from train dispatcher to vice president. Those who don't think much of that rise have only to mention their thoughts to any old-time railroader and they will be set right. That, in itself, was almost a miracle.

Going way back of that, one finds Bernet, senior, at Havre, eager to emigrate to South America. But there will be no boat to South America for two weeks; there are plenty of nice, new boats bound for the United States. How does Mr. Bernet like the idea of taking this boat for Philadelphia instead?

All right; two weeks is a long time to wait. So the elder Bernet took the Philadelphia boat. But for that, the miracle man, born not long thereafter near Buffalo, might be running a railroad in the Andes.

John Bernet's father was a blacksmith. John thought blacksmithing was his dish, too, and liked it. But his eyes were not so good, and he couldn't call the turn when the iron was cherry red and ready for the hammer.

So his father fired him and he went on over to a shanty where a telegraph key was singing and learned telegraphy and the railroad business. Long ago, as his record shows, he learned when to strike the iron. But he stays in the game, blunt, vigorous, popular and hearty at sixty.

"Why?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, "I've seen a lot of things happen, but my curiosity isn't satisfied yet. I want to see what's going to happen next."

Another miracle? Maybe.

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Kellogg's Investigates Appetite and Reading... and answers 2 important Advertising Questions

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The Kellogg Company recently asked 3,500 housewives, from Providence to Little Rock, two questions which many other advertisers are asking in their sales conferences:

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51% of the replies picked The American Magazine as the one desired by all members of the family above all others. It received five times as many votes as the next magazine.

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The American Magazine
First with all the FAMILY

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The Age of Youth

Continued from page 25

iew. "But save the kisses for the little girl."

Granby shook his head.

"I barely know her, Mrs. Curlew."

"Sorry, I shouldn't have said that. Come in to tea soon."

"I will," promised Granby, and meant the promise.

"She did more for you than anyone else there could have done," he said, as they drove away. "She openly showed that she didn't believe—"

But Donna didn't hear him. The moment they were beyond the vision of the doorman she crumpled. There, in the back seat of the taxi, the pride that had thus far sustained her gave way, and the dignified young woman, whose bearing had won admiration from Mrs. Curlew's party tonight, was just an ashamed little girl sobbing out her humiliation.

Some inner spirit prompted Granby not to yield to the natural impulse. He didn't put his arms around her; he didn't stroke her hand; he did none of the things he wanted to do and shouldn't have done. Instead, he lighted a cigarette and stared at the shadowy back of their driver.

As the car drew up before Donna's apartment Granby touched the taximan on the shoulder.

"Over to Fifth, down to Forty-sixth and through to Park, and then back here," he said.

A moment later Donna sat up and looked at him.

"Why?" she asked.

He colored.

"Didn't think you wanted to go in just then. Give yourself time to pull together, so to speak."

"I'm pulled together now," she said grimly. "Oh," she blazed, "if I could hurt Frank Gardner, hurt him, hurt him. . . ."

NOW, without fear of misinterpretation, Granby took her hand.

"Mustn't let yourself go," he said. "Been a brick up to now. Mustn't get excited now that it's all over. Thing to do is forget that Gardner ever spoke to us at all."

"But I can't forget him," said Donna.

"Drunken rotter, that's all," said Granby.

"That isn't all," said Donna. "He—he told the truth."

"He lied," said Granby.

"You are keeping me," said Donna.

"Not the way Gardner meant—God, if he'd meant it, I'd find it in my heart to forgive him. But he didn't mean it. He knows better. Donna, anyone, looking at you, knows instantly and forever that you're . . . I hate the word, but there isn't any other . . . pure. But because he's jealous, because he's a bully, because his money has kept him from responsibility . . ."

"You have money, too, but it hasn't prevented you from being decent," said Donna.

"I'm not excusing him." Granby laughed harshly. "God knows I'm not—I'm explaining him, if it's necessary. But—let's not think of him. Donna, there are things a woman can't fight alone. You said that she must fight them alone, that a man's aid was a hindrance. But if that man is her husband . . ."

"Are you asking me to marry you?"

"What else?" he countered.

"You're sweet," she told him. "And generous, and—too utterly ridiculously chivalrous to a girl to whom you owe nothing and who owes everything to you. And tomorrow morning, when you awake from sleep, you'll be terribly grateful to me because I didn't take advantage of you. No, I won't marry you."

"You'd be much better off married to me than as you are," he said.

Delightedly, she saw that he was sulky about it, and sulky men are handled with slight difficulty.

"Explain to me how," she asked.

But he was conscious of mockery and they finished the ride in silence.

He paid off the taximan at the door.

"Want to walk home," he explained to Donna. "A bit of fresh air. . . ."

At the doorway he paused.

"Did you mean that—about seeing a lot of me?" he asked.

"Of course," she said. "That is," she archly added, "if you don't mind."

"That," he told her, "is coquetry unworthy of you."

Again he surprised her by his phrasing. Not that he had said anything in the least bit startling—from anyone else. But from Ran Granby anything that savored of a mental process was surprising. This was unjust. Why should she have assumed that Granby was stupid? With sudden clarity of thought she realized that she despised his mentality because of what he had done for her.

She yielded to a sudden impulse. She lifted her lips to his and kissed him.

The kiss was as swift as the peck of a bird. The merest touch of lip upon lip. It was the sort of kiss a child might give to a parent, the sort of kiss a sister might bestow upon a brother. Unfortunately, to the man lurking in the doorway, it was simply a kiss, and the participants therein were known to him to own no blood kindred to each other.

TO HIM, smoldering with jealousy, with shame, with humiliation, these were two people of opposite sex whose relationship, one to the other, was that of an attractive desirable girl to an ardent desiring man.

Frank Gardner had been drunk. He had told the truth when he admitted to Donna that he had been sober for months, and he had sincerely meant it when he had said that she would never see him intoxicated again.

But there is no jealousy equal to that which holds suspicion in its dour depths. Libby Prentiss, acute in matters relating to sex, had sensed something in Granby's manner when, on the sands of Biarritz, she had casually mentioned the name of her tenant. She had, quite without malice, mentioned Granby's manner and its occasion in the course of a rambling letter to Gardner. Then the young man had seen Donna with Granby.

Now, Frank Gardner was not given to swift passions. Had he been the sort of youth who blazed into fire at the sight of every pretty face, custom would have habituated him to himself, and a certain common sense would have leavened his emotions.

But Donna Raynor had taken him by storm; so much so that he had fled the sight of her. But he had not forgotten her, and that queer alchemy which a certain woman will work upon a certain man stirred in him at sight of her at Mrs. Fairleigh's. It was not love, he told himself. A man who had knocked around as gaily as he had done was not to be overcome with the gentle passion at mere sight of a girl. But a savage possessiveness surged in him. By what right did she smile at another man? Hadn't he, Frank Gardner, fled the sight of her? Hadn't he quit drinking? True, she knew about neither of these matters, but—she ought to know.

And the man at whom she smiled was Ran Granby, whose name had been coupled with hers, somewhat scandalously, by Libby Prentiss. Then Donna had denied previous acquaintance with Granby. She had been effective in her denial, but Gardner was sensitive with jealousy. He disbelieved her.

So . . . he had been thinking of this girl tenderly; although it was not *love* that possessed him, whatever the feeling was, it was strongly tinted with romance. And he had been romantic about another man's mistress! Donna had snubbed him.

It needed only this last to set him, none too strong of will at best, down from that water wagon on which he had been virtuously perched for months. The rest followed inevitably. He could no more have resisted insulting Donna than he could have refrained from following one highball with another. To hurt, to soil, to smirch . . .

But, like all people who yield to violent emotion, reaction set in. He was no sooner out of the night club than, liquor-inflamed though he was, he saw himself for the vicious sot he had been. Suppose the girl *was* Granby's mistress? What was that to Frank Gardner? Why did he assume the right to censure her? Why had he shamed her?

SO IT was with no violent intent that he awaited Donna on the steps of her apartment. He had been a cad. He would abase himself to the girl; he would beg her forgiveness. And as he contemplated begging that forgiveness, he began to doubt his charge against her. Damn it, a man could look at the girl and know she was all right. Libby Prentiss hadn't suggested anything really wrong between Donna and Ran Granby. His own filthy mind had read insinuation where nothing particular had been meant. He had committed the unpardonable sin: he had smirched a woman's character.

Then Donna kissed Granby.

Something exploded in Gardner's brain, something suffused his eyes with blood. The—the—he found no word to characterize her harshly enough. Didn't know Granby, eh? Never met him until last night, eh? And kissing him here, on the sidewalk, as shamelessly . . .

Donna saw him before Granby did. Her warning cry was a gasp of horror, no more. It served to make Granby turn, and what he saw made him realize that he was to fight for his life itself. For Gardner was upon him, a whirlwind of fury. The liquor which remorse had nullified became more potent than before. Drunk, not only with wine, but with jealous rage!

The girl was whirled aside in the first outrageous assault. She staggered against the wall of the building, faint, sick, unable to cry aloud, appalled at the disclosure of a male brutality which she had never witnessed before. For this was no boxing match. She had witnessed affrays of that sort, beneath powerful lights, in evening dress, surrounded by people she knew.

But this was the sort of thing which one saw in the newspaper headlines, which one thought of as occurring to a class of humans one could never possibly encounter. This was a beast male trying to kill, to murder, another male. . . .

Before that mad rush she saw Granby go down; she saw him, with an agility she had not suspected him of possessing, roll to one side, avoiding the trampling of his assailant; she saw him clutch at Gardner's knees; she saw him, despite the blows rained upon his face, pull himself upright, saw him begin to fend blows, saw him strike back, saw him rock the younger man with short savage blows to the body.

She saw Granby's face a bloody smear which glistened in the arc lights. She saw Gardner's face a twisted mask of rage. She heard the sick thud of punches driven home.

Unable to move, enthralled by something worse than terror, she watched the combat. Unequal from the start when, surprised, Granby had almost been overcome before he could lift his hands to defend himself, it became steadily more unequal. Gardner was younger, faster, taller, even heavier. He was the well-conditioned athlete opposed to the well-preserved man of middle age. Only in courage was Granby his equal; perhaps, even his superior. And

"I won't go!"

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Donna, her sympathies utterly with the elder man, was relieved when he fell to his knees. For now it was ended.

But it wasn't. As Granby, mouth open, gasping for breath, bloody and beaten, struggled, with an inner courage that could not accept defeat, to rise, Gardner drew back his right fist.

Then Donna found her paralyzed will and made her muscles obey it. She flew across the sidewalk, caught at the descending arm, deflected it, hung onto it, was swung from the ground by it. Her feet touched the ground and she faced him.

"You—you damn' coward!" she cried.

For a moment she thought that Gardner would hit her. Then the fire in his eyes died. He passed a hand across his forehead. He looked from her to the pitifully bruised face of Granby.

Granby's groping hand caught Donna's skirt. His other hand joined the first. Almost toppling her with his weight he pulled himself, by what effort only he knew, to his feet. Tottering, reeling, mouth open, eyes bewildered, he put himself in front of Donna. He raised a half-closed fist and struck feebly at Gardner.

"Oh, my God!" said Gardner.

HE TURNED away, with a sound that might have been a curse, a sob, or a prayer, and began half-running down the street, as though afraid to look upon the ruin he had wrought. Granby's hand still made motions toward the spot where his opponent had stood; through his lips came jumbled sounds that Donna knew were defiances. Around a corner disappeared Gardner.

She looked helplessly up and down the street. Not a taxi was in sight and, strangely, no pedestrians had been attracted by the brief but furious battle. So far as Donna knew, the fight had attracted no witnesses at all. She turned back to look at Granby.

To all intents and purposes he was unconscious. His body moved and his lips uttered sounds and his eyes saw. But he didn't know what his muscles did; his sounds were incoherencies, and his eyes could not tell his brain what they beheld.

Would he die? Men did die from beatings, didn't they? Good Lord, punish Frank Gardner! Would he die?

"Home."

She could distinguish the word that painfully found its way through bleeding, torn lips.

"Hospital," she gasped.

Coherence was returning to Granby now. "Scand'l," he muttered. "You—can't—'ford—that."

He staggered as though about to collapse. She caught him, staggered with him, and almost fell through the doorway of her apartment building. She lowered him upon a leather-cushioned seat and looked for the elevator man. But the cage had gone aloft in response to a ring. She started for the shaft, to press the button, to summon aid.

She heard Granby move and turned back to him. Coherence had completely come to him now: "Can't stay here. Scandal—not right. . . ."

Before she could stop him he was on his feet. But, blinded, he did not walk through the street door, but through the door leading to the stairs. She was beside him, detaining him. Feebly he tried to shake off her hold.

"You must have a doctor," she cried.

"You go home—away from me—hold-up—swear that's what happened—your name—"

Bewildered, he began climbing the stairs. His every movement was effort, effort of the most painful, racking kind. But she ceased argument. Instead, she comforted him with soothing words, with formless syllables of encouragement. For on the second landing was her apartment, and if she got him there . . .

She did. With fingers that trembled so that she didn't think they could perform the slight task set them, she withdrew her latchkey from her bag and opened the door. Three minutes later the frightened Jennie, uncompromising in a wrapper that hid even her ankles, was hearing Donna's hysterical commands.

Hot water—bandages—iodine—

She herself led Granby to her own bed, helped him upon it, drew off his torn jacket, unfastened his blood-soaked collar. But it was the capable Jennie who, her fright mastered, took command now.

"I'll telephone for a doctor, ma'am."

For a moment Donna fought with a base impulse. To call in a doctor meant, doubtless, publicity. . . .

"Hurry," she said.

"*His* doctor, ma'am," said Jennie. "Dr. Lindstrom."

Donna didn't bother to ask how Jennie happened to know the name of Granby's doctor. She felt that Jennie had read the mean impulse in her heart and was reassuring her. She merely nodded.

Granby was either unconscious now, or close to it. He made no response to Donna's murmurs of horror, as she bathed his face, settled pillows more comfortably. . . .

Dr. Lindstrom asked no questions until he had made a thorough examination. Then, leaving his patient asleep —Donna had seen him use a hypodermic on Granby's arm—he followed Donna into the living-room.

"Don't tell me any more than you feel you must," he said. "Only," he warned, "he'll not be able to remain here."

"Why not?" demanded Donna.

The physician shrugged.

"You're an unmarried woman, Miss Raynor. No, a hospital—possibly his own apartment—but I'd not dare risk moving him for a couple of days except to a hospital. Frankly, Miss Raynor, he ought not to be moved at all."

"Then you shan't move him," declared Donna.

The doctor shrugged again.

"But—the circumstances, Miss Raynor. After all—"

"Circumstances can't be permitted to endanger his—life," she said. She ended the sentence on a questioning note.

"I don't think it's as bad as that," the doctor reassured her. "Only—there may be a slight concussion—I might as well be frank, Miss Raynor. A case like this—if there's danger of—death—has to be reported to the police. If you care to tell me anything—our stories should —er—coincide, you know."

"Not now," she said. "I—you mustn't move him."

"That," said Lindstrom, "is what I hoped to hear you say. But your—hospitality—may cost you more than you care to pay, it's only fair to warn you."

"It can hardly cost me more than—than friendship for me has cost him," said Donna.

THE doctor picked up his hat and surgical case.

"The nurse should arrive in fifteen minutes or so," he said. "I've left written instructions for her. I'd advise sleep, Miss Raynor, and—er—" He became suddenly embarrassed, not at all the suave, collected man of medicine. "I'm very glad to have met you," he finished awkwardly.

Donna thought it was one of the nicest compliments any man had ever paid her. And her lips were curved in a smile when the nurse arrived to find her sound asleep. Could the smile have been translated into words, it would have said, "There are great cads in the world, but also great gentlemen."

(*To be continued next week*)

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In Terms of Business

Continued from page 32

the studied disorder of his hair. They would date, Savary judged, about 1800.

"Ancestors of yours, Miss Adams?" he asked, turning to the wisplike woman.

"My grandfather and grandmother," she replied, a little proudly. "Joshua and Matilda Adams—before they were married."

"And you wish to—dispose of them?"

A shadow flitted across the seamed face. "Might's well." The bright little eyes gazed into vacancy. "Not a soul to leave 'em to."

"Well," Savary smiled, as he folded the paper about the pictures, "if I may have them for a day or two, I'll take them and pay you what's right for them. But"—he saw the concern in her eyes and drew out his wallet—"meanwhile, here's an earnest of the bargain."

Miss Adams stared at the ten-dollar bill which he handed her. "Why," she protested, "that's too much, isn't it? They're not *your* grandparents, you know."

"If it should be too much," he laughed, "you can pay me back the difference. But I shouldn't count on it, if I were you."

Slipping the package into a pocket, he watched her go out and glide with amazing swiftness down the shady street. When he turned he saw Molly, with curling lips and mocking eyes, nodding at him pitifully.

"And you'd talk to me!" she jeered.

He ignored her raillery. "You've been buying things from her," he reproved softly. Molly shrugged and turned to her desk. "Why," he went on, "the poor old soul must be in want. She's outlived her family, outlived her meager means. Imagine! Selling her little treasures! You're a sweet, tender-hearted thing, Molly—but, oh, so obstinate."

Molly suddenly turned her back and bent over her chair. "I'll give you a box, if you like," came her muffled tones, "to hold your purchases."

"Won't need one, thanks," he called gaily. "I may do something in the antique line myself." Then, glancing towards the street, "Here come some bus tourists. I hope you sell them all your post cards. Good-by, dear!"

NEXT morning Miss Adams came to Molly in a state of suppressed excitement.

"I'm all nerved up," explained the little woman rapidly. "That Mr. Lead—Leadbetter has been to see me again—he's been pestering me to sell some of my furniture. But this morning he wanted to buy those little pictures, and when I told him I'd sold them for ten dollars—oh, he was terribly put out. Said I was crazy—all but called me a fool. I never saw a man take on so. He—"

"But why?" Molly frowned perplexedly.

"Why, he said they were worth fifty times ten dollars. Said I'd been taken in."

"Nonsense!" Molly protested. "Walter Savary? He wouldn't do such a thing."

"That's what I told him. Then he said that Walter didn't know they were valuable and, if he knew I had a buyer, he might give them back. Of course, I sold them, but—" She looked pathetically anxious.

Molly reached for the telephone. "I'll talk to Walter," she announced grimly.

"He isn't home," Miss Adams told her. "I've just been up there. He went to New York last night."

Gone away without a word to her! Molly felt suddenly desolate. He might at least have told her. Then she recalled his words about doing something in the antique line himself. That was it! This unexpected trip to New York had been inspired by the miniatures.

The simpleton! He'd let some sharp dealer, who knew their value, get the best of him. She flushed with vexation when she pictured his innocent exultation in showing her a few paltry dollars of profit. And, in a sense, she was responsible; but for her baiting he never would have dreamed of buying and selling anything. If only she had bought the pictures! Well, since she hadn't, her job now was to stop him before it was too late.

To telephone or telegraph would not be enough; she should be with him to keep him from making a joke of himself and losing what would be a small fortune to Miss Adams. A trip to New York just now would be the wildest of extravagances, but she felt that she owed it to this poor old woman who sat primly erect, regarding her so helplessly.

"Ooh, goody, goody, here is the Christmas tree!"

Suddenly decisive, she turned to Miss Adams. "I have to be away tomorrow," she smiled. "Can you come down and look after things till I get back—early the day after tomorrow?"

"Why, yes," Miss Adams agreed interestedly. "It would be nice to keep shop."

AT ABOUT the same hour a tanned, clear-eyed young man, whose stick excited no comment whatever in his brisk walk up Fifth Avenue, turned into the severely classic portal of the Shumway Galleries. Past the liveried attendant he marched directly to a desk which guarded a curtained corridor. Of the youth who sat there he asked, "Is Mr. Shumway in?"

"Name, please?"

"Savary." The youth disappeared behind the curtains. A moment later he stepped hastily aside as his employer dashed out.

"Walter!" cried Shumway gleefully, as they clasped hands. "Well!"

"Shum, how are you?"

"So-so. Like most vegetables, you do eventually get to the city. Come on in."

In Shumway's private room Shumway asked, "Are you in town on business, or just shaking the hayseed from your hair?"

"Business, Shum. I'm thinking of getting a job. Would you take me on, Shum? On a guarantee?"

"In a minute, Walter," Shumway agreed enthusiastically.

"Well, that's gratifying, old man. And would you make out a contract, naming the guarantee? I'll leave the figure to you."

"Certainly I would. If you couldn't double, or treble, the guarantee, I'd—well, I'd go up and live in Brookford. I can't go any farther than that."

"Thanks, Shum! It won't do any harm to make out the contract. Another thing, Shum," said Savary, as if reminded, "isn't Alton P. Fairbanks the biggest collector of miniatures?" Shumway nodded. "Has he any Malbones, do you know?"

"About all there are in captivity," Shumway declared.

"You don't suppose he'd part with one or two?"

Shumway snorted. "Part with his right eye, you mean," he derided. He regarded Savary speculatively. "You'll need a good job, Walter, a very good job, if you're going in for Malbones."

"I dare say," Walter laughed. "Only I'm not. Curious, that's all. Have dinner with me tonight," he invited, as he rose to leave. "Can you?"

"Can't. But you come out with me. Some people you know are coming to dinner—you'll be surprised. And Sue and the kids would love to see you. Come here at five. I'll hand you that contract."

"It's a date," Savary promised as they parted.

Queer the magic of a name. That one name, Malbone, known only to the few, spoken by Savary over the telephone that afternoon, opened a door which would remain fast shut to guile, to entreaty, even to command. Malbone! A fairy key to a man's heart, a philter for a lagging love, a drop to sparkle a jaded eye. How long thereafter the two small faces, gazing out of the past, might bring diversion to a financier Savary might not guess. Let the man have his moment, his hour, of triumph. His own was yet to come.

THE sunshine of another day had laid a splotched carpet of gold and brown on leaf-strewn Center Street when Molly, unresponsive to its infectious cheer, wearily returned from New York.

Her trip had resulted in nothing; worse, she was out of pocket. Also, she was out of sorts and out of patience. She was out of everything but misgivings; those she had in plenty. Walter had stayed but one day in New York. At his usual hotel they had remembered getting a ticket to Brookford on the midnight for him. They must have passed in their sleep—rather, in Walter's sleep. Probably he *did* sleep. So, with little money, she had dawdled away the day in Madison Avenue shops, eaten a lonely dinner, gone to a movie, and taken the midnight home. A day in New York! One small comfort remained to her: Walter should never know of this foolish futile trip.

As she neared her house she saw Walter's familiar figure come swinging along in the distance. He waved gaily, but she pretended not to see him and, in another moment, reached her door.

A grim satisfaction rose in her when she found Mr. Leadbetter in the shop, chatting with Miss Adams, who indefatigably wielded a dust cloth. The meeting could not have been better arranged.

Savary came in almost immediately. "Hello, Molly!" he called heartily, avoiding obstructions in his path to the little group in the corner. "Why, good morning, Miss Adams!"

HIS radiant good humor stirred in Molly an unreasoning resentment. Of course he could not know the suspense which filled them, but that made no difference to her; his cheerfulness exasperated her.

"I'd have come down yesterday, Molly," he said, "but I caught cold on a train." He paused, glancing at the serious faces. "I'm not intruding?"

"Not at all," she assured him. "On the contrary." And she introduced Mr. Leadbetter.

"He's the gentleman," supplemented Miss Adams, when the men had exchanged acknowledgments, "who wanted to buy my little pictures." She turned to Leadbetter. "You did, didn't you?"

Leadbetter nodded. "Still do, for that matter," he said, with a sharp glance at Savary.

"Now that's interesting," Walter smiled. "Only you should have bought them when you had the chance. You must have known, as well as I, that they were worth something"

Molly had intended to stand grimly by and see Walter's come-upedness overtake him, but with this revelation she flared hotly. "You knew they were valuable when you gave Miss Adams a measly ten dollars for them?" she challenged.

"Of course I did," he admitted, grinning at her vehemence.

The smile which Leadbetter bestowed upon Miss Adams seemed to say, "What did I tell you!"

"But," Savary went on calmly, "I told Miss Adams that I'd pay her what was right. And, now that I've sold the miniatures, I intend to do so."

Molly's heart sank. Her worst fears were confirmed. There remained to be seen only how much of a simpleton he had been.

Leadbetter picked up his hat. "Well," he shrugged, with a commiserating

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glance at Miss Adams, "if they're sold, that lets me out."

"Just a moment," Savary said, detaining him. "You're a dealer, aren't you?" Leadbetter nodded. "Tell me, what would you have paid for the miniatures?"

Leadbetter could now afford to be very generous. "One thousand dollars," he said dramatically.

"A thousand dollars!" Savory scoffed. Molly smiled pityingly. "And, as a dealer, you'd sell them for more than that!"

"Certainly," Leadbetter declared defensively. "That's business. I'd expect to make a good profit. Naturally."

"Precisely," Savary agreed, catching Molly's cold gaze. He turned to the bewildered Miss Adams. "Would you have been satisfied with Mr. Leadbetter's thousand dollars—if," and he shot a sly look at the dealer, who suddenly found something interesting in his hat, "he had offered it to you?"

MOLLY was frankly puzzled. What was he driving at?

"Why—" Miss Adams hesitated, "I suppose so. I didn't think the things were worth even the ten dollars."

"That being the case," said Savary, taking a packet of papers from a pocket and passing a check to Molly, "you might ask Mr. Leadbetter if he thinks there's a good profit in that."

Wide-eyed, Molly stared at the pink slip. "Four thousand five hundred dollars!" she gasped, raising her eyes to meet Savary's even gaze. "For those two little pictures?"

Leadbetter, squinting over her shoulder, gave a low whistle.

"Those little pictures," Savary explained, "are worth many times their weight in gold. You see, the painter—this Edward G. Malbone—died young, before he could do many portraits; so there aren't many of his exquisite miniatures in existence. But what there are certainly bring a price—if you know where to go for it." Leadbetter stirred uneasily under his sidelong look.

A sudden fear tore at Molly: Some Savary had piled up the family wealth; was a natural acquisitiveness now showing in this Savary? Her eyes, as she faced him, were like blue ice and bored him through. "Walter Savary!" she demanded. "Do you mean to make a profit like that on Miss Adams?"

"Why," he grinned into the chilling gaze, "you heard Mr. Leadbetter justify profit in business. You wanted me to earn a living. Now, when I try—" He finished with a despairing gesture.

Leadbetter laughed, but nobody paid him any attention.

"I don't care," Molly warned, with cold deliberation. "If you do this thing, you're a person I don't wish to know."

"Then," Savary laughed, as he took another check from the papers in his hand, "it's lucky I anticipated that. Here's my check to Miss Adams for the full amount, less the ten dollars I paid her—I *am* entitled to that, I think. I kept the other only to prove—well, you know you *are* skeptical, Molly."

Miss Adams mechanically took the check which he handed her. But her bright little eyes were riveted on Leadbetter, and under their accusing glare he mumbled a hasty good day.

"And here's a contract," said Savary, when the shop door had shut out Leadbetter, "from the Shumway Galleries, guaranteeing me six thousand a year—if I want it."

Listlessly, Molly waved away the proffered paper. She felt limp, like a rubber band, having been stretched almost to the breaking point and suddenly loosed. But in that relaxation there was a deep and comfortable sense of thankfulness. She raised a melting gaze to Walter and he, stuffing his papers in a pocket, quickly gathered her, unresisting, into his arms.

"You see, dear," he murmured into her hair, "we're not cut out for business. We don't like to be done and we can't do. What about that bet?"

Her forehead pressed hard against his breast as she whispered, "You win, Walter. But for a minute I was scared—I was afraid you were going to be too businesslike."

With one mind they turned to see where Miss Adams might be. But that considerate old lady had quietly disappeared into the house.

Nothing Ever Happens Here

Continued from page 16

passed on leaden feet, and it was after five o'clock when I got out of school that afternoon. Imogene Simpson and I walked uptown together and had a sundae and my folks were sitting down to supper by the time I got home. To my great surprise they did not scold me for being late, all because Mrs. Green had just phoned and told them the news about Charles.

Can you *imagine!* The Boston police had called up Mr. Nichols and asked him to come down and get Charles—that Charles had gone to a recruiting office and tried to join the navy to be a radio officer, but instead of accepting him they told him he was too young and called the police. Poor Charles! He had to stay at the station and be locked up like a murderer while his father came to bring him home.

"If I was Tom Nichols," my father said, "I'd take that boy out in the woodshed and warm him up so he wouldn't forget it for a while!"

And my mother said so, too.

But I was almost *dead* from excitement and sympathy for Charles.

I have often thought, Mr. Reade, that if my life were only written up properly it would make a novel.

To a sensitive person like myself the entire week-end was an ordeal. On Friday evening Mr. Nichols brought Charles home from Boston and the town could not talk of anything else. On Saturday I met Imogene Simpson on Front Street and she said:

"Isn't it perfectly disgusting, the boys are making a hero out of Charles. I just saw him with about twenty boys telling them all about it."

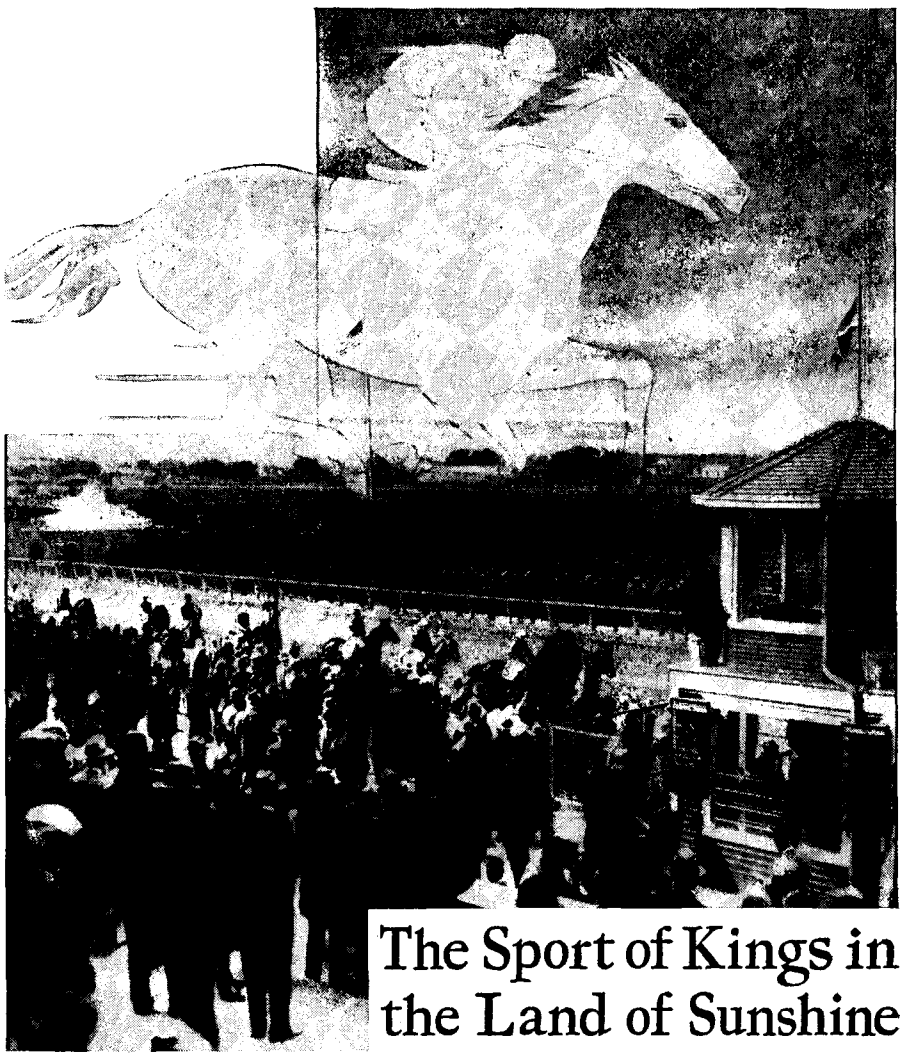
OF COURSE I knew that Imogene was only jealous because Charles had never paid any attention to her. I did not wish to see Charles but my errands took me past him several times and he kept looking at me, although my eyes were in the other direction and I had to glance sideways to be sure he was looking at me. Each time I pretended I had not noticed him.

On the way home I met Harold. He was alone and seemed very downhearted. Poor thing, I wanted to cheer him up and so I said:

"Wasn't it wonderful, Harold, about what Charles did?"

"Not so much, I don't think," he said. "Anybody could do that. But to run away and study to be an aviator and then come back in a plane and do skywriting over this town—"

"Oh, who's going to do that?" I inquired. (*Continued on page 42*)



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the GULF COAST

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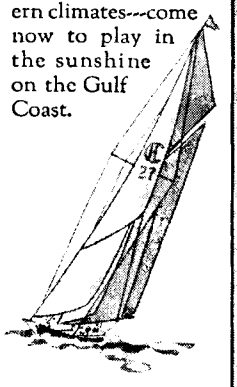

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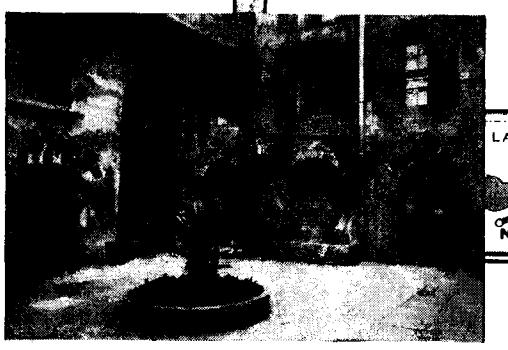

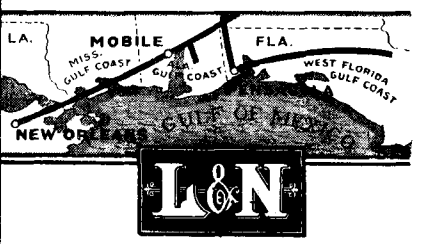

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Nothing Ever Happens Here

Continued from page 41

Harold just shook his head in a pitying way and said, "You'll see! You'll see!"

Even though his remarks were veiled it was obvious to me that he was referring only to himself. All day Sunday it preyed upon me that I should be the innocent cause of both Charles and Harold wrecking their lives. It was a terrible struggle which I waged within myself—the age-old strife between love and duty—but I finally decided that for their sakes I ought to renounce them both, no matter how much suffering it cost me. After all, I thought, it was I who must pay the price of romance.

So I spent all my study periods in school Monday morning composing a note which said:

This is the end. I cannot go on. No words of mine can tell you the tears and sleepless nights it has cost me to make this decision, but I feel that for your sake I must not see you again. Will you meet me only once more tonight and let me try to explain?

THELMA CLARKE.

P. S. My folks are going to lodge meeting and I will be waiting for you on the front porch.

I made a copy on some of my mauve stationery which I had brought to school, writing a new back-hand I had learned recently, and sent exactly the same missive to each of them. Harold's note I slid across the aisle during geometry recitation and I gave Charles his on the way out.

What I did during those hours of waiting from after supper until eight o'clock I do not know to this day. But after ironing my yellow georgette and curling my hair and running ribbon through my peach-colored slip, it was a surprise to me to hear a footstep on the front porch. I thought to myself, I will let him wait a little while because boys always like you better if you do; and then I came downstairs saying:

"Oh, who's there?"

A sad voice replied, "Harold."

"Oh, you almost frightened me, Harold," I said.

Actually I did want to cheer him up instead of renouncing him, he seemed so downhearted, but before I could think of a thing to say Charles came up the steps. I said hello and he said hello, and then all three of us just stood there.

IT WAS a moonlight evening and it almost broke my heart seeing their faces amid the silvery brilliance and thinking how unhappy they were going to be when I told them. Homely girls do not know what it is like having so many boys caring for you and having to cause them pain. All day I had thought over to myself what I was going to say, and so I began in a low, tremulous tone:

"This step I am taking is not of my choice. Believe me or not, it has been forced upon me by circumstances—"

"What has?" asked Charles.

"O keep still!" I said. "Can't you wait until I explain in my own words?"

It was so terrible, he got me all mixed up by interrupting. And then while I was stopping to think, he exclaimed to Harold, "I've got about enough of this. You're always edging in, every time I have five minutes with her, and I'm getting sick of it."

"O you are?" said Harold. "Well, you know what you can do if you don't like it!"

"Sure I know what I can do. And I'm going to do it in about one more minute."

"That's all right. *Try* it."

"What do you mean, try it?"

"Try it yourself!"

"Try *what?*"

Not acting like gentlemen at all, but forgetting all about me for a minute, they glared at each other in a ferocious way. And one of them, I forget who, said:

"Who started this, anyhow?"

"I don't know who started it—but I can finish it if I have to—"

"All right, try it."

"Suppose you try trying it—"

And the first thing I knew, they were scrambling all over the porch wrestling and hitting at each other. This climax came quite without warning to me and I was in the depths of distress, especially when I thought that the Greens next door might hear. I implored them to stop and they did.

"This is terrible," I said. "Brawling in a low and common way! It would not be so bad," I said, "if it were like Morgan Reade in the pictures, when he fought that wonderful duel—but nobody any more has the courage to fight a duel and they just brawl in a low and common way—"

"Say!" Charles said. "Don't think I'm afraid." He pointed at Harold. "If we had some swords I'd go right out this minute and take *him* on."

"Not any quicker than I'd dare you!" Harold said.

Both of them were panting and eying each other with menace.

"Oh, wouldn't it be romantic!" I exclaimed, being unable to withhold this remark of admiration. "Take those old rapiers my father bought at the antique sale, the ones hanging over the mantel—but I wouldn't ever *think* of letting you have them—"

Charles was the maddest of the two boys and he rushed right in the house. He came out with the two rapiers and handed one to Harold. "There!" he said. "If you think I'm going to take any dare off *you*."

"All right!" cried Harold.

"Oh, don't!" I exclaimed.

But it was too late and already they had agreed to go down in Ward's cow-pasture. And since it could not be helped, I thought I might just as well go with them.

It was just like a dream seeing Charles and Harold in the moonlight taking off their coats and grasping the rapiers which were almost as long as themselves. I was so transfixed with a confusion of emotions that I couldn't speak.

"Well," said Charles, "are you ready?"

"Of course I am!" Harold said. "How about yourself?"

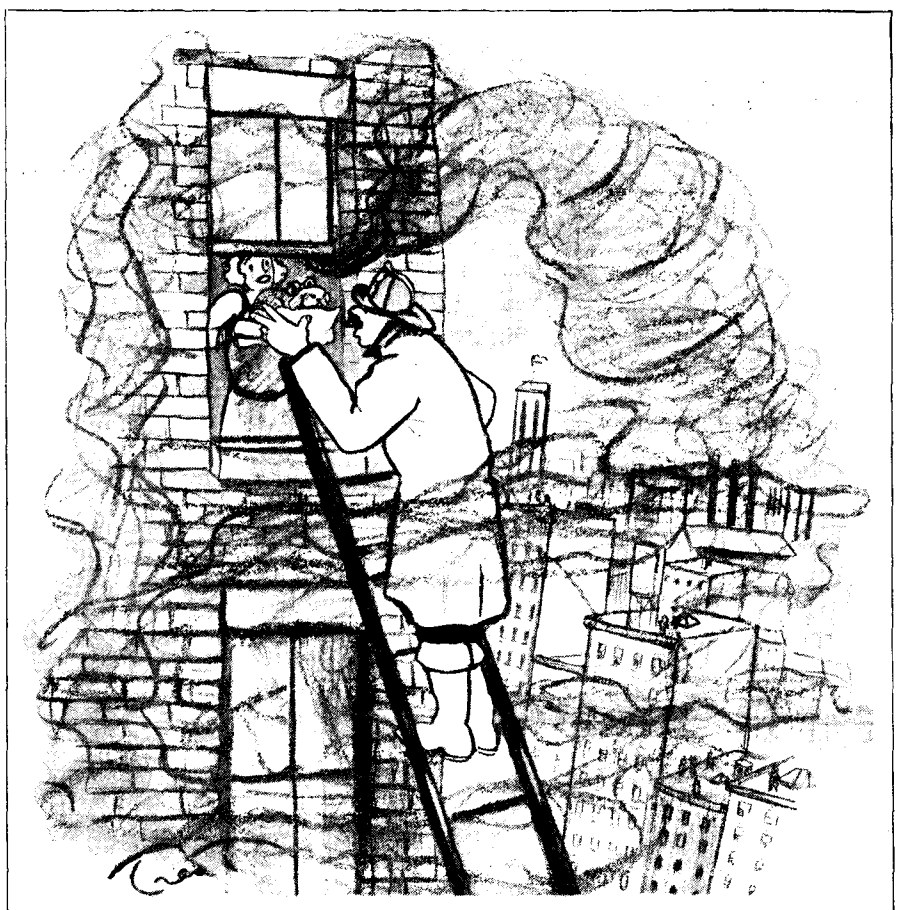
"Well, then, why don't you begin?"

"Why don't *you* begin—"

And they did.

It was *thrilling* seeing their white shirts in the moonlight and their faces were almost as white as their shirts. They danced around on the grass and now the tips of their rapiers began to touch sometimes, making a very romantic sound. Once there was a spark of fire, too.

There is a Fate which weaves the web of our lives and I am sure everything would have been O. K. if it had not been for Charles' foot slipping on the dewy grass. The worst of it was, they were both about ready to quit and were clashing swords furiously as a climax. Then it seemed like Charles had fallen, everything happened so quickly, and at the same time Harold yelled, "Ouch!"



"Sh-Sh, Fifi's asleep"

BOTH of them dropped their rapiers on the grass. Harold put his hand up to his shoulder and there was a spot of red on his white shirt. Charles got scared and began to cry.

"Oh, he's killed!" I exclaimed and began to cry, also.

We both ran over to him but did not know what to do.

Harold was just *wonderful*. He stood up very straight and said, "It is nothing. Only a scratch."

"Gosh, Hal," Charles sobbed, "I didn't mean to do it! I wouldn't have hurt you for the world if—"

"Charles Nichols!" I said. "You ought to be ashamed!"

For I knew by that intuition which only a woman has that I had been mistaken all along and it was Harold I cared most for.

While Doctor Holding took off Harold's shirt and looked at the wound I told him how it happened. Charles just sat in the corner looking frightened.

"Is it very, very serious?"I asked.

"Fortunately," he said, "it is only a flesh wound."

He stepped into an inner room and closed the door behind him. Then he came back and sat down to write a prescription and afterward lit a cigar. As he smoked he kept looking from one to another of us in a sort of funny way.

WE WERE wondering what it was all about when we heard steps on the stairs and in walked Mr. Nichols, Mr. Lenz, and my father. Then we knew that the doctor had phoned the lodge and called them. He said, "Gentlemen, this will only take a second to explain."

And in a most treacherous manner he told them what I had told him a moment before, besides a lot of other things I did not say. When he had finished he handed them the prescription and it was the most insulting thing you ever saw: "One good spanking applied where it will do most good and repeated as often as may be required."

The deep lesson I have learned out of the whole tragic experience is that you cannot trust men. Can you picture it, Harold and Charles are friends now and I do not see them any more except at school. Anyhow I do not care to meet them and would not even if they asked me and my folks would allow it. For I have learned that they are very young and inexperienced, and I accepted with pleasure when Ogden Parmalee asked me to the next high school party. Ogden is the boy I used to go out with but we had a quarrel. He is eighteen and a junior and much more sophisticated than Charles or Harold, so everything has come out for the best.

Yet I am not happy. As I have explained to you in all these pages, nothing ever happens here in Perry Junction, Vt., and I would like to end it all by going into the movies. Do you suppose that you could find me a part, Mr. Reade? I do not think my folks would let me go until after I finished high school but in the meantime I am going to take a correspondence course in acting. Of course I would not expect any star's part right away but would be willing to start in a minor rôle.

Thanking you in advance and hoping that it would not be asking too much if you sent me an autographed photo, I am Your despondent admirer,

THELMA CLARKE.

Morgan Reade whistled, brought his chair down to the floor with a bang and lit a cigarette. He blinked for a moment as if trying to transport himself from Perry Junction, Vt., to Hollywood, Cal. "Gosh!" he said softly.

Then he got up, yawned and was starting to bed when Mae entered. "How are the kids?" he asked.

"Gwynn is asleep at last," she said, "but I think Lester has caught a little cold, too. I do wish the nurses would be more careful!" She put her arm around him in a proprietary manner. "I'm more worried about you, poor honeykins, than about the babies. You've been here in Hollywood so long where nothing ever happens except the routine of the lot . . . if only we could find some place for a vacation that would be *different*, where you'd have a little interest and diversion—"

Morgan Reade began to laugh. "I know!" he said. "Let's go to Perry Junction, Vermont."

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The Great Rebel

Continued from page 18

possibly France, for all were in an alliance, while to arrest the popular idol might well precipitate a revolution in Piedmont, thus undoing the slow work of years. Choosing what seemed the lesser evil, king and prime minister turned their backs and closed their eyes.

On the night of May 5th a picked band of sailors boarded two small steamers in the harbor of Genoa, and worked slowly and silently out to sea. Three miles down the coast Garibaldi came aboard, and as the Piemonte and Lombardo wallowed along in the gray dawn rowboats darted out from every little bay, bearing volunteers. Sunrise found them well on their way.

One Thousand Against Sicily

In Sicily were 25,000 trained soldiers, protected by strong walls and many guns, and behind them stood the might of the kingdom of Naples, confident in the support of foreign powers. Garibaldi's men, numbering almost 1,000, possessed only old-fashioned muskets, with possibly ten cartridges to a man.

Fortune attended him as he sailed south, and still smiled when he rounded the western tip of Sicily and headed for Marsala. Neapolitan warships had just left the port, and although they steamed back in time to bombard, the landing was not prevented.

At dawn on the following day—May 12th—the tatterdemalion band of men and boys set out for the capture of Palermo.

Over a dreary plain under a burning sun they trudged up mountain paths that cut the shoes from their feet, yet at Calatafimi, where an army of 3,000 barred the path, the 1,000 did not wait for the signal to attack. Never was there more savage fighting than that struggle on the slopes of the Pianto dei Romani.

Twice men went down under sword strokes intended for the leader's breast, but when officers urged retreat, he only gritted his immortal words, "Here we make Italy or die."

That night bonfires burned on every hill in western Sicily, announcing victory, and, more than ever convinced of their high destiny, the 1,000 marched on until Palermo lay before them.

Now, for a moment, the tide of fortune turned. An army of Swiss and Germans, pouring from the city, attacked so shrewdly that Garibaldi was close to being surrounded and annihilated. A quick retreat became imperative, and as the 1,000 fled inland, their backs to Palermo, the Sicilians gave way to indignation and despair.

In the broad light of day he sent his wounded and baggage wagons off on the road that led to the interior, and then followed with the 1,000 spreading the mournful report that the revolution was at an end. No sooner had darkness fallen, however, than he swung his effectives to the left, and backtracked by a mountain path. All night he marched, and as morning broke looked down from high peaks to see the valley filled with pursuers, hot on their false scent.

Garibaldi now drove the 1,000 forward without halt for food or rest, and from the lofty pass of Gibilrossa plunged down on unsuspecting Palermo. Midnight saw them crush the Neapolitan outposts at the bridges over the Oreto and race on to fling themselves against the strong barricades at Porta Termini. Both from the walls and from the warships in the harbor came a rain of shells, but with bare hands the 1,000 pulled down the stones, and Garibaldi jumped his horse over the ruins. By sunrise they had reached the heart of the city.

Three days a battle raged in the narrow streets of Palermo, and while the end found General Lanza and his army penned in the palace and the cathedral, the plight of the victors was far more desperate. An army of 20,000 confronted Garibaldi; at any moment the 4,000 Swiss and Germans might return from their wild-goose chase, and to meet these overwhelming odds he had only 750 of the 1,000, and these virtually unarmed, for there was no more ammunition.

All night he combed the town and shipping in a vain hunt for powder, and when he took his place at the head of his men on the morning of the fourth day it was without other expectation than a Roman death. So thought his followers, but even as they put aside their useless muskets, and reached for knife and sword, word came that Lanza desired an armistice! Six days the cowardly fool bargained with Garibaldi and his unarmed handful, and finally capsheafed his incredible incompetence by the surrender of Palermo.

Now all Sicily rose, believing and adoring, and Garibaldi turned a grim, resolute face to Naples.

Crossing the straits, he took Reggio by storm; in Calabria an army of 30,000 refused to give him battle.

From Turin subtle Cavour watched the sweep of the Garibaldini with mingled joy and alarm: joy to see despotic Naples crushed, alarm for fear Garibaldi might turn the whole of southern Italy into a republic with captured Rome as its capital. With clear eyes he saw that a waiting game was no longer possible: that the time had come for decisive action, and that only by sharing in the conquests could Piedmont hope to have a voice in the final settlement. Victor Emmanuel was of the same bold opinion, and even as Garibaldi marched to the Volturno a Piedmontese army invaded Papal Umbria and the Marches.

A Patriot's Decision

Now at last, after long and bitter years, the high gods saw fit to smile on the aspirations of oppressed Italy. Austria, beset by domestic complications, dared not intervene, and scheming Louis Napoleon was held in check by England's firm stand. At whirlwind speed the Piedmontese tore through the Papal possessions, received as deliverers rather than foes, marching night and day that they might reach the Volturno in time to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Garibaldini.

Too late! Before they arrived Garibaldi struck the mercenaries a last terrible blow, ending armed resistance, and firmly establishing his mastery of the land. Sick with apprehension, Cavour waited for the Great Rebel's decision.

Even as the subtle statesman tortured himself with fears, the simple patriot decided. It was indeed a great Italian republic that he had dreamed, but beneath the passionate idealism that made Giuseppe Garibaldi an inspired leader of forlorn hopes lay a sound sense of realities. He saw Victor Emmanuel master of Piedmont, Tuscany, Lombardy, Emilia, Umbria and the Marches—saw too that the little king, with his fierce mustaches, had love for Italy in his heart—and with a superb gesture the Great Rebel gave him Naples and Sicily, hailed him King of Italy.

"The Boss?
. . . there, with th' pipe"

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Pipe-smoking is a calm and deliberate habit—restful, stimulating. His pipe helps a man think straight. A pipe is back of most big ideas.

Prove it. Fill the bowl of a good briar—with Edgeworth, if you please. Watch the tobacco swell as it gets down to business. Relish that rich fragrance even non-smokers like. That's TOBACCO as it was *made* to be smoked—the choicest qualities, the finest blends, *reserved* for pipes!

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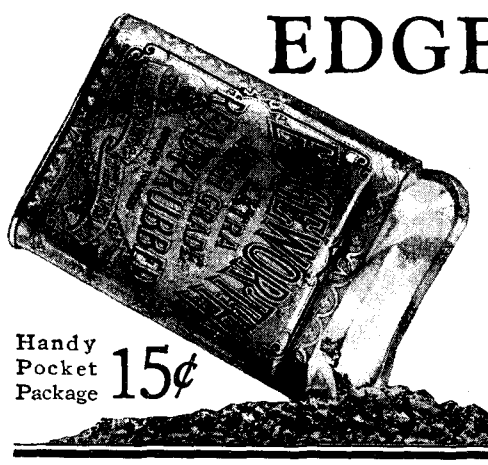

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I'll try your Edgeworth
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And the town and state_____

H-2

NOW LET THE EDGEWORTH COME!

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Twenty Years

Continued from page 11

dared touch me. So we just hated each other with looks and words."

David reached for her again and drew her back against him.

"Every night at sundown," she went on, "there was a little bird come and sung in a tree. And I'd stand in the shed door—after the dishes was done—and listen to him. It was always the same tree. He had a nest there.

"And the boy knew I loved that bird. So one evening he crep' up, the other side of the wall, with a sling-shot, and killed it. I was watching, and it just stopped in the middle of a song and fell down on the ground. And then the boy, he stood up from behind the wall and laughed.

"Hearin' him laugh, I went sort of crazy, I guess. I began to walk over toward him. He was scairt. I must have *looked* crazy. And he backed off. Then, likely, he remembered he was stronger than me. He stopped. And he looked at me, and laughed again.

"THAT made me crazier still. I'd come to the wall by then, and I picked up a big rock from off the top, with both hands. And he stood there looking at me and let me come—until I was close to him—right up close. And then . . ."

"And then—what, Ella?" David urged.

Her hand groped backward toward him, but she kept her face resolutely away.

"What, Ella? What did he do?"

He felt her shiver. "It was what *I* did, Dave. I just twisted myself sort of back from him—all in a second. And I was strong, and I was crazy mad, and I heaved that rock, and it caught him square in the forehead." Her hand tightened on his and her voice dropped. "It caught him just right, Dave. It killed him—right then and there. It made me into a murderer."

Holding her hand firmly he tried to draw her still more closely against him. But she resisted. She tried to pull herself away.

"I ain't fit to touch."

"Steady," he soothed. "Steady, Ella. All that makes you need my arms round you still more."

She shook her head. "I've lost my right to have *any* arms round me—ever again."

"No," he declared. "No, Ella. No."

He had spoken quietly. Gradually she yielded to the gentle pressure of his arms. Covering her face suddenly with both hands she buried it against him.

"Murderers lose—even their right to live."

"We've got to be sensible, Ella. That wasn't no murder. But it was bad. Yes, it was terrible bad. How was it they let you off?"

Still with her head down, still with her face pressed against him, she said: "That's where *we* come in, Dave."

"Where *we* come in?" he questioned.

She glanced up once, quickly, and then down again.

"Ma and Pa was the only ones home. When the ambulance come from Mayfield with doctors in it—they said the boy had been after a bird's nest in the tree and had fell out and hit his head on the wall. They lied for me. And they ain't people who lie. They done it to save me. They done that for me. And then they took me into the house; and there they talked to me most all of the night."

"Talked to you?" David asked.

Her head moved slightly against him in a nod of assent.

"About how awful wicked I'd been. They made me see I'd got to *atone*. Only if I'd repent, and promise to atone—all my life long—would they let me off being took by the law. I'd done the worst thing there could be—taken a life—and I'd got to pay back, someways, with my own. They're mighty strict church people—Ma and Pa—and there was their side of it, too. If they let me off the law, I'd got to make good to them—or they'd be as guilty as me.

"And I did promise to, Dave." She took one hand from her face and put it against his shoulder; pressing it there—clinging to him. *"That's* the part about us. They made me. They made me see. Either I'd got to let the law punish me—or punish myself. I promised to live all the rest of my life—just atoning. I promised I'd never marry—and pass off the burden of my sin onto a husband or a child."

David felt a tremor pass over her. Slowly, now, she raised her head. He saw the tears in her eyes. One by one they welled over and ran down.

"Yesterday, Dave—I was going to say I'd forgot. That ain't true. I was remembering—all the time. I was remembering—when you kissed my hand. I guess I only got thinking I'd maybe atoned enough. I've been good, Dave. I've tried. Right up until it got hard. Then I was bad again. All the time, yesterday, *I* was remembering. I was only just hoping *they* might have forgot. It all seemed such a long ways back."

She brushed her sleeve across her eyes. But her glance still held his.

"They *haven't* forgot, Dave. I found that out—last night. And a promise is a promise. And so, Dave— Oh, Dave! Dave! So now it's time we've got to say good-by."

SHE was on her feet. She had moved away a few steps. David, following, stumbled a little over the big roots of the tree.

"You *won't* forget me, Dave?"

"Forget you?"

For a second time that morning her words seemed meaningless to him.

"Kiss me once more, Dave—one we'll *never* forget."

She was in his arms.

They were strong arms. She felt their strength. And again her kiss cleared something in his mind. His firm hold about her tightened.

"You think you can go—like this, Ella?" he demanded fiercely. "You think you can just turn round and walk off and leave me here? You think I'll let you? I won't. We'll go off somewhere—off to a new country—where they'll never find us."

She shook her head. "That wouldn't change my promise, Dave."

"But, Ella—" He sought wildly for some new argument. "That's only one side, Ella. You're forgetting about—us. We all of us belong to each other now, forever—just like you said yesterday. Nothing can ever change that. You'll find out. Me here in the clearing. On a still day you'll hear the sound of my ax. You think our love won't fetch you here? You think it won't make *me* go and fetch *you?* That promise is strong, Ella. But so is love strong. It's *just* as strong—stronger. You'll find it won't shut out. Without something to hope for, people can't live. You're forgetting that. The love won't *let* you forget—ever. You just won't be able to stand it, Ella. Nothing short of prison walls could ever keep that love from fetching us together."

David felt it to be his last desperate plea. And, even while he was speaking the words, he knew that they were not enough. He knew that these words were not wholly true. He had said that their love was strong. They, too, were strong: strong enough to do that which he had said they could not do. In their strength, and in their love, they *could* do it. All the stern teachings of their Puritan ancestors attested to that. And he was pleading for weakness. His last gesture matched it. He let his arms drop to his sides.

Then he heard her voice. It was changed.

"Prison walls, Dave!"

He looked up. "Prison walls would be almost a help," he said. "With iron bars holding me, I wouldn't be always knowing I could go to you."

"That's what I mean, Dave."

He glanced at her more sharply. "*What* is it you mean, Ella?"

"I mean I'll go and tell 'em, Dave—go and tell—the law. Then Ma and Pa can have my promise back. My telling would balance it off. I ain't scared to die. I'd rather, Dave. What I couldn't do is live—not when I was only hearing the sound of your ax from far off."

He strode toward her. "That ain't sense, Ella," he declared. "We've got to be sensible. Come over back here by the tree again and sit down." Slowly they walked back to the tree. "We've got to be sensible, Ella. We've got to think."

She nodded. "I *am* thinking, Dave. It come to me in a sort of flash—like a hope: like the hope you said we'd got to have. It come to me like a way out."

Both were sitting down. They were perched on the roots of the tree, a little way apart, facing each other.

"We've got to think," David reiterated. "I kind of get the same feeling, Ella—like a hope. And it's kep' you here—for now. You might have been gone—by now. But we've got to think."

She remained silent, not interrupting further this process of his thoughts. And he began to voice them aloud.

"It wasn't murder. Murder's got to be planned—ahead. So don't you speak about having to die. Don't you speak about that any more. It wouldn't be that. Only . . ."

"What would it be, Dave? Prison?"

He nodded. "To kill someone is awful bad, Ella. It would be bound to be prison. Yes."

"How long?"

He made a motion with his hand.

"I'm trying to think, Ella. Something I read in the paper, a while back. I'm trying to see if I can remember if it was just the same kind of a thing as yours."

She waited patiently: her eyes full of pleading—as if they were pleading—with him.

"Not for all my life, Dave?"

He shook his head.

She was holding his hand in both of hers.

"Tell me, Dave."

He glanced up. His words came slowly: "It won't do to fool ourselves, Ella. That thing—I read in the paper. . . . It was—twenty years."

THE noonday sun had long since passed over them and was now low in the west. Traveling slowly by overgrown lanes and trails, avoiding roads, keeping to the forest, they were approaching the outskirts of the little town. They came to a stop, standing side by side.

"Asa Bryant's about as nice a man as there could be," David said. "You couldn't hardly find a nicer man. He's been constable here since before we was born. You wouldn't have to mind *him*. It's afterwards, I meant. The prison, Ella. There's still time you could turn back."

She shook her head. And her grip on his arm tightened.

"It's because of the prison, Dave, that you're standing right alongside of me—still. The other way, I'd have been home, by now—and you back in the clearing—both of us knowing it would have to be like that—for good." She moved restlessly. "I'm not saying I ain't afraid, Dave. It seems to me I would suffocate inside of walls—if I couldn't get out. But that's only for twenty years. The other way, it would be for life."

David also stirred restlessly.

"You've got to be terrible sure I'm worth it."

She clung to him.

"Your love *is* worth it, Dave. Just deciding has made me know that. It seems like I'd grown most twenty years older already—just in deciding—just in today. To find out what love is worth, Dave, maybe twenty years ain't so big a price to pay."

It was dark now among the trees where they stood. As David looked down, her dark hair was hardly distinguishable from the shadows.

"This is likely the last time they'll let us be alone together," he said.

"Until we're together—for good, Dave," she gently corrected.

It was a solemn moment for them both.

Lights from uncurtained windows

"Is zat the last of the junk, Bill?"

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splashed the narrow sidewalk and illuminated, here and there, the rough corded bark of the maples which lined the village street. The boy and the girl were walking close together—rapidly. They had passed no one. David put his hand on her arm and drew her to a sudden stop beside him.

"There's the house—right there," he said.

"Yes, Dave."

"You could still turn back, Ella. It ain't too late. Not even yet."

She had dropped behind him. But suddenly she closed this small space resolutely.

"You take my hand, Dave—quick," she urged. "You *make* me come. It's only the *outside* of me that's scared."

He did take her hand. And, as he had done the day before in the woods, he put the palm of it to his lips. It was a swift hurried kiss. He closed her fingers together over the spot. "Hold it there, Ella," he said. "Let yourself feel it there—when we get inside. It'll remind you—what you come in for." Then he had twisted the handle of the bell.

IT RANG loudly. Presently a light gleamed in the window. It, too, sent a broad yellow beam across the sidewalk behind them. The door opened. Asa Bryant, in shirt-sleeves, a lamp in his hand, stood there confronting them.

When, after a few brief confused exchanges of words, they were all three in Asa Bryant's little parlor; when the hand lamp had been set down and the big parlor lamp, with its white, ground-glass shade, had been lighted and flooded the room with its raw brilliance, it was David who told the story.

He had looked at Ella. He had seen the awed, appalled look in her face; had noticed her hand still clenched, holding tightly to his kiss. He had taken that hand in both his own, pressing it still more firmly shut.

In this emergency he had become, suddenly, quite calm. He had spoken well—while the tall elderly man had listened, without a word.

The long silence that followed his words, however, made David uneasy.

"It wouldn't be *more'n* twenty years, would it?" he demanded in alarm. "If it would, Mr. Bryant, then you remember that Ella ain't said one word. It's just me—who's talked."

Asa Bryant maintained his silence. He stood close to the round table which held the lamp, his hand resting on it; and glancing down he straightened the cover on its polished surface. Then he raised his eyes to Ella.

"You say you'd be willing to take twenty years' punishment in jail—just so you could marry Dave, when you come out?"

She nodded without speaking.

"That's pretty strong love, Ella."

Still she did not speak.

"A warm, loving nature like yours," the man continued, "don't seem to go with that sort of cold, killing hate."

"I was just crazy mad," the girl declared abruptly—defensively. "I was just crazy mad—because I'd loved that bird."

The old man's shrewd eyes were resting on her; and again David noted her uneasiness.

"I aim to help you, Ella," the quiet voice warned. "But I can't do it, without you do *your* part as well. There's something—I don't know what it is—but something you're holding back."

"No! No!" she cried.

The constable's expression became more stern.

"Listen, Ella," he said. "The wrongness of things we do is sort of measured by the time we've had to think—before doin' 'em. You say you was crazy mad; and you walked out from the door, and come to the wall, and picked up a rock from off it. And the boy, after he'd first started to run, changed his mind and waited for you—waited for you to come up to him. And when you'd come up to him—because he'd stopped—you stopped. And crazy mad as you was, you didn't throw the stone."

"It—it surprised me—when he turned round and waited," Ella pleaded.

"It gave you time to think," Asa Bryant said.

In the pause that followed David realized that the man was deliberately allowing her a similar moment for thought, now. Then the stern voice cut sharply into the stillness of the room:

"What was it made you back off—sudden like—and *throw* that stone, Ella?"

Her distress was now obvious and intense.

"I don't know," she said weakly.

"You *do* know, Ella."

"It's something I can't tell."

"You've got to tell."

"It's something I'm ashamed to tell."

Startled, David met Asa Bryant's gaze. But neither spoke.

"It's something that Dave would maybe hate me for," she pleaded desperately. "Please, Mr. Bryant, please don't make me. Won't twenty years in prison—be enough?"

But the constable was not helping her now.

"I was going to carry it—a secret—right to my grave."

Yet she was going to tell it. David knew that. Asa Bryant's calm insistence was dragging it from her against her will.

"My dress had got sort of open at the neck," she murmured, dropping her head forward. "And when I was standing close to him, I saw him looking at me there. And the look in his eyes was bad—cruel. And then he laughed, and put out one arm and held me, and put the other hand inside my dress."

She stopped. And suddenly she raised her head and David saw that her expression had become fiercely intent. She put her hand to her breast.

"When I felt his hand against me—here—it was so rough, so cruel, so hard—it seemed as if he was trying to kill something that was like a bird in me, too. It didn't seem as if I would ever be able to wash the feeling of it away. I knew it would be like that—right then. I knew that just the touch of him was like tarnish. And so I twisted myself loose and tried to kill that thing—like a snake—before it could poison me." Her head bent forward again and the fire went out of her eyes. "And so now," she said quietly, "you know."

DAVID felt dazed. He heard the tall constable speaking excitedly:

"There's not a jury in the world would convict a woman—a girl!—for defending herself—from *that*. Why didn't you tell us—sooner? Tarnish, Ella—?" He made a sweeping gesture toward her. "The spirit in you that made you defend yourself from that tarnish is what Dave will worship on his knees."

He began to pace the room.

"I'll see your folks, Ella. I'll see Judge Parmenter. He'll see the district attorney. The courts are pretty cluttered. I'd give a pretty good guess that they won't bother with it at all."

His pacing brought him to the door.

"I'll slip out and tell my wife, Hattie, you'll be here to supper. You've had a tough day. I doubt if you've et much."

Groping behind him, his hand found the latch.

"Twenty years!" he murmured thoughtfully. "With this kind of a start, I reckon you're going to find 'em the happiest twenty years a man and a woman can know—short of paradise."

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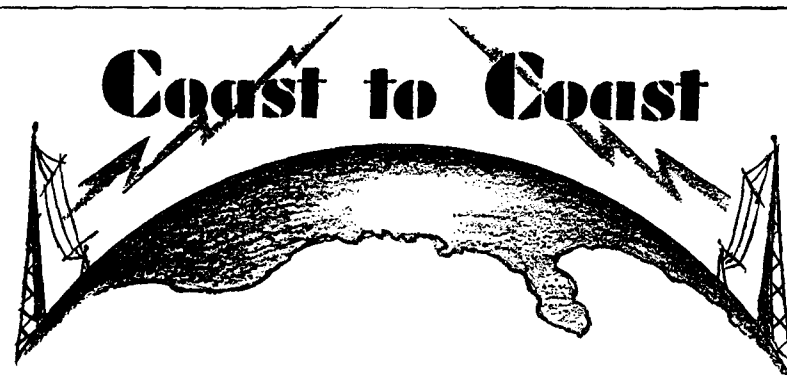

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East
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WLW WJR

West
KYW WREN KWK KOA

Far West
KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KSL

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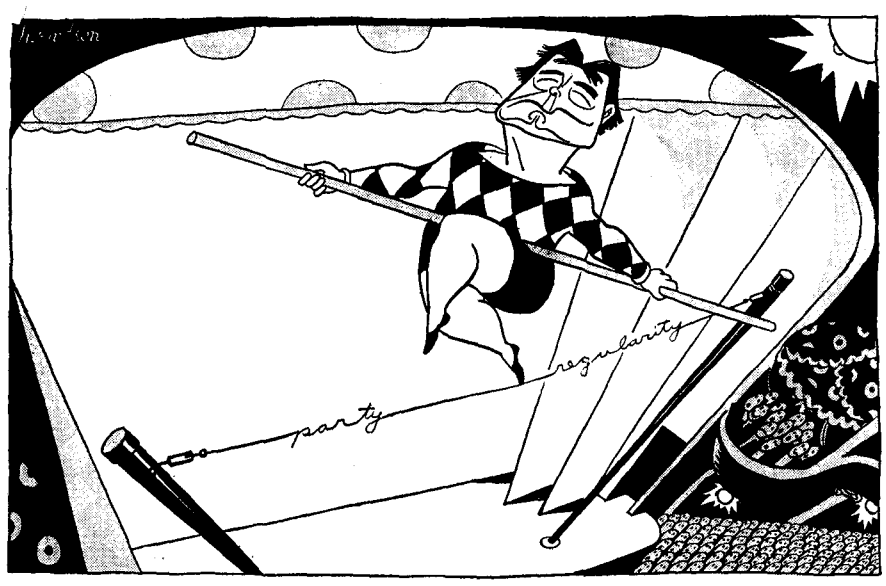

His Party Manners

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IF ONE should write that Senator Borah had become a regular of the regulars, as regular as Smoot or Reed or Watson, one would not say anything more surprising about the always unpredictable senator from Idaho than one is compelled to when one puts into words the exact truth about his latest development. For Mr. Borah has become for the first time in his life a good party man.

His party, it is true, is the coalition, but within it he is as regular as Smoot or Reed or Watson is in the Republican party. Nay, more, he is a party leader, for it is he who furnishes the policies, the ideas, and to a considerable extent the votes of the coalition.

Let us take one incident. The question of a higher duty on clay was before the Senate in its consideration of the tariff bill. Certain Southern Democratic senators, especially George of Georgia, for the usual reasons had to obtain a duty on clay. LaFollette and Norris were with them.

Now if the Progressives as a body deserted the Democrats on clay, the Democrats might retaliate by leaving the Progressives in the lurch. Borah stuck with the combination and succeeded in holding enough of the Progressives to the duty on clay to give Mr. George his needed majority.

This is practical politics. It is making a tariff in the way that Smoot or Reed or Watson would do it. But for Borah to do it was amazing.

The change in Mr. Borah began with the last national campaign. His throwing himself heart and soul into the business of electing Mr. Hoover astonished everybody. No one could remember the time when the Idaho senator had done more than make two or three reluctant speeches for a Republican candidate for President.

Mr. Borah Springs a Surprise

But after the last election everyone thought that the senator had at last so committed himself that inevitably he would be made the Administration's spokesman in the Senate, a position wholly alien to his nature, and so be reduced to silence and ineptitude. But at once Mr. Borah jumped into the lead of a Progressive-Democratic combination—one is tempted to say, in opposition to the President he helped to make; but Mr. Hoover occupies such a twilight zone in politics that one can't tell whether the Smoot-Reed-Watson-Moses or the Borah-LaFollette-Robinson-Simmons combination is the opposition; or, to put it another way, whether the regular Republicans or the coalition are his more destructive friends.

Well, there the Idaho senator is, anyway, more fertile and effective than ever before, having, if I am any judge, the time of his life. People always said that Mr. Borah disliked responsibility, that he preferred to live in a sort of political ivory tower from which he would descend now and then to deliberate some question of public morals, regarding himself with suspicion when anyone showed an inclination to follow him.

But now he assumes the responsibility of leadership in a course which, if there were any logic in politics—and there isn't—should make him a candidate for President in 1932, even though Mr. Hoover should want to run again.

The Lines Grow Blurred

He has seized upon an interesting opportunity, the greatest one that ever lay open to him. For all the rest of the present Congress—that is, until March 4, 1931—the Senate will be dominated by the coalition. That is to say, for two years Mr. Borah will be the majority leader of the Senate. And beyond that, too, for the Senate that will be elected in 1930 will be more surely in the hands of the coalition than it is now, since the Democrats will gain and the Republicans will lose senators in the coming mid-term election. Moreover, there is a fair prospect that the House, too, will be dominated by a coalition from March 4, 1931, to March 4, 1933. And this coalition will derive much of its inspiration from Mr. Borah.

Beyond 1933 one cannot guess. But so long as parties continue to exist on their present illogical lines people will continue to be Republicans and Democrats only on election days. The rest of the time, especially in the Senate, under ordinary conditions a coalition will probably be in control. Thus we will have a new party alignment, except on election day.

One may like it or one may lump it, but it is here, at least until March 4, 1933. And as an illustration of the flexibility of the Senate, it has been able to do what nothing and nobody else has been able to do—break down the inertia of party names and party traditions that wrap our political life in the cerements of the grave.

For this, the thanks of those who like it and the curse of those who do not are due to Mr. Borah. His moderation, his unimpeachable character, his quick sense of what is in the public mind, has made it possible. No one else could have done what he has done.

A Rainbow 'round the Dishpan

Continued from page 19

these printed cookies and everyone appreciates them. They give the impression of remarkable culinary deftness. Not that we want you to be deceitful, but, after all, why *not*?

The business of cleaning up is really worse, it seems to us, than cooking, but some busy brains have been working on this problem too.

Is there anything more annoying, we ask you, than to make floors gleam by energetic application of the dust mop, and then have the wind blow all the dirt right in again when you shake the mop out the window? If the dust stays outside, moreover, it probably lands on your next-door neighbor or all over your best petunia bed. Well, no more of that. There is a metal box containing a wire rack into which you pop the mop, jerk it up and down a few times, empty the box in the garbage can, and everybody's happy.

Doubling the Odds Against Dirt

For washing clothes our best laundresses have made two marvelous discoveries. The first, a lingerie washer, is cone-shaped and equipped with a plunger which is pumped up and down over the undies. This creates a very effective suction which draws all the dirt out of your loveliest things without any rubbing whatever.

The second discovery is an amazing washing and dry-cleaning machine. The main part of this machine is a white-enameled box which is only a foot square and a foot and a half high. The other parts, consisting of two supports, a crank and a small can to catch surplus cleaning fluid, fit in the box when not in use. The sides of the box are corrugated and act as a washboard. For washing you put in about two quarts of hot water and soap flakes, and of course the clothes. Silk requires three minutes of crank-turning, other materials five. Simple, isn't it?

But the dry-cleaning is even better. A non-inflammable cleaning fluid which may be bought at any store that carries this miniature laundry is comparatively inexpensive and very satisfactory. Two quarts fill the machine, and with five minutes at the crank you can dry-clean a machine full of dresses, hats, gloves, blouses, scarves, ties, sweaters, and so on for columns and columns.

Skipping from clothes to dishes, there is the very latest model attachment for your kitchen sink. This is a rubber tube with a brush at the end. The tube fits on the faucet with a receptacle into which soap flakes are poured. This container is equipped with a switch so you can turn on soapy or clear water at will. If your dishes aren't *too* messy you can put them in the dish rack, run soapy hot water over them, rinse with clear and never touch them at all. If this doesn't put a rainbow 'round your dishpan we don't know what will.

Now come out of the kitchen and into the living-room. If it is full of guests and disgustingly smoky, the wise hostess has a smoke-consumer to light. This is a rather pretty glass vase in which a flame burns. Above the flame is a ring which for some deeply scientific reason absorbs the smoke. Never mind why—it does—and when you've bid the last guest good-by you won't go to bed with a headache.

Another device to cope with the same problem is a perfumer and smoke-consumer that burns wood alcohol. A few drops of perfume on the wick will scent the air faintly.

For lighting cigarettes, an enterprising company puts out a lighter that is just like the ones in automobiles. It is attached to a lamp socket, and as it has a socket of its own on which you put the displaced bulb, no light is sacrificed. Of course, while there are matches nothing like this is ever necessary, but it *is* convenient, and it *always* works.

Two innovations from chemically inclined schemers are particularly intriguing. At any good hardware store nowadays you can find metal house numbers enameled with luminous paint so that they glow in the dark. Hereafter you can tell guests whose excuse for lateness is that they couldn't find your house in the dark, to go off in the corner and play tiddlywinks.

Pine cones and tiny birch logs to put in the fireplace are both pretty and cheery. The cones and logs in themselves are decorative and when burned they color the flames in fascinating yellows, greens, blues and reds. A quiet and sedate Fourth of July, as it were.

Also, to make rooms attractive try self-watering flower boxes. This simply means that by pouring water down a spout the plants are watered from below instead of above, and we are assured that it makes all the difference in the world. Maybe it does and maybe it doesn't, but anyway the boxes are very nice and strong, and painted a satisfying shade of dark green. They come equipped with stands of the same metal, and if carefully arranged and planted they will transform any room into a blooming garden, even in the coldest January. While we're on the flower subject, there's something else which pleases us immensely. It's a set of stems for short-stemmed flowers, so if your best beau sends you lovely red roses with stems about a foot long, just weave them into these artificial stems and pretend the messenger could hardly get the box through the door.

At last we come to the drinking suggestions. For bottles you may buy the most ingenious corks in the world. They come in two sizes, for pints and quarts, and are unfailingly adjustable. They are made of a rubber finger capped by a nickel top. Through the top and into the hollow finger runs a nickel plunger. To cork a bottle, simply push the plunger, which lengthens and narrows the finger, and push the cork into the bottle. Then let go the plunger and the rubber instantly fills the neck of the bottle.

The Older Arts are Most Neglected

For cooling drinks, experienced drinkers use a pitcher fitted with a glass cylinder, filled with cracked ice. This insures your drink keeping the same percentage of water it had when it was mixed and the ice lasts longer.

Another thing, which is simply too gorgeous, can only be used if you have a gas or electric refrigerator. Commonly known as silver ice, it is a silver-plated ball about the size of the elusive ping-pong sphere, which will keep your drink cold as long as there is a drink. The ball is filled with a chemical—it never needs to be renewed—which when put into the electric ice box instantly freezes and it stays frozen indefinitely, when it is placed in water—we mean liquid. Now we ask you *why* hasn't anybody thought of it before?

Now that your bubble of complacency has been thoroughly pricked and has vanished into thin air, we're sorry we disturbed you. Here is some nice sudsy soap, some soft warm water and a new clay pipe. Blow all the bubbles you want. We know they won't last long!

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The Spotter

Continued from page 21

rather pale and that from the corner of her eye she had been watching him.

Paine, silent and almost inattentive, passed his long fingers continually across that smooth, reconstructed forehead of his, as if pain were everlastingly there. He sat up now and regarded them with a concentration which was an obvious effort. "This suspicion is going to spoil our friendships. If Broadhead has any evidence that there is a spotter among us—and your implications are pretty plain, old man—let's have that evidence and eliminate the rotter, whoever it be. Does anybody object?"

"I object," said Broadhead. "I object because I don't like to provide the cause for unpleasantness. Naturally I wouldn't have dared to speak as I did except for—this." From the inside pocket of his coat he drew a rumpled piece of paper, a radiogram blank, a long message printed in pencil. "I found this in B-Deck starboard corridor. When I read it I think you will agree as to what it is and that it was written and its contents doubtless sent by one of our group."

NO ONE moved as the big man read out the address to Room 404, Custom House, New York. The message was simply a list, a name, an article, a price, a date, a shop and then another name, article, price, date and shop. There were perhaps eight or nine of them. The name of Arnold Parker was followed by "diamond emerald bracelet, two hundred thousand francs, May 14, Maillot Frères, Paris." The name of Ernestine Holton, heard with a little gasp around the table, listed three Chanel and two Poiret original gowns, thirty-two thousand, June. The name of H. P. Broadhead listed diamond studs and links at eighty thousand. The last name was "Mary B. Elliott, diamond ruby pin, one hundred forty thousand, April 19, Dupleix, Paris."

"Unfortunately," concluded Mr. Broadhead, "the message is unsigned. But the details leave small doubt that our betrayer sits with us now."

Gerald Prentiss sat with them only in body. His mind was many miles and months back in Paris, at a jeweler's while he held a gold wrist watch in his hands. A memory arose from the pit. Mary B. Elliott! Judith Duncan's aunt! Paine's melodramatic rising—"Unless someone has something else to suggest, I think we'd better say good night"—was lost upon him. He reached out a hand for Judith's arm when she started to follow the others. "Wait. Please, Judith." He was not aware of the hard conjecture in the stares of the others as they left the room.

They left the room but they did not say good night. Mrs. Thorndike Perkins paused with "the Adventuress" at the door of the latter's A-Deck cabin. "Do you really think it's that boy, Mrs. Holton?"

Paine and Mr. Broadhead stopped together at the radio desk. The officer in charge there was polite but firm: "I regret, gentlemen, but that sort of information is confidential. I cannot tell you whether or not the message was sent or who wrote it. Yes, we frequently dispatch such messages. I can tell you that."

"Come on down to my cabin for a few minutes, Paine," suggested Mr. Broadhead. "Maybe we can figure it out ourselves. I guess we both have the same hunch anyway."

"You mean—young Prentiss?"

Judith's hand rested limply upon Gerald's arm when they, too, finally left the smoking-room table. Neither of them had spoken for many minutes nor met the other's gaze. "Let's go somewhere else, Judith," he said finally. "We've got to talk and can't talk here. Let's try the music-room."

"Very well," she said. Her voice was lifeless. "I'll have to go down and see that Auntie gets to bed. I can be there in fifteen minutes."

When Judith came, they found a secluded divan. "What are we going to talk about, Gerald? Was this what you were trying to tell me about yourself this evening on deck? You've tried to tell me before too. Well, tell me then. I guess I can stand it."

"Tell you what?" he said. "Tell you that I am a contemptible informer, a spotter, as they call it?"

"You kin have it, Bill. I'm a Harvard man myself"

"Yes. You realize, don't you, that all the others think you are the one?"

"And what do you think, Judith?"

She lifted her head and her eyes, though tearless, were dark and glistening. "Gerald, do you know I love you? When you so much as touch me, I—without you I no can do, Gerald."

"Good God!" he said. "Hush, Judith." He drew her close.

But she resisted him. "Wait. Please wait, Gerald. Yes, I must hush. I'm afraid to let myself go like that. Because, if this is true— Oh, but it seems so unlike you!—if it's true, I guess it does for us. I couldn't get over it. I couldn't forget. Even a crook faces danger, has courage of a sort. A girl might love a crook, but never an informer."

SHE made an effort to calm herself and then went on: "But we're not in a musical comedy plot, Gerald, making a mountain out of a misunderstanding. I'm going to ask you directly; I wouldn't believe it unless you told me out of your own mouth. Are you—what they call a spotter?"

Her gaze fastened his. She knew he couldn't lie. "I'll tell you something," he said finally. "It's what I wanted to tell you on deck. Then you can answer yourself."

"Go on," she said. "Tell me." A last hope seemed to have died for her.

"My father was a great authority on antique furniture, Judith. I have seen it and heard it talked all my life. By the time my father died and I was twenty-two or -three, I was an expert myself.

"The Ainsworth Galleries, huge dealers and auctioneers, as you know, employ me. Finally, two years ago, on my first big job, they sent me with carte blanche to Europe on a hunt for certain matched sets of furniture, chiefly William and Mary and early Georgian in unusual woods and the work of particular makers. I found them. The sets were—magnificent, perfect. I had guarantees, if I had needed any, of their genuineness. Well, I got the stuff home. I admit I boasted a little at Ainsworth's. Then, like a bolt, the Customs inspectors, usually competent enough, pronounced the bulk of it all not genuine, not even a hundred years old. That meant the material was liable to duty and they assessed me twelve thousand dollars. In the face of loss of confidence, and perhaps a little ridicule by the older men at Ainsworth's, I resigned. In the Customs court I lost my head a bit and swore I'd take enough money out of the U. S. Treasury to pay for it all. I knew of the spotter game. All travelers do. I was bitter enough. I sailed for France."

Judith's face was without life. "Then you are—?"

"PLEASE wait, Judith. I went to France and I spotted plenty, enough to mean thousands. Among others I spotted your aunt. I got the cold information and put it all down in a little black book. But when it came to writing or cabling it, I—I couldn't. I guess I'm not quite that low—"

For some absurd reason Judith burst into tears. "Of course you couldn't. He's not"—she said it as a child might have, while he gathered her up in his arms—"he's not a spotter."

"No, I'm not a spotter, Judith. I never have been one. In the tray of one of my bags is that little black book. I've kept it as a souvenir and a warning. Last week Ainsworth cabled me to come back,

(*Continued on page 48*)

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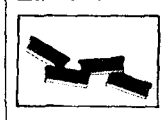

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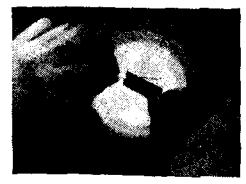

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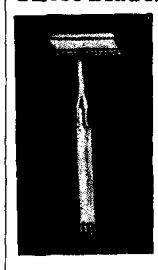

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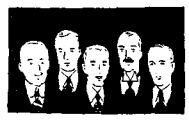

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The Spotter

Continued from page 47

the Customs decision was reversed. Let's go get that notebook and throw it overboard. Or do you mind coming to my cabin?"

Judith jumped up. "We'll tie something heavy on it, Gerald."

She stood behind him as he knelt on the floor of his C-Deck cabin and went through the tray of his suitcase again and again, as if reluctant to believe. Eventually he rested back on his heels. "No use, Judith. There's something to think about. It's gone."

An expression of puzzlement, disappointment, perhaps a fleet distrust, lingered upon Judith's face. She sat down finally on the edge of his bed. "But of course it's gone," she said, brightening with a new thought. "All the names in that radio message were in your book, weren't they? Well, my aunt's and Parker's anyway. Whoever wrote that message took your black book. That little Mrs. Holton is deeper than she looks, Gerald."

"Pick the least obvious person is the rule for mysteries, Judith," he said. "Pick Broadhead, or even your aunt. What is your aunt like?"

Judith sobered. "You mean really? Well, she took me to Europe, Gerald. I couldn't have gone. Over there I found out why none of her three daughters would go with her this year. She is a rich, miserly, hateful old woman. I owe her only that—I met you, Gerald."

"Why didn't you go home?"

"Oh, the family's illusion of my trip to Europe. Once I threatened to cable Dad. That frightened her. She promised me a diamond pin. I so wanted a jewel, Gerald. I've never had a real jewel. She bought it but she didn't give it to me right away. The duty began worrying her and when we were on the boat she told me her investments were unfavorable and that she was sending the pin back to Dupleix in Paris for resale. It broke my heart. Then—you, dear—and all the pins in Paris didn't matter."

"Is your aunt mean and miserly enough to be an—informer?"

Judith studied a moment. "She might be—if she were clever enough. No—it's that Mrs. Holton, I tell you. Don't they call her 'the Adventuress'?"

A LOW knock sounded at the door and they both sat back, startled. "Come in," said Gerald when he found his voice.

Mr. H. P. Broadhead entered softly, closed the door behind him, and turned to be as surprised as they were. "Miss Judith! I—I didn't expect to find—but you're here talking about this—this situation. I've come to help you." He sat down on the other bed.

"Well, I can help you, sir," said Judith, "by telling you that your suspicions of Gerald are unjust and untrue. He collected the evidence but he did not use it." She explained about the little black book.

"Good!" said Broadhead. "I didn't want to suspect you. You didn't seem the type, my boy. So somebody got hold of your information and wrote that radio message. That's clear. But who? Someone who needed money pretty badly. Perhaps that will help us."

"How?" asked Gerald.

"Motive and process of elimination. Now I don't swank much, but I happen to be a very wealthy man. Paine? Well, I don't know about Paine. He's so vague anyway. But I think he's well fixed. You're out, Prentiss, and so, of course, are the ladies. Do you happen to need money, Miss Judith?"

"I?" she seemed astonished but also amused. "I always have needed money. I've never had any."

"Just what are you driving at, Broadhead?" demanded Gerald. "If you suspect—"

Broadhead went straight ahead, talking to Judith: "My dear, it is only that if you did need money particularly—say, for example, enough to pay duty on a pin—it might explain on less romantic grounds why this is not the first time you have visited Prentiss' cabin."

GERALD leapt forward. "I'll—I'll—" A word from Judith stopped him. Perhaps her deadly white face stopped him too. "Sit down please, Gerald. You were suspected, even by me. Why shouldn't I be suspected?"

"Because," went on Broadhead with determination, "as Paine and I were on the way to my cabin to talk this over, we accidentally came down one flight of stairs too many. Paine remarked, while we retraced our steps along the corridor, that Prentiss' cabin was on C-Deck—and just then we saw you, Miss Judith, very hurriedly enter this door."

In the English language there are nine words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters S·L·U. One of them is SLUED. You supply the others.

1	S	L	U	E	D	(Nautical) To turn about a fixed point. To twist.
2	S	L	U			Soft, sloppy material, as melting snow or soft mud.
3	S	L	U			To fall or sink suddenly.
4	S	L	U			(South Africa) A depression resembling a canyon on a very small scale.
5	S	L	U			Hurled; flung.
6	S	L	U			(Rare) One who slues; specifically (nautical) one who steers a whaleboat.
7	S	L	U			(Dial. Eng.) Variant of slough, skin.
8	S	L	U			(Scottish) A greedy or slovenly fellow.
9	S	L	U			Crept away furtively. Sneaked.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Striate
2. Strider
3. Stridor
4. Strigil
5. Striker
6. Striver
7. Stringy
8. Striola
9. Striped
10. Striven
11. Strikle

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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"Who did you say remarked that Gerald's cabin was on C-Deck?" Some of Judith's color had returned. "Nevertheless, if it will make you feel any better to assume that I stole the information from Gerald's cabin and wrote that informing message, go ahead and assume it. What are you going to do about it?"

"If it were anyone else," said Broadhead, flushing angrily, "I could make it unpleasant for the person to travel. I could make the person such a pariah that there wouldn't be much joy in diamond pins or anything else."

The big man's face softened as he leaned towards them and his voice became low and husky with feeling: "Now listen here, you kids. I'm nearly old enough to be your father and I've no family of my own. I've gotten a kick out of you two, just watching you. It's the real thing. I can tell it. You've got what the poets sing about, you two, and dogged if it doesn't hurt me to see either one of you, or both, if you're in it together, spoiling something beautiful for the sake of a little dirty money."

THEY said nothing and he went on, drawing a pocket checkbook from his coat and tapping his knee with it. "Now I told you already that I was rich. That isn't half of it. I'm rich as blazes and yet I seldom get anything real for my money. If you two will chuck this spotter business, send no radios and cancel any already sent, leave such dealing for the sort who do it, I'll—I'll put five thousand dollars in the hope chest right now. I have drag enough to take anything I want to through the Customs, and my only reason for this offer is that—that it would make me happy to see you two youngsters get your chance. How about it?"

Gerald looked up from the floor, very evidently moved. "I thank you, Broadhead. But you wouldn't be buying anything. I have never been a spotter and, in spite of what you say and she says, I don't believe Judith has either. For myself, I must decline your generosity."

"And you, Miss Judith?"

"I feel as Gerald does. The only thing is—" she began a struggle to keep back tears. "The only thing is, if you're that sort of man, I don't see how you could think I would do such a trick."

"I knew you didn't," said Gerald quickly.

"What do you mean, Miss Judith?"

"I mean—that I thought it was Gerald too, and I thought you and Mr. Paine would come here to look for papers. I didn't want you to find any. But your little black book was stolen by somebody else, Gerald."

"And that somebody, Broadhead," said Gerald, turning to the older man, "is our spotter. If we can find that book, we've got him, or her."

"How did Mr. Paine happen to know where your cabin was, Gerald?"

Broadhead smiled grimly. "Now I understand your asking that a moment ago, Miss Judith. We'll find out, if we can, tomorrow. And don't worry about your precious pin, little girl. I'll blink the eye of conscience and get it in for you if I have to take it myself. Tell your aunt."

WHEN the door closed softly upon Mr. Broadhead's "Good night," Gerald and Judith fell into each other's arms. They clung together, perhaps in relief, perhaps from that happiness which one experiences in discovering something fine and generous in a world not overburdened with such things.

Mr. Broadhead hurried up the aft companionway to B-Deck and turned down a port aisle to the door of an outside cabin. He entered without knocking.

Paine, standing by the open port,

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faced about quickly, surprised. "Oh," he said. "Back again? Well, did they rise to it?"

"What do you mean 'rise to it'?" asked the big man. He found a stool. "I meant every word I said to them. But it's no use. That boy is a hardened veteran. The girl was only in there trying to destroy evidence, Paine. And now he's got her kidded that he collected all the data but never used it."

Paine's thin face, the lower part of it at any rate, drew into an ironic smile. "Does he tell any other good stories?"

Broadhead didn't reply. His pale eyes were fixed upon the shelf-like bed table beside Paine's bunk. There was a cigarette case there, a lighter, a small jar of ointment, a pigskin wallet, and a small, oblong, black book. "I'm direct, Paine," he said. His voice was hard. "Would you mind telling me where you got that?"

"Got what?"

Broadhead pointed. "That little book. That is probably the little book in which Prentiss kept his dope."

"What!" Paine stood up and passed a hand across his brow. "You don't mean it? The waiter gave it to me as we left the smoking-room. He said he found it on the floor beside my chair."

Broadhead stood up too. He was almost as tall as Paine and must have weighed fifty pounds more. "Yes, I guess you did forget, Paine. You're not even a good liar, and as a spotter you're a joke."

Suddenly Mr. Broadhead found himself in the port aisle. Two motions. Who would have imagined Paine had that strength? Where did he keep it? Mr. Broadhead still felt the place under his left arm where Paine's long fingers had gripped him.

Upstairs, apparently puzzled, he lingered a moment before the bulletin. Yes, a day and a half more, probably. As he turned up the corridor a woman brushed by him, a woman in a long coat which she had evidently thrown over her nightdress. She glanced up, recognized him, and stopped. "Oh, you still up, Mr. Broadhead?" She rather coyly arranged a loose strand of brown hair. "As for me, I got up because I lost something in the smoking-room tonight, I think, and I just went back to see if André had found it under our table. It was a gift, a—vanity case."

"One hates to lose gifts," said the big man. "Good night, Mrs. Holton. Shall we have our promenade in the morning? Last chance doubtless." Mr. Broadhead went down the corridor to his cabin, shaking his head as if puzzled, or perhaps amused.

THIRTY hours later the De Grasse lay inert and weary in her slip against the pier. The roar and crash of a black autumnal Atlantic was now the roar and clamor of New York. The two long gangplanks fed streams of life into the long black pier shed, the last of the disembarking passengers from one and the mountains of conglomerate baggage from the other.

Inside, the hurly-burly of greeting, and the ominous efficiency of the Customs! Along the far wall, segregated under huge signposts, with letters of the alphabet, A, B to Z, stretching away almost a hundred yards, the passengers were collecting their baggage into little islands, trying to be pleasant and casual.

Spread out along that line of unquestionably essential unpleasantness were Mr. Broadhead's friends. He had worked hard to keep them friends that last day on board. They had barely nodded in the morning, although none could blame him. He had only tried to protect them. Mrs. Thorndike Perkins and Mrs. Elliott and the youngsters were, of course, cordial, greatly relieved that he'd taken from them certain worries in the way of the Sphinx's diamond wrist watch and Judith's pin. Was he sure he could get them through? They hated to have him take a risk on their account.

As far as their suspicions were concerned they had given up hoping to discover the guilty. Mr. Broadhead, after hearing of little Mrs. Holton's lost "vanity case," had written a note of apology to Paine. "Of course what she lost, my dear fellow, was doubtless the little black book. Will you dine with me at my hotel in New York tomorrow evening to prove your forgiveness? I'm asking them all." An actual vanity case of Mrs. Holton's had been found folded up in a deck chair that day. The mystery was hopeless.

And now Mr. Broadhead had his own baggage to attend to. He paused en route through the pier shed to chat with a head inspector. "Hello, Thomas. Yes, good trip. Anything interesting? What do you mean? Oh, no, nothing important. Not yet, anyway. How about a lad to give my stuff the once over?"

The head inspector grinned. "Get you out in ten minutes, Mr. Broadhead."

A heated argument was in progress under section P. To his surprise Mr. Broadhead saw Paine, a different Paine, gesticulating and debating in a loud voice with two stubborn, or conscientious, inspectors.

THEY all met in a private dining-room of an upper East Side hotel. All of them were gay. What an ordeal, that Customs business! Well, the Sphinx had foxed them. She'd brought in six Valenciennes lace nightgowns instead of four. "The Adventuress," at the cost of her trim figure, had worn four suits of French hand-worked underwear. Even Paine had won his argument about the value of cut-out embroidered handkerchiefs. Judith and Gerald seemed rapturous for some other reason. Only Mr. Broadhead was sad.

They had noticed it when he greeted them in the lobby and his valiant efforts to throw off his depression were apparent all through dinner. Perhaps partings, farewell dinners, made him sad. At coffee, however, he gave up trying to conceal his feelings. "I'm glad everybody is so happy and so lucky," he said. "I wasn't. I've got to tell you something that will mean a shock, to some of you at any rate. For the first time in my years of travel I was held up and examined rigorously in the Customs today. They must have had special information. Your watch, Mrs. Perkins; your diamond pin, Mrs. Elliott and Miss Judith; a bracelet of a friend of mine named Parker, and several valuable pieces of my own were confiscated. In addition I have been fined twelve thousand dollars."

The hush which met this announcement gave him opportunity to go on. "That's a big loss, even for me. Nevertheless, if you ask it, I will make at least partial restitution. I phoned Parker of course and—a sportsman, Parker—he said very kindly that he held me in no way responsible and thanked me for trying. But I'm willing to pay—"

"You'll not pay me, Mr. Broadhead," the Sphinx flashed a challenging look around the table. "It's a blow, I'll confess, but I guess I'm a sportsman too."

Mrs. Elliott sat tight-lipped, like a Buddha. They could hear her breathe. "I don't believe in smuggling," she said stiffly. "I never did."

"But we're not going to let Mr. Broadhead suffer," put in Judith quickly, "when he was trying to do us a favor. Twelve thousand! That's suffering enough without our adding—"

Mr. Broadhead rose. He was almost overcome with emotion. "You are all very kind," he said. "I—I feel very deeply about this. I don't often fail my friends. If you will excuse me, all of you, my good friends, I think I'll retire. I don't feel quite up to—" They watched him almost stagger from the room.

The rest of them lingered, a murmur of low-voiced sympathy, all subdued. They wondered if Mr. Broadhead could afford such a loss. It went on for half an hour and then, in the end, was interrupted by laughter. Paine laughed, inappropriately, meaninglessly. They thought of his ship name, "Shell Shock." "What's funny about it, Paine?" demanded Gerald.

Paine sat forward and folded his long hands on the table. "So that's the way it works," he said. "I think you have all worried enough and been sufficiently impressed that the United States Customs means business to deserve to be let in on the last act of this little show. If you will all come with me and be very quiet, I'll ring up the curtain and we'll see what happens."

In a minute they were all in the elevator mounting to the seventh floor. They went along the thickly carpeted corridor to room 759. Paine made a motion for silence and then knocked.

They heard Mr. Broadhead's voice, faint but blithe:

"That you, André? Come in."

They entered the sitting-room of a small suite, on tiptoe and breathless. Mr. Broadhead was in the next room, humming gaily now. "Just a minute, André. I'll slip on a dressing gown. You've got the stuff of course?"

Paine imitated an accent: "As usual, monsieur."

A peal of laughter from the bedroom. "The game is entirely too easy to be interesting any more, André. It's a bore. Not much of a haul this trip, though. How is your friend Marcel doing on the big boat?"

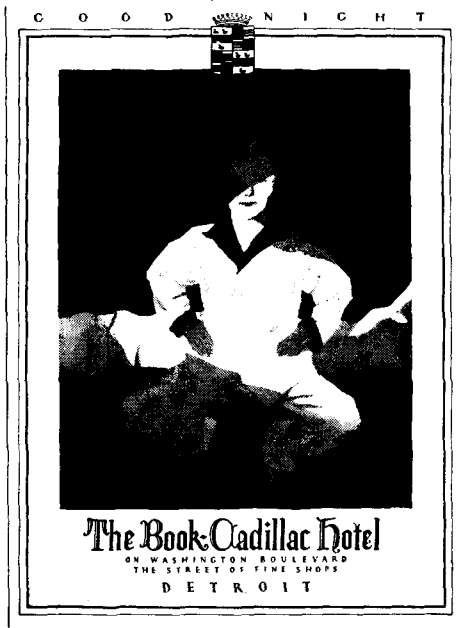
"Very well, monsieur," mimicked Paine, making a quick note of the name, Marcel, on an envelope. His left hand remained hidden in his coat pocket.

They heard Mr. Broadhead put down his hair brushes and then heard his voice, louder: "Well, André, we'll be able to retire— My God! Paine!" Mr. Broadhead, in pajamas and dressing gown, had walked suddenly into the room. He sank in a heap upon a chair. "I thought—I thought it was André."

"You'll meet André at the end of your next trip, Broadhead, or Cavanaugh, or Markham, or whatever of your favorite names you prefer. He'll be waiting for you behind the bars at Atlanta. And you needn't call me Paine any more. Paine Adams, Secret Service, Customs Division, will do—or just Adams, Diamond Squad. We've had you cold for six months, Broadhead, but we wanted to see how your little game worked. It's not everybody who can rob people and make his victims love him for it."

PAINE or Adams, Diamond Squad, turned to the rest of them, who had subsided weakly into chairs or leaned against the wall. "The game was simple enough, my friends. He scared you with the spotter talk—scared you into giving him your jewels. He stole Prentiss' book and planted it on me. Then the confiscation tale. Of course André, the waiter, was to get the stuff ashore. Now, Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Elliott and you, Judith, your watch and pin are waiting at the Customs, where you can get them by paying the duty. I arranged that, because you've had lesson enough. You won't have as much to pay as you think, either, because you were both done pretty well when you bought the things."

"I don't want the old pin," said Judith. She held up her left hand proudly. "I've got a jewel."



GOOD NIGHT

That oldbed wasnug andwarm; how I hated togetup; one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four; softest, sleepiest, I, eversaw; sankinit, sleptinit, clear, tomychin; hear, my, knees, crack; orwas, it, the, floor? slept, like, a, log; feel, like, a, king—GEE—I'll, *never*, miss sleeping, in these beds again. One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four; one, two, that's *enough!!!* Ho for the shower. Ho for the little brown book of soap. Where's the big and vol *u* minous fleecy towels. Boy! *what* a hotel! I know *now* how soundly a top sleeps; I know *now* what soft and warm and restful means; know *now* what sleepy as a winter's night means; what twenty fathoms under means. I *slept.* Guess I'd better *tell them* that I had a *good night.*

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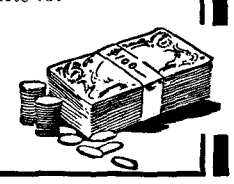

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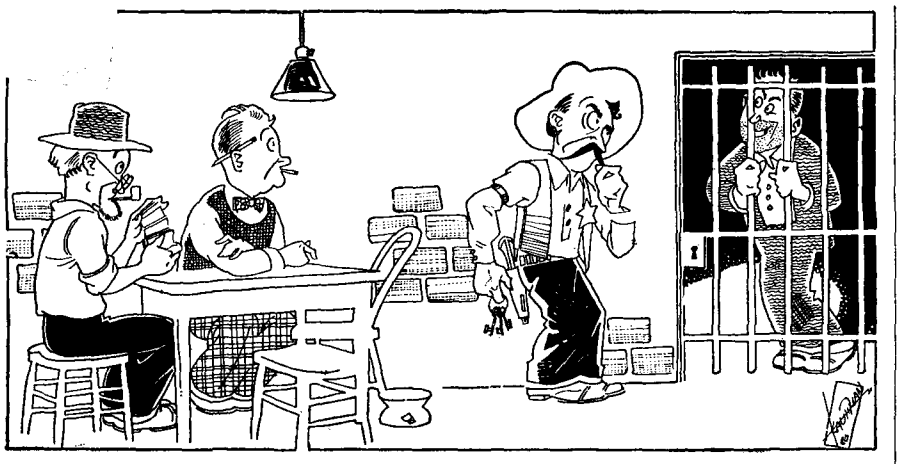

"D'ya know anything about playin' bridge?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 8-6-5
H. 10-4
D. Q-9-7-4-2
C. A-10-5

West
S. J-7-4-3
H. Q-9-8-6-2
D. A-5
C. 6-2

East
S. A-10-9
H. J-7-3
D. K-8-3
C. 9-8-4-3

South
S. K-Q-2
H. A-K-5
D. J-10-6
C. K-Q-J-7

THE above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Auction Bridge. The bidding was: South one No Trump, followed by three passes. Had it been played in Contract Bridge, South, with a count of 19, would have bid two No Trumps even with the Diamond suit unstopped.

The two No Trump bid with one unstopped suit is dangerous, but with a count of 19 or more and with three or more cards in the unstopped suit (even with two, when one of them is as high as Queen or Jack) there is more risk in bidding one No Trump than two. The danger in bidding two No Trumps is that the partner may jump to three although unable to protect the weakness, and the enemy may run five or more tricks in the unstopped suit. The danger in bidding one No Trump is that the partner, with sufficient help to produce game, may be strong enough to jump a two-bid but not strong enough to jump one.

The Play

At either Auction or Contract, West would start with his fourth best Heart —the Six. Declarer would play the Ten from dummy, hoping that West's suit had been headed by the Queen and Jack, in which case the Ten play would gain a much-needed trick.

When East played the Jack, Declarer could see that he was sure of two Hearts and four Clubs. In addition he could make one Spade if West held the Ace, two if East held it; to accomplish the latter he must put dummy in twice with Clubs to lead Spades twice. But even with East holding the Ace of Spades, those tricks added to the six of which he is sure would leave him one short of game. If, however, Declarer establishes his Diamonds, he can make three Diamond tricks also and can go game unless the adversaries in the meantime win two Hearts in addition to their Ace of Spades and Ace and King of Diamonds.

If West's Six of Hearts was his lowest as well as his fourth best, East also must have held four Hearts originally and there would be no way to keep East and West from making two Hearts; but if West had five Hearts and East three originally, East and West can be held to one Heart trick provided South ducks once and West has no entry after the Hearts are established. If West held five Hearts and East the Ace of Spades, Declarer can make game provided West's Diamond honor (if he has one) is extracted before his Hearts are established. If West holds the Ace of Spades or both the Ace and King of Diamonds, game cannot be made; but with a 5–3 division of the adverse Hearts, if East has the Ace of Spades and either the Ace or King of Diamonds, there is a chance, provided the first adversely won Diamond trick is taken by West.

It is immaterial, in the winning of Diamond tricks, from which hand the Diamonds are led, and Declarer would lead South's Jack of Diamonds to trick 2 were it not very important that the first Diamond lead should be made from dummy because East, with one Diamond honor, is not apt to play it second hand.

To trick 2, South should lead the Queen of Clubs and cover with dummy's Ace. This leaves the Ten of Clubs as a sure entry in dummy and probably is the best camouflage of the Club situation. To trick 3, dummy should lead a small Diamond, on which East unquestionably would play small as he could not place the Ace (closed hand may have Ace-Jack). If East played the King he would save game; but he would not dream of doing so unless he had seen all the cards in a double-dummy problem. With the Jack of Diamonds played by South, it does not matter whether West wins the trick or ducks; if South wins, he will lead another Diamond and then West's precious entry must come out and Declarer can block the Hearts.

West, winning with the Ace of Diamonds, would lead the Queen of Hearts, which Declarer would duck; West then could establish his two remaining Hearts by leading a third round, but they would be dead because West would have no entry and East would have no Heart to lead. Played in that way, Declarer would make three-odd and game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. K-7
H. 6-4-3
D. K-9-7
C. J-8-7-5-2

West
S. 6-5-4-2
H. 9-8-7-5
D. 8-6-4-3-2
C. None

East
S. A-Q-J-10-9-8
H. None
D. A-Q-J-10
C. A-K-Q

South
S. 3
H. A-K-Q-J-10-2
D. 5
C. 10-9-6-4-3

The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 23

au revoir, Lady Agatha. My respects to Sir Matthew."

"My dear Lord Glendower—"

But the Marquis had eelish qualities, and a deaf left ear, so he escaped.

TOTTIE GREEN was also receiving on the same evening, at about the same hour. The stairs which led to his apartment were neither of marble nor of polished oak, and a potman in shirt sleeves instead of a powdered flunky waited to pass in the guests. One by one, in more or less furtive fashion, they slunk into the nauseous apartment with its stale odors of beer and tobacco smoke. They seated themselves upon the stained plush chairs, and gathered round the bottle-laden table, for if Tottie Green had his faults, he was at least hospitable.

There was Cannon Ball Lem, gloomy, a little drunk, yet sober enough for the work of the evening. There was an evil-looking youth by his side, Fred by name, promoted to this exclusive company for the first time, a youth with a white, snarling face, one shoulder higher than the other, a mouth which was like the slowly opening jaws of a poisonous snake. By his side sat Slimy Cotten, an ex-lawyer's-clerk, dressed in somber black, with clean linen collar, and a wisp of black tie, his clawing fingers stretched upon the table. Opposite was Mike Hannen, the Irishman, a deadly gunman who had served his apprenticeship in Chicago.

With notebook, several pencils, and a map stretched out in front of him, Dick Ebben, still pallid from the terrors of his recent escape, haunted by the ghost of an evil knowledge, sat in a purposely chosen seat, with his back towards Tottie Green. Facing him, Belle, in flaming crimson velvet, lounged upon her couch, one gartered knee carelessly exposed, a cloud of cigarette smoke around her head. Tottie Green remained in his easy-chair, a little away from the table, still in the same horrible clothes, still with his waistcoat unbuttoned, still with a flush on his face, and frequent spells of heavy breathing. He wiped his bulbous eyes with the remains of a handkerchief.

"No use fretting," he said at last. "It's five months since we lost one of the flock. There's nothing we can do. We can't pull down the prison, and we can't bribe the jury. Who's this?"

Reuben entered, a little breathlessly. He slid into a place near Belle.

"My apologies," he murmured. "I've been down to Bucklersbury to have one last word with Lawyer Franks. Four years, he says, is the minimum. Do you hear that, Dick? You were well out of it."

"I can't even now understand," Belle drawled, "how Dick got away. He admits he was knocked out. A pretty punch, I should think, David's, when he's in form."

EBBEN lifted his head from the papers, and looked at them, white-faced, that haunted look of fear always lingering in his eyes.

"I have told you how I got away from them," he muttered. "It was as dark as pitch, until the cops came with their electric torches. I crawled within half a yard of where Tommy Mason was lying, and I got into the churchyard. I was there till it was daylight. Blowed if there weren't cops and sergeants up and down that entry every few minutes. Anyway I lay snug till it was all over. Then I picked up a taxi. Seems to me some of you chaps," he ended in disgruntled fashion, "have got the wind up with me because I wasn't copped with Tommy and Alf."

Tottie Green looked across at him thoughtfully, and when Tottie Green was thoughtful, his face was more than ever like a toad's.

"You ain't the man, Dick, I should have thought would have got out of a mess like that," he confided. "That hiding between tombstones don't seem to go quite natural with me. Several hours of it you must have had, and you're a scary person."

Dick Ebben shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I got away, and that's all there is to it," he said curtly. "I can't do more than tell you what I have told you. We've got things to plan, ain't we? Why not get at it? You told me to bring along Fred here, and I've brought him. He ain't much to look at, perhaps, but he's the lad you want for the job. He's willing to take it on. Talk to him yourself, Daddy Green."

The old man scowled across the table, sipped noisily at his glass, and put it down empty. He pointed his pudgy forefinger across the room towards the dehumanized youth sitting opposite.

"Listen," he wheezed. "You ain't afraid? You ain't afraid to stick a knife into a man's gizzard?"

"I ain't afraid," the youth boasted. "I've used the knife a bit, as Dick and Lem here can tell you, but I've never had a chance to strike right home. I tell you I'd like to kill a man, stick it right into him, take the blade out, and stab again."

"You know what it would mean if you were caught?" Tottie Green persisted.

THE youth drew his foully dirty finger round his neck.

"I'd as soon go out that way as any other," he confessed. "I'd have my picture in every paper. Fred, they'd have to call me. I ain't got any other name —Fred the Ripper. . . . I'll do it, guv'nor. What do I touch if I get away?"

"You get a hundred quid," Tottie Green announced slowly. "Twenty treasury notes before you leave this room, if you swear to do the job, and eighty afterwards."

"You won't have no trouble," Slimy Cotten confided. "We'll lead you to him. He's one of those brazen toffs who don't believe in danger. He won't know a thing about it until you've tickled him between the ribs."

The girl swung herself round upon the couch.

"Silly lot of bunglers!" she mocked. "Seems to me you've all gone dotty lately. What's the sense in killing David Newberry?"

Tottie Green looked across the room at her in sullen anger.

"Your precious David's done it on us," he snarled, "and he's got to pay. If you want to save his life, get the Virgin's Tear out of him, or our share of it."

"Why don't you give me a chance then?" she demanded. "What's the sense of hiring a little guttersnipe like this to do him in quick? Give me a chance, or get him into the Nursing Home."

Cannon Ball Lem half filled his glass with whisky, and splashed in some soda water. He was a good deal more than half drunk already.

"What's Belle doing, always chipping in?" he muttered. "Listen here, Belle, what do you want with Dave, eh? What's he to you?"

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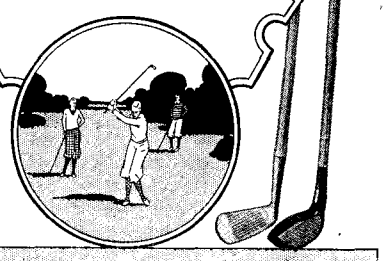

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"You cabbage-headed scum!" the girl shouted. "You, Lem, and every one of you. You're all mad with him because he's a toff, because he's class, and you ain't. You can get him stuck all right, though there isn't one of you man enough to stand up and do it fair. When you've put him out, what about the diamond? I've been wanting my share of that."

"A perfectly reasonable proposition," a cold and unexpected voice intervened from behind the screen which shielded the door. "There's something inartistic, not to say absolutely vicious, in these frantic attempts to get rid of me."

They stared blankly towards the place from which the voice had come. With the crook of his stick hanging upon his arm, slowly withdrawing his gloves, a flower in the buttonhole of his overcoat, David Newberry stepped lightly into the room.

It was Belle who first broke the silence. She leaned forward, and there was more than a glint of admiration in her eyes.

"Well, you've got a nerve!" she exclaimed.

Reuben moved his position a little backwards so as to get between David and the door. The youth who called himself Fred the Ripper sat with his hands caressing his trousers pockets and his eyes fixed hungrily upon Tottie Green. He was waiting for a sign.

"Not much of a nerve," David answered cheerfully. "I happen to have made arrangements for my safe return."

FROM behind the shelter of his yellow-stained fingers, Fred the Ripper murmured into Cannon Ball Lem's ear:

"Can you find me a get-away, Lem? I'll give it to him now, right and good. I'll make as though I were going out, and turn upon him sudden."

Cannon Ball Lem sighed, with deep and genuine regret.

"Guv'nor won't have it, Fred," he confided. "He'll pop the whole show some time, hanging on to this place."

On this occasion, however, it seemed that Lem was mistaken, and David had made a miscalculation. In a wheezy voice from the chair, hoarse and vicious with agitation, with a hideous gesture, weak bloodshot eyes spelling death, Tottie Green, the human monster, his dirty, stubby forefinger pointing at Fred, broke the convention of twenty years.

"We'll see to you, lad," he croaked. "Blast the chauffeur, and to hell with the stiff! We'll get you away. Put him out!"

David was overfull of courage, but he had never been off his guard. Simultaneously with his leap backwards towards the door, he tripped Reuben, and threw him. There was a whistling through the air, and a knife buried itself in the panels of the door a few inches above his lowered head. Tottie Green was struggling to turn round in his chair, something very ugly and very ominous gripped in the fat fingers of his right hand. The girl's voice rang out just as Fred was reaching for his second knife.

"Let him go, you fool!" she cried passionately. "You can get him any time you want. You'll smash up the whole show if you have the police in on this. Let him go, do you hear!"

Tottie Green's finger lingered lovingly upon the trigger of his automatic, even after David had swung open the door. Fred was creeping along by the side of the wall, his second knife in his hand, but David had no idea of loitering. He slammed the door, and sped hotfoot down the stairs. From the shelter of his car, he leaned out of the window, and looked upward. Tottie Green was gazing down at him from between the parted curtains. Behind his chair stood Belle. David lifted his hat, and she threw him a kiss. The car rolled off into the traffic.

NUMBER 17a John Street, David's temporary abode, had been converted into a veritable stronghold. There were three footmen installed, utterly untrained in their profession, but each in his turn a daily performer at Abbs's gymnasium for physical exercises. The most perfect system of burglar alarms was in full working order. Dowson's instructions allowed him not the slightest latitude. The doors were closed against even members of the family. The Marquis of Glendower himself had been refused admittance.

It was rather a shock, therefore, to David, after having let himself in with his latchkey, and having taken note of the servant on guard in his chair at the lower end of the hall, to enter his library, and find a stranger seated in his favorite corner. It was a still greater surprise when the visitor, lowering the newspaper which she had been reading at the sound of his entrance, revealed herself as an exceedingly attractive young woman with pale yellow hair, deep blue eyes, a delightful mouth, a thin, but elegant body, and a shameful display of silk-clad legs.

"Who the mischief are you, and what are you doing here?" he demanded.

She looked him over with keen but kindly interest. There was a puzzled gleam of anticipatory recognition in her eyes as they met his. She threw away the newspaper, and sat up in her chair.

"Really," she protested, "you ought not to have to ask such questions. You should keep some account of your connections. My poor dear step-aunt has been here, and goes about telling everybody that she was disgracefully treated. That great man, the Napoleon of finance, as the Morning Post calls him, Sir Matthew, was also turned away from your door. I made up my mind that the duty of welcoming you back into the family had devolved upon me."

"Do you mind telling me who you are and how you got in?" he begged.

"I'll tell you who I am, if you like, although you ought to know without being told," she agreed, "but never how I got in. I—"

SHE broke off without finishing her sentence. Her eyes seemed to get larger and rounder.

"Please stay exactly in that position!" she gasped. "Yes! I was praying that you might be, and you are. You are my burglar!"

"Isn't this rather a one-sided sort of a performance?" David suggested good-humoredly. "It seems to me that you are having all the fun."

She shook her finger at him.

"Don't you remember," she asked with impressive emphasis, "on the last night of your degenerate days—in the days, I mean, when you belonged to the criminal classes—poring over a small casket in Lady Frankley's bedroom—where you hadn't the slightest right in the world, you know—finding that great diamond—looking up and suddenly seeing me?"

"My God!" he exclaimed. "You were the girl in the blue pajamas."

She smiled, and her tone became more conversational.

"I am glad you noticed them," she murmured. "I'm old-fashioned enough not to be terribly fond of pajamas, but I do think those particular ones are becoming."

"Will you tell me this," he insisted, looking at her with a questioning light in his eyes. "When you saw me, you

(Continued on page 52)

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ad that diamond in my hand
n's Tear, they call it."
tainly had," she assured
oked like the pendant of a
chandelier."

"Well, then, perhaps you can remember something else," he went on. "What did I do with the diamond?"

"Don't be silly," she rejoined. "You took it away with you, of course."

"I took it away with me!" he repeated.

She nodded.

He remained silent for a moment, looking into vacancy with the air of one trying to link up a broken chain. Then, with a shrug of the shoulders, he seemed to dismiss the matter from his mind.

"Please tell me exactly who you are," he begged, "and how you came to be there that night?"

"I'll tell you all about myself with pleasure," she agreed, "but what about a cigarette, and is it too early for a cocktail? You see, I daren't ring the bell, because I knew that old Dowson would turn me out. You don't mind my being here, do you?" she added, glancing at him with a distracting smile. "I made up my mind that I had to see the villain of the family somehow or other."

David rang the bell.

"Anything you like, of course," he assented, "but, excuse me, aren't you a little young for cocktails?"

She laughed at him compassionately.

"As a matter of fact," she confessed, "I'm rather outliving my flapperdom. I was told only the other day, quite seriously, that I was getting passé. I shall soon be twenty-one."

DOWSON entered the room, and, notwithstanding his training, he started when he saw the girl.

"Miss Sophy!" he exclaimed. "However did you—I beg your pardon, my lord—I can't imagine how the young lady got here."

"Neither can I," David rejoined dryly, "but there she is. You'll have to put your staff through it, Dowson. Send in some tea, cocktails and cigarettes."

"China tea for me, please," the girl begged. "I'll put off the cocktail until just before I go—unless you want to get rid of me at once."

"Not at all," David assured her. "Since you are here, you are very welcome indeed. What I am still puzzling about is how you got in."

"As soon as Dowson has gone," she promised, "I'll tell you the truth."

David dismissed the man with a little nod.

"Well, I shall hold you to your word, young woman," he warned her, coming back to the hearthrug. "I want to know exactly how you got here."

"I'll tell you," she said. "But first sit down, and make yourself quite comfortable."

He accepted the situation good-humoredly. She seated herself on the arm of his chair.

"No one else in the world," she confided, "could have got in just in the way I did. I was passing here—we live a few doors away, just in Curzon Street, you know—when I saw a maid who used to be with us go down your area steps. I talked to her for some time, and she was naturally interested, because all her family are with us in one capacity or another, and whilst we were there the tea bell rang, and all your people marched into the servants' hall. It was then that the idea came to me of invading your Highness' solitude. Anna was rather hard to persuade, but she gave way at last. She took me up the back stairs."

"Sounds simple," David admitted. "But now that you are here do you mind telling me what you came for?"

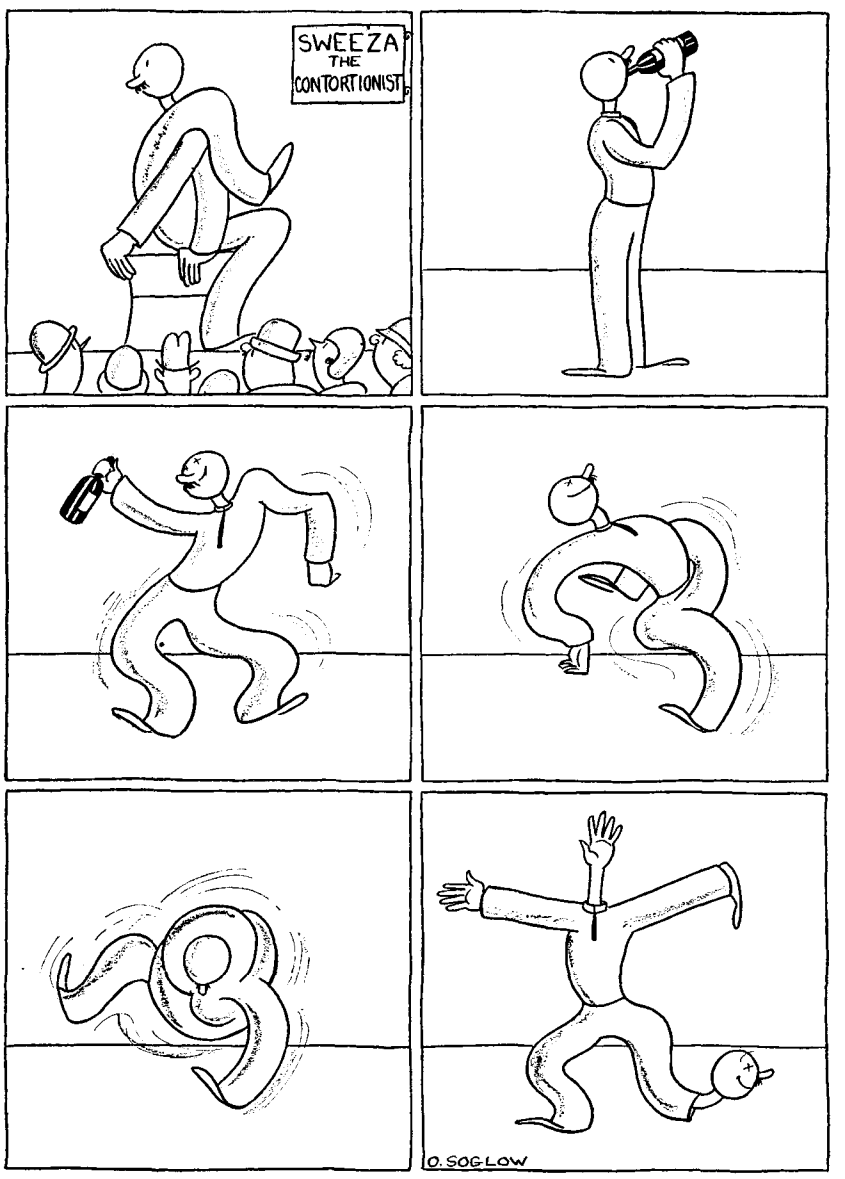
The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 51

"To see you," she acknowledged. "To pay you a friendly visit. I think it's so delightful to have an ex-burglar in the family. I'm tired of all my relatives, and I thought that you might be a pleasant change."

"But am I a relative?" he queried. "We are rather a muddled-up family, you know."

"Well, at any rate, you're a connection," she declared. "That's almost the same thing. To be genealogical, one of your twin brothers—Harold, his name was, the one with the squint—married a widow, my mother. Your brother, you see, became my step-father. The prayer



book might take no account of it, but I shall claim you as a cousin. Are those cigarettes on the table there?"

David passed her a box, and she lit one with a little murmur of satisfaction.

"How scared you were of me that night!" she observed reminiscently. "You took one look, and off you went like a streak."

"It is an axiom of my profession," he told her, "to retire as the enemy approaches."

"ON THE whole," she went on, "I think I'm rather glad you didn't get away. For one thing, it is so fascinating to think that you have actually been in prison, and, for another, I shouldn't have seen that fight. Fancy taking two policemen on like that! I was proud to think that you were in the family."

David chuckled.

"It was rather they who took me on," he remarked. "By the bye, young woman, where were you brought up?"

"Don't call me 'young woman'," she expostulated. "My name is Sophy, and yours is David. That's quite enough. As to my upbringing, it was bad," she confessed with a sigh. "I went to the usual sort of school in Queensgate, Paris for a year, and six months down at Tours to perfect my French. Of course I learned nothing, but then no girl nowadays ever does until after she's left school."

"You're coming along pretty well now, I should think," he remarked, smiling.

"Don't you like me?" she asked, with a slight uplifting of the eyebrows. "You seem very critical."

"I find you perfectly delightful," he acknowledged. "Just a little over-lenient to the criminal classes, perhaps."

"If you're a fair sample of them," she confided, "I think I should like to belong. Couldn't I be an adventuress, or something? . . . You did knock one of those policemen out magnificently, David. I was praying that you'd get away."

"I had hopes myself," he regretted. "The locked door did me."

She looked round the room inquisitively.

"Why are you living here in this state of siege?"

Dowson entered the room, carrying a tea tray, followed by one of the clumsy footmen wheeling a small table. Sophy did the honors sedately, and bit into an almond cake.

"And," she continued, as soon as the door was closed, "why are you waited upon by an untrained footman who looks like a prize-fighter?"

"He is a prize-fighter," David replied, "and rather a good one at that. He's here as a sort of chucker-out in case he's wanted. To tell you the truth, I'm at loggerheads with the gang to which I belonged when that burglary was planned."

"How exciting!" she murmured. "Tell me about it."

"Well, I consider that they treated me shockingly," he confided. "There was plenty of time for us all to have got away, but in order to gain a little extra for themselves, they locked the corridor door."

"Dirty skunks!" the girl exclaimed. "I saw them do it."

"For that reason," David continued, "before I settle down to a quiet life, we're going to enjoy a little war."

She was puzzled.

"But you can't do anything against them except through the police."

"I don't want to bring the police into it," he replied. "I have reasons for that which we won't worry about just now. I would rather give them a pounding outside, and have people suppose that it was just a war between two gangs. That's why I'm training a certain number of young men—my footmen are three of them—at a gymnasium. Meanwhile, my idea is to get information as to where their next raid is to be, bring my fellows along, and queer the pitch for them. Later on, we shall probably organize something in the nature of a battle royal. The two fellows who let me down particularly are going to get the lesson of their lives."

"What a sporting effort," she approved. "Couldn't I join up with you, David? I might be your secretary. By the way, what did you do with the Blue Diamond? You left the room with it, because I saw it in your hand when you turned to run."

"Why didn't you tell them that?" David asked. "Your evidence would have been valuable."

FOR the first time during her somewhat unusual visit, the girl showed signs of embarrassment. "I didn't say a word to anyone about it," she confided, "because—well, wouldn't you have had a much heavier sentence if I'd said that I knew you took the diamond?"

He looked at her with slightly rising color—more than a little impressed.

"Sophy!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that this is why you've said nothing about it all this time?"

She met his eager gaze composedly enough, but there was an unaccustomed tremor in her voice as she answered.

"Yes, that's the reason," she acknowledged. "Stupid, wasn't it, but I rather liked the look of you, and you fought so awfully well when you were caught in a trap. I didn't care a hang about Lady Frankley, or the diamond, and I didn't see why I should interfere, and make it harder for you."

"What a little brick!" he declared. "You probably saved me a couple of years."

"You had better devote them to my service then," she laughed. "You can teach me the ethics of burglary, and—well, there's one thing you can do at once—curiosity has been gnawing at my inside ever since that night. Tell me what you did with that diamond?"

He rose to his feet, and, standing close to her, took a cigarette from a box, and lit it.

"That's the question the gang are asking me all the time," he said quietly. "That's the second cause of feud between us. Now, I've never answered their questions, but I'm going to tell you the truth. I don't know."

(*To be continued next week*)

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The All-America Football Team

Continued from page 9

about everything a great end should have with the chance to show his stuff. Ranked as one of the all-star basketball players of the country, he was a marvel at handling passes. In one big game Schoonover caught fourteen of the seventeen passes thrown by his team—reminding one of Landa, an end of the University of Mexico, where football just got under headway this fall, who was a feature player in a game in which twenty-three passes were completed. In several other contests Schoonover intercepted from three to five passes. He caught more than thirty passes during the season and ran several of them for touchdowns. His speed, his reach and agility, with his basketball skill, made him the star of the year so far as the forward-pass game was concerned, both on offense and defense.

In addition to this his offensive and defensive end play in all other departments was extremely high. As George White, the Southwestern member of the Board, wrote: "Arkansas made nearly all her gains around his side. Opposing teams made almost none. He was equally valuable on offense and defense, a sure, smashing tackler and an exceptional man at breaking interference." It was his brilliance down the stretch, when Fesler was having a hard time against such teams as Pittsburgh, Northwestern and Illinois, that won him the place.

Donchess is one of those all-round workmen without a weakness. He has been a star for three years and he reached the heights this fall. It would be impossible to leave him off any all-star selection when his great record and his all-round value are figured up.

Quarter-Backs

There were a number of fine quarter-backs who played through the campaign of 1929, but the battle for this important position soon settled down to a duel between Carideo of Notre Dame and Wood of Harvard. Carideo, an able field general, a smart all-round player, a fine blocker and tackler and an exceptional defensive man at breaking up forward passes, got the jump on Wood when Harvard was still experimenting with its young backfield.

Carideo, as good as he was, had only a half stride to spare down the stretch, for Wood came along like a Crimson gale through November. Easily the best forward passer of the year, he ran his team with soundness and smartness, mixed with just enough daring to get everything he had from his attack. His high average for a hard year got him the place with Wood only a span away at the finish. Wood's selection of plays and his all-round work against Yale in the final game were the top contribution of the year from the quarter-back's viewpoint. Both Carideo and Wood could kick, pass, block, run, tackle and handle a football team as it ought to be handled.

The Other Backs

Where Marsters and Booth would have been high among the leaders except for injuries that took them out, or cut down their November play, the scramble among the backs finally worked its way to those in the front who had faced the harder battle orders.

McEver of Tennessee and Banker of Tulane were among the best, but their all-season opposition was not as hard as some of the others faced. Holm of Alabama was O. B. Keeler's selection as the best back in the South and his fine work featured every Alabama contest. McEver of Tennessee and Lom of California both ran into trouble in their final starts.

There were three backs who, for all-round ability and amazing team spirit, have had few superiors. They were Cagle of the Army, Glassgow of Iowa, and Welch of Purdue. In addition to his speed, shiftiness, passing and fine defensive play, Cagle was a ball of fire, a great competitor giving everything he had and something more with slower running backs to work with and a green line in the forward wall. At the finish of the Army-Notre Dame game almost every coach I saw pronounced the Army star to be the best football player on the field—and Notre Dame had her share of football players.

Two of the Best

Glassgow of Iowa is another competitor of the Cagle type. He had little help but his offensive and defensive play stamped him as one of the best backs of many years. H. G. Salsinger, representing Collier's Advisory Board in the Middle West, rated him as the best back in the Western Conference. Glassgow and Cagle were two hard-running streaks who were at their best when the war became hottest. Glassgow was one of the best quick-kickers from coast to coast. Cagle was one of the star passers of the year. With their offensive strength they were just as good in defensive play. It would be hard to find two men who contributed more through hard schedules. Glassgow especially had one of the toughest marches of the year to face as the main ball carrier and defensive aid.

Kitzmiller of Oregon, Uansa of Pittsburgh, and Brazil of Detroit University were among the season's outstanding backs—brilliant stars, well worthy of honorable mention.

Welch, the big Purdue captain, was one of the most valuable of all the 1929 stars. Weighing 189 pounds, known as a fine ball carrier, he gave a big part of his time to blocking and interfering for Harmeson and Yunevich, his backfield aids. He was a fine kicker, a fine passer and one of the smartest leaders of the year, directing his team through more than one storm. In addition to his great ability at running, blocking, passing, kicking and tackling, he was the soul of the Purdue team with as fine spirit as any man ever carried into action.

Parkinson of Pittsburgh, Holm of Alabama, and Pomeroy of Utah were excellent full-backs, but none of them could quite match the all-round value of big Welch, to whom Coach Jimmy Phelan gives unlimited credit for the best year Purdue ever knew in a Conference struggle. When you remember that there are ten Conference teams, representing institutions with an average attendance of 10,000 students and all ably coached, you can understand the struggle required before one can finish with only victories to show.

In the final summing-up it should be stated that no attempt was made in this selection to divide honors among various sections. Each member of the Advisory Board kept the closest possible checking on each outstanding player in his own domain, accepting full responsibility for his part of the football map. No set of football opinions was ever worked out with greater care or less prejudice on the part of those who assembled all the data they could get from Berkeley to Cambridge, from Minnesota to Tulane, from Oregon to Florida.

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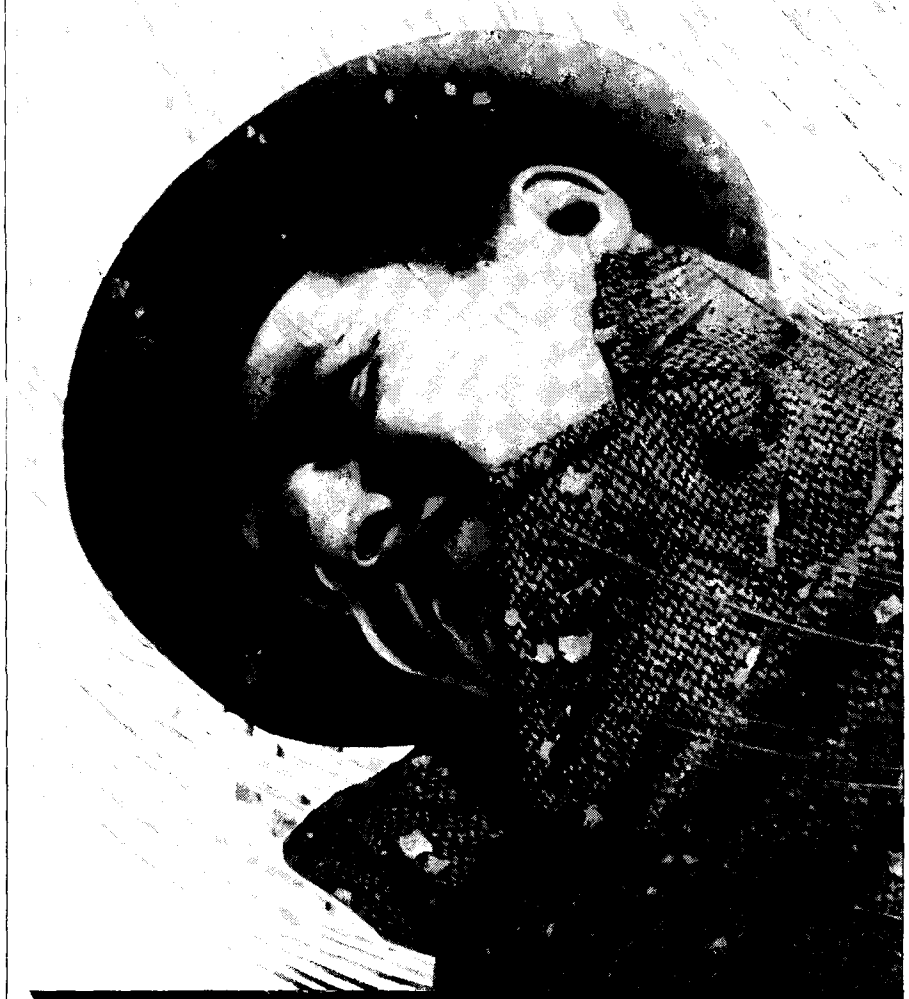

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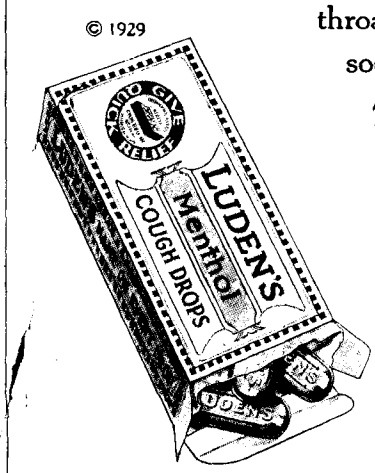

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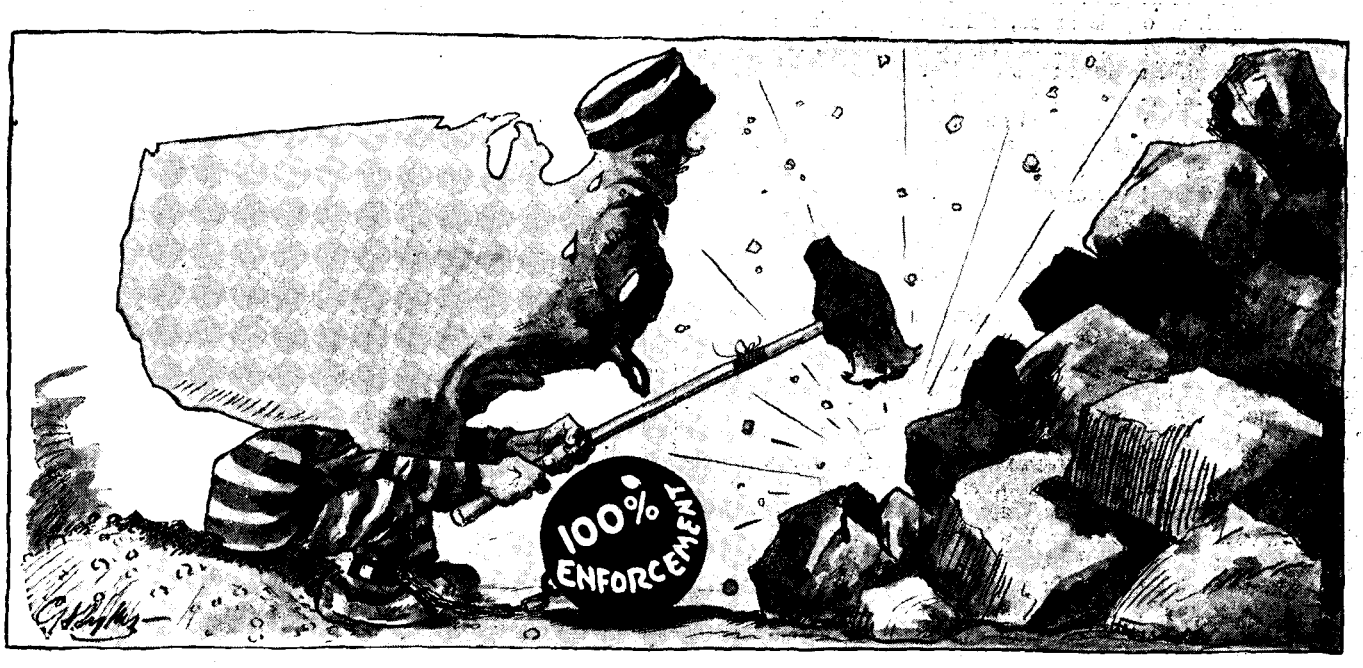

The Law Among Friends

WHEN the great lawyer Burke said in his defense of the American colonists that you cannot indict a nation, he could not foresee prohibition in the United States.

What Burke said the British Parliament could not do, our American Congress has done. The Jones Act, together with other forgotten legislation, makes felons of millions of otherwise good Americans.

Congress is now troubled over Senator Morris Sheppard's proposal to make the buyer equally guilty with the seller of beverage alcohol. Logic and justice support Senator Sheppard's proposal, as Collier's has already pointed out.

If the traffic in intoxicating beverages is to be destroyed, buyers as well as sellers must be suppressed.

Congress has recognized the fairness and reasonableness of this position on many occasions.

The Narcotic Act makes the purchase of illegally imported drugs unlawful. The drastic Harrison law provides other penalties for the buyers of forbidden narcotics.

The Migratory Bird Act provides penalties for those who purchase or offer to purchase birds protected by that statute.

The Tariff Act makes it unlawful knowingly to buy smuggled merchandise.

The National Motor Vehicle Theft Act makes it a crime even to receive an automobile, knowing it to have been stolen in interstate commerce.

The law protecting interstate shipments of freight provides penalties for buyers as well as sellers of stolen goods.

Even the laws regulating oleomargarine, filled cheese and mixed flour penalize the buyers as well as the sellers of such of these commodities as do not meet the requirements of the statutes.

In all of these cases and in others akin to them no one questions the justice of joining the buyer and the seller in guilt.

The explanation is obvious. Where the act forbidden by law is also condemned by public opinion, there is no question of punishing the seller and excusing the buyer. Congress hesitated specifically to penalize the buyer of alcoholic beverages because so large a section of the American people do not think it a crime to drink.

Congress ought in decency to go the whole way. If it is unlawful to traffic in forbidden drink, it is silly merely to provide one-sided penalties for the sellers.

If, however, the courts sustain the opinion of the United States Court at Peoria, Illinois, already Congress has, unintentionally, made buyers as guilty as sellers.

An Embarrassing Discovery

The Jones law makes violations of the Prohibition Act felonies and not mere misdemeanors. Federal Judge Louis Fitzhenry pointed out recently in a case before him that:

"By an act passed by Congress in 1790 anyone knowing that a felony is being committed and who does not make a proper report of the matter, is a felon himself, subject to the same punishment."

Judge Fitzhenry added:

"Any person who buys a drink of liquor from a bootlegger and does not make a report of the matter to the authorities has committed a felony and is equally guilty as the person making the sale.

"Whether it is wisdom to make this change, which makes thousands, perhaps millions, of persons felons, or whether it is constitutional is quite a different thing. The (old) law operates entirely outside and beyond the National Prohibition Act."

Already, therefore, the thousands or millions of drinkers in this country who buy from bootleggers are violators of the law and can be prosecuted as felons whenever the enforcement officials are willing to undertake the adventure.

Of course drinkers are not going to be prosecuted. Prohibition enforcement officials were reported to be irritated at this discovery of the law of 1790. The prosecutors have enough to do fighting the trade.

Nor is the average man going to tell on his neighbor whom he sees sneaking a drink regardless of what the law says.

Not even congressmen and senators, panting to show their constituents how dry they are, will testify against their associates when offered the chance.

Customs and manners are too strong for that. The man who voluntarily would report on the liquor purchases of his wet friends would be ostracized almost anywhere in the United States. Custom overrides the law.

Nevertheless it is important to have a Federal court point out the ancient statute, even though no one intends to obey it. For we can't go on violating a law as important as the Prohibition Act without injuring the very foundations of our institutions.

If we sincerely want prohibition, we must be willing to obey the law or take the punishment whether we buy or sell, or merely accept gifts from indulgent friends.

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